

Collier's

TEN CENTS

DECEMBER 15, 1945

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Beginning **THE SEA SHELL**
The Story of a Wife's Struggle for Happiness
BY **NANCY LYON** Free Public Library
Topeka, Kansas PAGE 14



COLLIER'S ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM
SELECTED BY GRANTLAND
AND THE NATION'S OUTSTANDING SPORT

Dec. 15-1945

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have been
and thank you for trying to find a Parker "51"
for my Christmas. I know that a "51" is hard to
find... but please keep trying, because I'll
cheerfully wait for that Christmas present.
Just be sure it's the Real McCoy, a Parker "51"
... and not some pen that tries to look like one.
Pardon the pencil, but



HIS Christmas again, there'll be too few Parker 51's. For rocket
fuzes and other matériel came first at Parker, until the very day of
Peace. And now, as always, we make every "51" pen patiently,
precisely. These writing instruments cannot be hurried out.

Yet a Parker "51" is worth waiting for... as you will discover.
It is styled with tomorrow's beauty. Its Osmiridium tip writes with such
smoothness it seems to float across the paper. And only the "51" pen
is designed for satisfactory use of Parker "51" Ink that dries as it writes.

For a few, there'll be a Parker "51" this Christmas. To others, our
regret that they must wait a little longer for this "most wanted" pen.

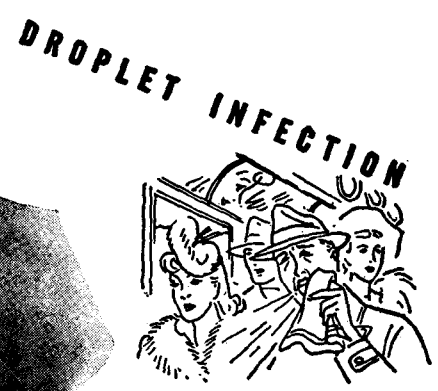
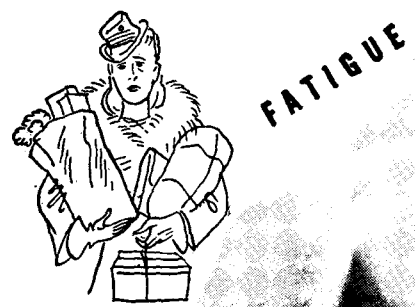
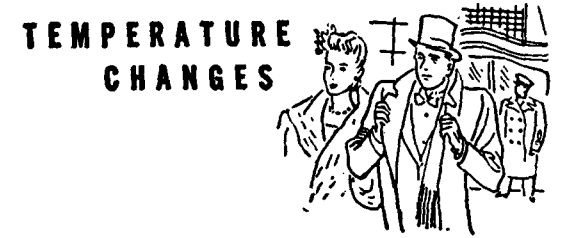
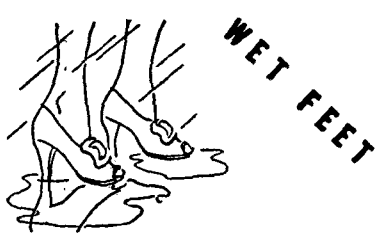
THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN

PARKER "51"

"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Copyright 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

Things that Colds often thrive on



At the first sign of a Cold or Sore Throat— GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

YOU may help lessen a cold's severity or head it off entirely if you take this delightful precaution early and often, because . . .

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs called the "secondary invaders" on mouth and throat surfaces before they can stage a mass invasion of throat tissues to produce a cold's miserable symptoms.

Attack the Germs

Ordinarily the secondary invaders cause no trouble. But they can often get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered by fatigue, wet or cold feet, drafts, and sudden temperature changes.

So we repeat: At the first symptom of trouble, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic. Attack the germs before they attack you.

Actual tests have shown germ reductions on mouth

and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

This marked germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds.

Fewer Colds for Listerine Antiseptic Users in Tests

Tests made over a period of twelve years showed this remarkable record:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not gargle. Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did have colds, they were usually milder and of shorter duration.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

The threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

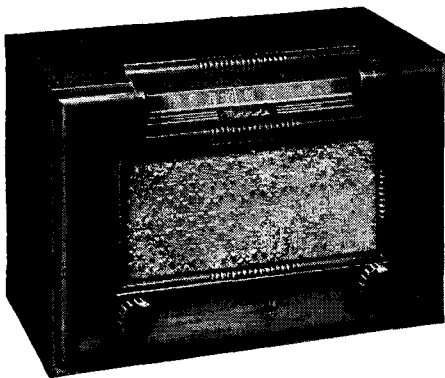


TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus Viridans, Friedlander's Bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus Hemolyticus, Bacillus Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis, Staphylococcus Aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

SEE

AND HEAR
THE DIFFERENCE



on these *Basic* points:



Motorola
invites comparison
with *Any* radio
at *Any* price!

It takes a lot of faith in a product to invite comparison like that, but we are confident that Motorola can meet the test. We believe that once you have listened to them all, you'll agree that Motorola is the finest radio your money can buy! The proof is in the seeing and the listening.

In the new Motorola line you can choose from Consoles, Lowboys, Portables, Table models, Automatic radio-phonographs and Wireless record players. Ask your dealer today!

GALVIN MFG. CORP. • CHICAGO 51

Motorola
A-M F-M Radio

F-M & A-M HOME RADIO • AUTO RADIO
AUTOMATIC PHONOGRAPHS • TELEVISION

Collier's
FOR DECEMBER 15, 1945

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any week

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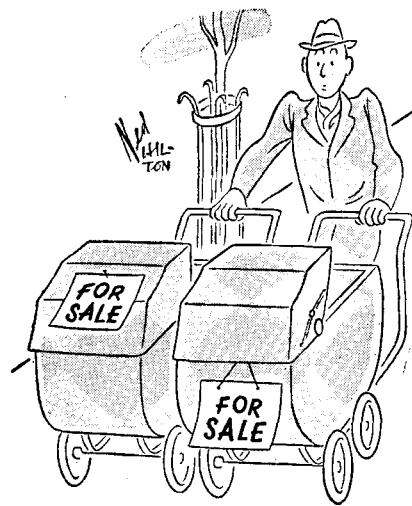
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THE newspapers are brimming over with important things. Here's a bit from the Westwood, New Jersey, Chronicle, and as far as we've seen, the politicians are avoiding it in their usual timorous way: "More or less eligible bachelor fallen heir to two baby carriages. They are foreign to my line of business. Will sell for five dollars apiece or best offer which will just about pay for advertising."



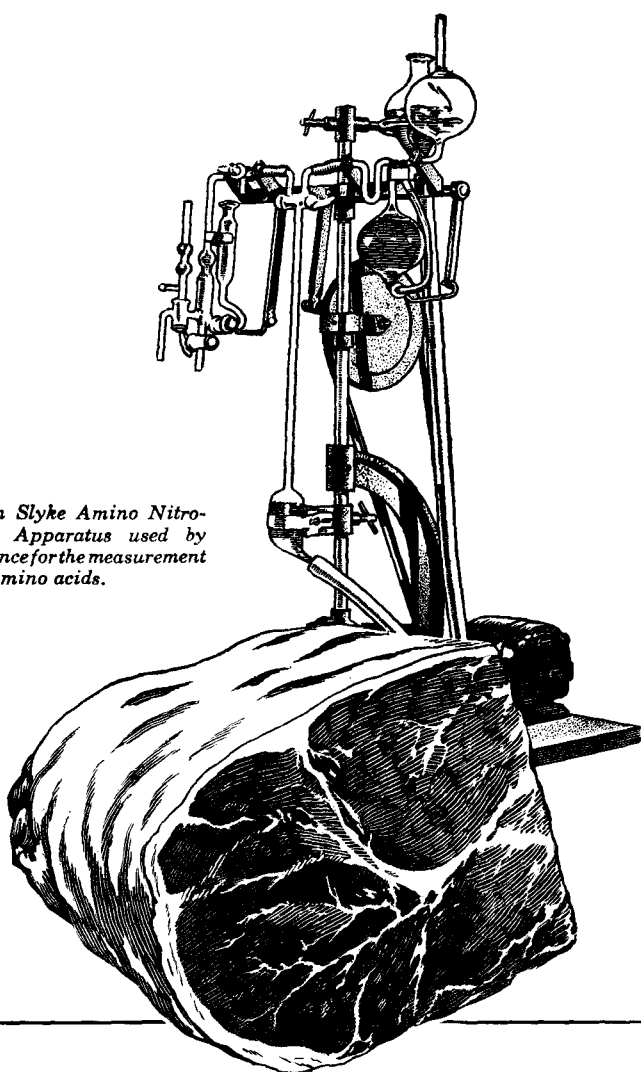
FOLLOWING our well-known democratic instincts we spent an evening recently with a group of Republican congressmen who were so far ahead of current world problems that they discussed nothing but the 1948 elections. Who had they better nominate to oppose Mr. Truman and that sort of thing. They ran up and down the gamut of party hacks and presently settled upon three less-than-inspiring names. It was then that a Democrat who is not noted for minding his own business stopped by. He remained long enough to ask why none had mentioned the name of a really robust guy who, in his opinion, was born to be a howling campaigner—Mr. Spruille Braden, Assistant Secretary of State. Mr. Braden, he added, was a Republican. However, he went on to add, they'll do nothing like that because, said he, the man might win.

MR. HAROLD PARROTT, a white citizen, traveling secretary for the Brooklyn Dodgers, called on Mr. Jackie Robinson, a Negro shortstop, at the latter's Harlem hotel. Mr. Parrott was not permitted to go to Mr. Robinson's room or use the elevator, because it was a Negro hotel. There is a husky rumor abroad that an effort will be made to hold a Monster Mass Protest Meeting against this unconstitutional discrimination, in Constitution Hall (DAR) in Washington. The plan, (Continued on page 90)

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Van Slyke Amino Nitrogen Apparatus used by science for the measurement of amino acids.



MEAT'S

Story of the year

The "Magic Aminos"

Now spreading through America is perhaps the biggest story ever told of meat—its "Magic Aminos."

Just as World War II dramatized the use of radar and atom-splitting, it has dramatized the spectacular restorative ability of proteins and the aminos they are made of.

Amino (a-mee-no) acids are substances found in protein foods. The body uses them to build and rebuild itself. Of the 22 known aminos, 10 are "essential." Without them, life is impossible (meat contains all ten).

When the body loses aminos rapidly through illness or injury, they must be restored before recovery is possible.

Medical men of the service forces found that by giving men suffering from severe wounds, burns, starvation or infections large amounts of aminos in concentrated form, they could speed recovery greatly; save lives.

But there is another way in which wartime casualties have been speeded to health.

Service physicians have, for the majority of convalescents, relied on meat to help do the rebuilding job. That's why the mealtime trays in our service hospitals contain generous portions of meat—morning, noon and night.

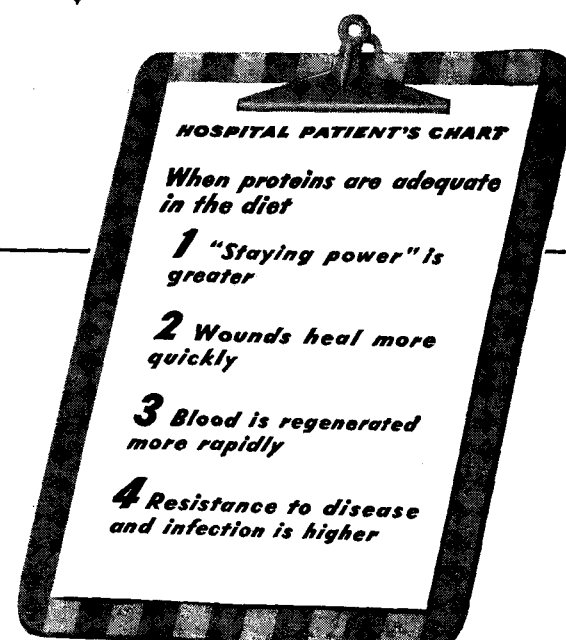
Meat is a "complete" protein food because it contains all 10 of protein's essential aminos.

Yes, the aminos in meat help restore bodies. But the aminos in meat also help maintain bodies in health—rebuilding tissues, regenerating blood, creating antibodies against infection.

Remember these aminos in meat—it is meat's story of the year, and one more big reason why "we're right in liking meat."



This Seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

What aminos in war teach us about MEAT at home

Just this—

Without aminos, children cannot grow.

Without aminos, adults cannot replace tissues. (Your tissues are constantly wearing out, regardless of your physical activity—whether you're pushing a pencil or a wheelbarrow.)

Aminos are found in all

kinds of meat—beef, pork, lamb and veal; and in every cut of meat—from the simmering stew to the sizzling steak.

With a generous amount of meat in the diet, you can be sure of getting the aminos you must have for day-in-and-day-out health.



FLORSHEIM SHOES

...worth waiting for



SOONER than you may think, the day will come when you can have all the Florsheim Shoes you want—in new styles, leathers, patterns galore. Meanwhile, if you have to wait a few days for your size, please be patient; Florsheim finer quality is worth waiting for.

Most Styles \$10⁵⁰ and \$11

Florsheim  **Shoes**

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Keep up with the world



COLIN ALLEN

No species of animal was ever exterminated so quickly by man as Steller's sea cow, a 25-foot, three-ton aquatic mammal, thousands of which were seen near the Asiatic coast of the Bering Sea when this body of water was discovered by Bering in 1741. The trading and sealing vessels which followed in the wake of his expedition killed so many of these sea cows for food that they were extinct within 27 years.

The largest oil painting in existence is the Panthéon de la Guerre, a panorama of the first World War, which is 402 feet long and 45 feet high. Painted in France during the four years of that conflict by more than 130 artists, the gigantic work contains—besides battlefields, flags, monuments and symbolic figures—the life-size portraits of six thousand war heroes and leaders of fifteen countries.

A unique ceremony of the Parsees, a religious sect of India, is the laying down of the interior plan for a Tower of Silence, a circular stone wall about 25 feet high and 36 feet in diameter, within which they place their dead to be eaten by vultures. Chanting prayers, three priests hammer 301 nails into the ground and then wind around them successively a sacred thread 1,800 feet long, producing a geometric design with numerous spaces where bodies are to be placed according to their age and sex. Although this segregation is very important, the bleached bones are later swept together into a central pit.

Since 1920, the U. S. Biological Survey, now a part of the Fish and Wildlife Service, has been collecting data on the migratory habits of birds with the co-operation of 2,500 licensed amateurs in the U.S. and Canada. Upon capturing his birds, alive and unharmed, the amateur attaches an official, serially numbered aluminum band to the leg of each bird, sets it free and sends all details to the government. Most persons retaking the birds later comply with the request on the band to notify the Wildlife Service and it, in turn, notifies the banders. So far, 5,800,000 birds of some 200 American species have been banded and 346,000 of them have been recovered and their migrations recorded one or more times.

Many homes in Switzerland still have a small "soul window" near the ceiling of each bedroom, which is supposed to serve as a special exit for the soul at the time of death.

Although France is the largest wine-producing country, making in normal years 1,200,000,000 gallons, she cannot supply her own needs for cheap, ordinary wine and therefore imports annually about 180,000,000 gallons of this quality, or ten times as much as she exports in fine varieties.

When England adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1752, thousands of her people could not believe that they had lost ten days and looked for some sign of confirmation or denial from God or nature. As Christmas (new style) approached and no sign had appeared, many persons journeyed to Glastonbury to see if a famous thornbush there would blossom on this day as it had on other Christmases. Failure of the bush to flower was, therefore, considered adequate proof by them that the date was the 14th and not the 25th and they did not accept the new calendar for some time afterward.

One of the most unusual permanent exhibits of sculpture is now being readied in Frogner Park in Oslo, Norway. The 200 acres are filled with bronze and stone statues, depicting several hundred nude men, women and children in some active pose, all of which were executed by one man, Gustav Vigeland, who worked on them for the Oslo municipal government between 1905 and his death in 1943. Although Vigeland was an eccentric, his work was not subject to censorship because he had an unconditional commission whose ultimate cost to the city was \$5,000,000.

In the Austrian village of Hallein on Christmas Eve, 1818, the schoolmaster, Franz Gruber, composed a hymn called Song of Heaven and sang it in church the following night. A man from a near-by town happened to hear it and, being impressed, memorized the words and music which he later taught to a traveling quartet. By 1854, the piece had become so famous throughout the world that a search was made for its unknown composer and Gruber was found. The obscure and impoverished schoolmaster then learned that his song had become the most beloved Christmas hymn of all time and that its name had been changed to Silent Night.

A test made among a large number of people to ascertain how closely they could estimate the passing of a minute revealed that their guesses averaged only 35 seconds.

The smallest postage stamps on record, issued between 1863 and 1866 by Bolivar, which is now a part of Colombia, were one fifth of a square inch in size; while the largest, issued in 1865 by the United States, occupied 7.48 square inches, or an area thirty-six times larger.

by Freeling Foster

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.

Collier's for December 15, 1945

ask for ETHYL



**LOOK FOR THE
ETHYL TRADEMARK**



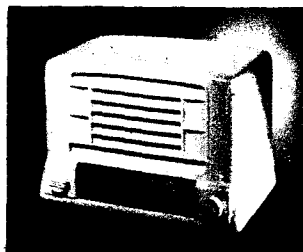
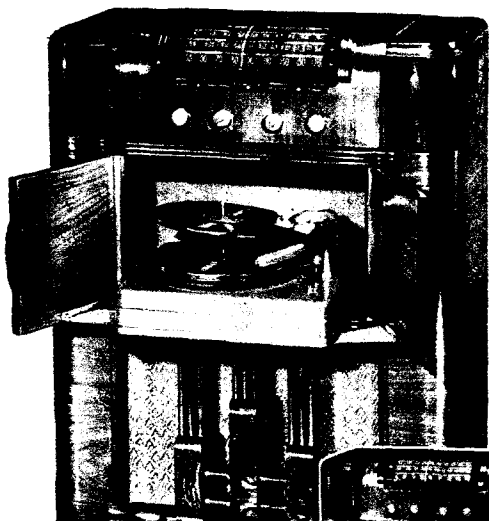
Now it's your turn to get high-quality gasoline—gasoline that only a few months ago was reserved for military use. At Ethyl pumps all over the country you can now get gasoline that answers all your expectations of power and performance.

With Ethyl in the tank you'll find your car eager to start (even on winter mornings) and ready, willing and able to go places . . . NOW! The best way to prove this is for you to—ask for ETHYL.

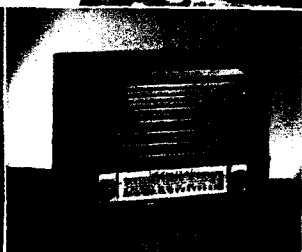
Here they are!

YOUR NEW 1946 RADIOS

There's a thrill in store for you when you see and hear these new 1946 Admiral models... table-top radios in streamlined plastic or walnut veneer... radio-phonograph combinations with the famous trouble-free Admiral automatic record changer... yours to choose from soon at your Admiral dealer—Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47.



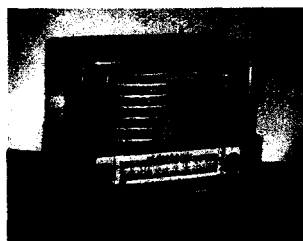
Streamlined ivory or walnut plastic



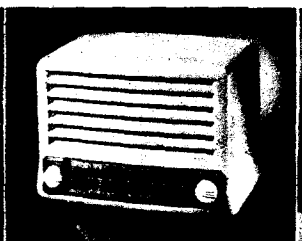
Beautiful walnut wood cabinet



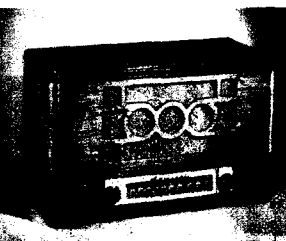
Radio-phonograph with "Slide-a-Way" automatic record changer



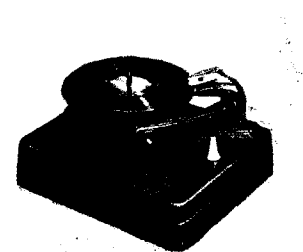
Walnut wood at its finest



Smartly styled plastic cabinet



Battery operated farm radio



Automatic record changer... plays records through your radio



Radio-phonograph with automatic record changer



Admiral

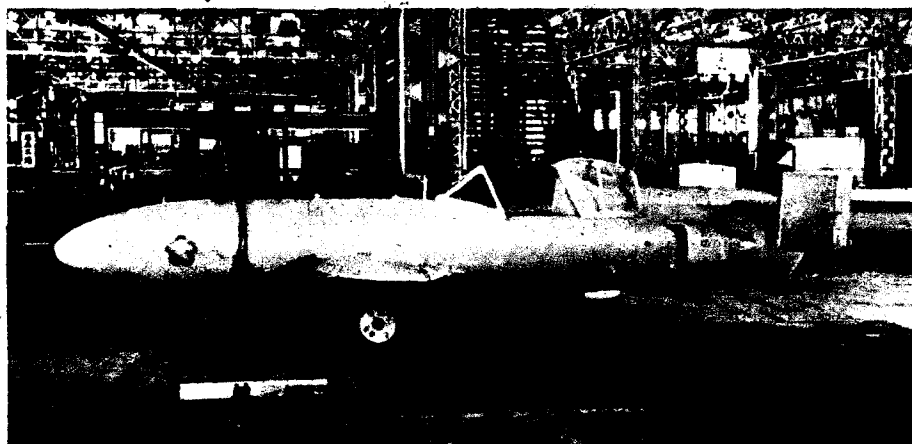
RADIOS — RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonographs with Automatic Record Changers

DUAL-TEMP REFRIGERATORS • HOME FREEZERS • ELECTRIC RANGES
"LIFETIME" NEEDLES • REPLACEMENT TUBES & BATTERIES • RECORD CABINETS

Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



Designed for use against our invasion fleet, this Jap suicider (Oka 22) never worked. Its jet power was augmented by rocket charges under wings

YOKOSUKA AIR ARSENAL, YOKOSUKA, JAPAN—The only thing the Japs seemed to have in plenty, at the last, was suicide pilots.

First they had been volunteers. Then they had been selected. Finally all Jap airmen had been granted the glorious privilege of dying for their country.

One of them upon whom this high honor was thrust was Warrant Officer Hajimi Onishi, the son of a Japanese naval officer, test pilot at Yokosuka, and onetime aeronautical engineering student at New York University. He didn't like his role of Kamikaze. None of them did, according to Onishi, except a few superpatriots "with high blood pressure." (He meant "hotheads.")

The Jap high command had a particularly trying way of notifying its pilots they had been selected to play a suicide role. At airfields all over Japan, every night at midnight, the phone would ring and some unfortunate Nip pilot would get the word that he had been selected for the brief period of training that preceded a suicide mission.

"We would lie in our bunks pretending to sleep, but unable to sleep until the phone call had come," Onishi said. "The orderly would go to the phone, then he would come back and go to the bed of the man who had been called and shake him gently, and each of us would feel ourselves growing cold inside. The pilot who had been chosen would go to the phone and he would say only two words—'Hello,' and 'Thank You.' Then he would come back to his bed and lie there staring at the ceiling and we would try to make small talk to cheer him.

"We would speak of the beauty of the moonlight on the grass and the tracery of the leaf patterns on the wall. Sometimes he would say nothing. Sometimes he would scream, 'Do not speak to me!' After they were called, the quiet men would become very gay and merry in a feverish kind of way, and the men who had been gay and merry would become quiet and sad. Sometimes they would get sick and make themselves drunk, and stay drunk while they waited to transfer to their training station.

"It was a great strain on the nerves to lie awake at night listening for the phone, so we finally asked that it be taken out of our barracks and placed in a building near by. Later when we were told that we were all suicide pilots, things were somehow better, for the strain of waiting was over and we were all in the same boat."

When the Imperial Rescript announced the end of the war, Onishi, who had been fearful that the Emperor's message was going to call upon the people for "The Diamond Death"—a mass suicide onslaught against invading forces—was much relieved. His relief was not to last long, though, for his commanding officer told him, doubtless because of his knowledge of English, that he had been chosen as the radio operator on Bataan I, one of the planes carrying the Jap peace envoys to Ie Shima for transfer to

planes which would carry them to their conference with MacArthur's representatives at Manila.

The commanding officer drank a toast in *sake* to Onishi and told him: "You know, of course, this is a great honor, but the mission is a vital one and it must not fail. If it should fail, the envoys naturally will be disgraced and must kill themselves. Since you are a member of the crew you will share in their disgrace and must kill yourself, too."

Thus Onishi flew with many worries—one, the failure of the mission; two, the possibility that die-hard Jap army fliers might ambush the peace plane; and three, how the Americans would receive him at Ie Shima. But the mission succeeded, the ambush never materialized, and all the Americans did to him was to take his picture, give him chocolate bars, and ask him a million questions.

Japan was working frantically on some secret weapons when the atomic bomb brought a quick and merciful end to the war. They would not have turned the tide of conflict even if she had been able to get them in production in time, but they might have caused us heavy losses in bombers, ships and men if it had been necessary to invade the home islands by amphibious assault.

Types of Suicide Aircraft

There were jet and rocket propelled suicide aircraft of various types. One was a stumpy, fat-bellied, stub-winged plane the Japs called Shusui, an adaptation of the German ME-163. Shusui was powered like the German V-2 rocket, which wrought such havoc in England, and it carried an 800-kilogram war head in its nose. It was to be launched from rocket-rail catapults located on headlands around the larger cities and the more important military and naval installations, and was intended primarily as an anti-B-29 weapon.

The Japs had no conventional type aircraft which could fight successfully at the altitudes at which the B-29s could fly, and their effort to reach the other thousand feet by mounting inclined guns on the backs of their high-altitude fighters had not proved successful. Shusui, in its brief life-span of about four minutes, was expected to reach 40,000 feet with enough power left to pick out a B-29 victim and crash it. They could be quickly and cheaply built, and it was no trouble to give a Kamikaze pilot enough rudimentary flight training to handle the ship.

There was another suicider to be used exclusively against our invasion fleet. It was the Oka 22, or Cherry Blossom, a development from the Oka 11, which we called Baka, the Jap word for "fool," and which was first used against us, without success, at Okinawa. Oka 22 was to be carried to its suicide rendezvous slung under a mother plane which we called Frances, and which the Japs knew as Ginga, The Milky Way. Oka 22 was powered with a jet engine similar to that

(Continued on page 81)

Collier's for December 15, 1945

*On carpenter tools or office furniture,
pots and pans or knives and forks—
on anything made with steel...*

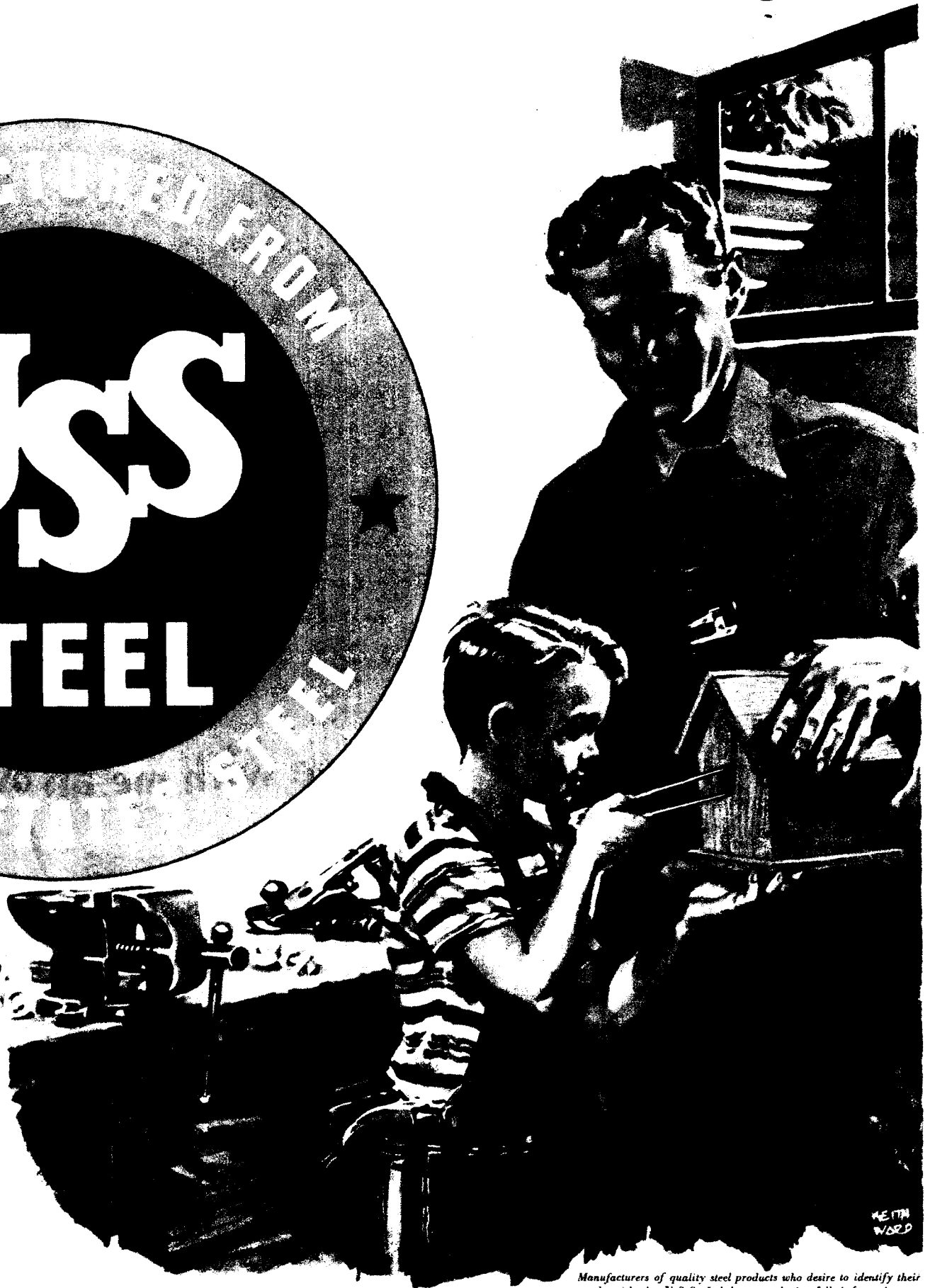
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**Jim will fall in love with me all over again
this Christmas !**



"Why? I guess it's because I remember to do all the little things he loves . . . planning the best meal . . . wearing that glamor-gal hairdo he likes so much . . . yes, and picking out the gifts I *know* he wants. Essleys for instance. They're *Woman-Wise*—tailored so beautifully that Jim looks his best, even in my critical woman's eyes; styled so ruggedly, so huskily that Jim feels like a caveman. And when a guy feels that way it's healthy for a gal!"

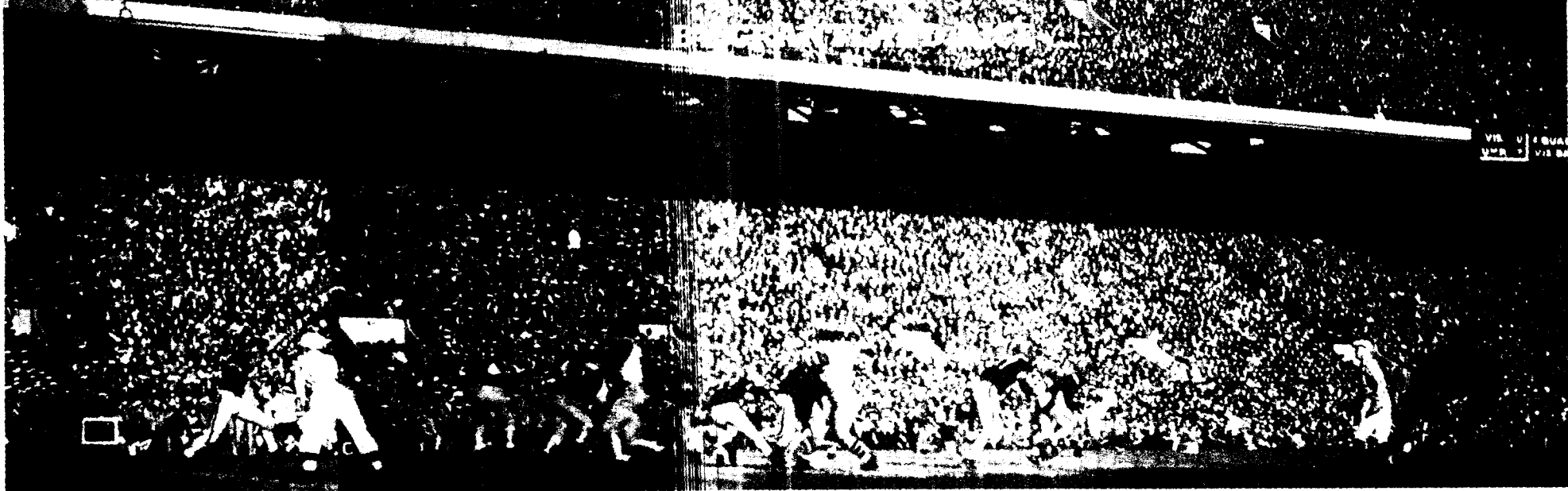
Sportshirts in gay Buffalo plaids and lustrous Sakana Rayon Broadcloths . . . Dress Shirts with the all-day-neat Trubenized* collar.

Essley Shirt Co., Empire State Bldg., New York.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 15, 1945

THE ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM



A scrimmage in the first quarter of the Navy-Pennsylvania game in October 27. The boy wearing No. 5 is Savitsky of Penn

IN MANY respects this has been a peculiar football season. Caught by the sudden end of the war, many colleges had to overcome Navy V shifts from one team to another which completely upset earlier calculations. Others had potential stars drafted into the armed services. Still others had stars of other years return from the war and yielded to the temptation to use them before they were ready. But despite all the difficulties that attended the fielding of many teams, football had one of its biggest and best seasons as far as attendance and public interest were concerned. For example, six teams—Army, Navy, Notre Dame, Michigan, Pennsylvania and Ohio State—played before more than 2,000,000 spectators.

Before the season opened, it was taken for granted that Army and Navy would wreck all opposition. But Navy soon ran into first year T trouble, as other teams have done before, when the precision and timing demanded by the T formation failed to work in a hurry. Meanwhile such teams as Alabama, Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Holy Cross, Ohio State, Oklahoma A. & M., and St. Mary's showed surprising strength. This was almost entirely due to the fact that the teams were able to season their teams of 17- and 18-year-old kids with a few veterans back from Europe and the Pacific.

As in 1944, it was the 17- and 18-year-old boys who gave football its major lift. The sensational St. Mary's team, coached by Jimmy Phelan, had twenty-two 17-year-olds on its squad, and seven or eight of these were regulars. Michigan had several players of 18 or under, and so did Columbia. The latter team had a young back named Gene Rossides who was one of the best of the year. Any number of kids just out of high school played with the poise and stamina of veterans.

The slight changes in rules, among them passing from anywhere back of the scrimmage line, gave the offense greater leeway and so opened up the game for offensive play.

In the South, Alabama, with Gilmer and Mancha, soon took a big lead by crushing L. S. U., Tennessee and Georgia.

In the East, outside of Army and Navy, Holy Cross had one of the best records, although Pennsylvania's powerful squad was given higher rating. Lou Little's Columbia Lions, many of them still cubs, were another Eastern sensation.

The teams of the Big Ten, as usual, had one of their characteristic in and out, up and down races, with Bo McMillin's strong and consistent Indiana squad getting the jump with Ohio State and Michigan.

Oklahoma A. & M. and Texas, with the former being aided by the brilliant Bob Feni-

more, were rated on top in their territory.

Farther west the Pacific Coast Conference had an off season. Most of the glory out there went to St. Mary's young team, where Herman Wedemeyer in the backfield was an all-season sensation. Southern California, U.C.L.A. and Washington were among the leaders in the somewhat dizzy and confused dash to the Rose Bowl.

The season was one of high scoring, with the offense on numerous occasions having a big jump on defensive strength. This was especially true of a great Army team, with Blanchard and Davis, operating back of a big, fast line. Army's 48 to 0 win over Notre Dame was just a sample. Notre Dame a week before had outplayed Navy and was

still unbeaten when the cadet avalanche landed. Ably coached and perfectly drilled by Colonel Earl Blaik and his able staff, Army had about every ingredient that belongs to football greatness.

Navy had trouble with her first year T, a rather complicated system that demands timing and precision, deft ball handling and deception, which are rarely acquired in a hurry. It was not until the Michigan game in early November that Navy finally found its bearings. This sudden upward lift lent added interest to the Army game in Philadelphia where 104,000 tickets were sold many weeks ahead.

Here was a season, spotty in many ways, that at least gave definite promise of great

teams to come, as youth, speed and spirit gained experience. Such young teams as Michigan, Columbia, St. Mary's and others will be something to stop next fall.

A matter for the football bigwigs to consider this winter was the record number of fumbles. This was largely due to the number of young and overeager players, the changes in various systems and the shape of the modern football, made more for passing than anything else. The weight of modern equipment in the form of hard leather might also be considered, since it has proven to be more an offensive than a protective aid.

The basis of our selections of an All-America squad or team is different from the popular idea. There is no thought of picking

THE LINE-UP

VAUGHN MANCHA Alabama	Height 6'	Weight 238	Position Center
WARREN AMLING Ohio State	5'11"	197	Guard
JOHN F. GREEN Army	5'11"	190	Guard
GEORGE SAVITSKY U. of Penn.	6'3"	250	Tackle
DeWITT E. COULTER Army	6'3"	220	Tackle
RICHARD H. DUDEN, JR. Navy	6'2"	203	End
HUBERT BECHTOL U. of Texas	6'1"	190	End
HERMAN WEDEMEYER St. Mary's	5'10"	173	Quarterback
GLENN W. DAVIS Army	5'9"	170	Halfback
HARRY GILMER Alabama	6'	160	Halfback
FELIX A. BLANCHARD Army	6'	205	Fullback



Felix "Doc" Blanchard, fullback, Army, of Bishopville, S. C. A really great football player, and one of the best backs of this or any other season



Dick Duden, end, Navy. Home, New York City. Captain of the Navy team. A terrific blocker and a fine pass-catcher



Vaughn Mancha, center, Alabama. Home, Birmingham, Ala. Very fast, in spite of his weight—238 pounds



Warren Amling, guard, Ohio State. Home, Pana, Ill. A great guard, he can also play end and tackle



DeWitt Coulter, tackle, Army. Home, San Antonio, Texas. An extremely tough man to mix with in the line



George Savitsky, tackle, Pennsylvania. Home, Camden, New Jersey. A former Marine and a great lineman



Glenn W. Davis, halfback, Army. Home, Claremont, Calif. One of the finest backs in football history



John F. Green, guard, Army. Home, Shelbyville, Ky. Captain of the Army team, and a standout guard



Harry Gilmer, halfback, Alabama. Home, Birmingham, Ala. Rated as one of football's greatest passers

the strongest team that might have to face some unknown opponent. In addition to individual skill, always a major factor, we must consider also the value of each player to his team, where without such a player the team would have taken a big drop in its national ranking.

Here is another important point. Too many remember only the last one or two big games. Players who have starred in these big, closing spectacles may have been only ordinary or injured in earlier contests.

Navy's T Troubles a Handicap

With the active assistance of Collier's Board we kept a complete record of every game played from mid-September to the finish. For example, Navy's earlier troubles in its desperate battle with the T worked against any all-season ranking for many of her star backs—such men as Bob Kelly or Clyde Scott, or Bob Jenkins, who was injured.

Again a team might have great collective strength and not much individual stardom. Indiana was such a team.

These are all points that must be considered when it comes to the final selection. It is only natural that with so many good football players many are not given the credit they have earned.

Here are the 33 players recommended by

Collier's All-America Board, from whom the team was finally selected.

Centers—Mancha, Alabama; Scott, Navy; McGovern, Washington.

Guards—Green, Army; Amling, Ohio State; Lecture, Northwestern; Carrington, Navy; Dickerson, Pennsylvania; Sowinski, Indiana.

Tackles—Coulter, Army; Savitsky, Pennsylvania; Deal, Indiana; Nemetz, Army; Hughes, Purdue; McClure, Nevada.

Ends—Bechtol, Texas; Duden, Navy; Skoglund, Notre Dame; Morris, Northwestern; Kluszewski, Indiana; Foldberg, Army.

Backs—Blanchard, Army; Davis, Army; Gilmer, Alabama; Wedemeyer, St. Mary's; Fenimore, Oklahoma A. & M.; Dancewicz, Notre Dame; Koslowski, Holy Cross; Evans, Pennsylvania; Taliaferro, Indiana; Rossides, Columbia; Frost, Dartmouth; Clark, Duke.

Such strong challengers as Trippi, Georgia, Callanan, U.S.C., Rossi, U.C.L.A. and others were left out because they either reported late from war service or else were transferred from their starting teams to other Navy V schools. Trippi, for example, is one of the best backs in football. Callanan was a fine end.

Selecting the backfield, as always, carried most of the headaches. Backfield stars, who are more in the spotlight, receive most of the build-ups and draw most of the praise. They

are always the ones who "can't be left off anybody's team." But unfortunately it seems to be impossible to crowd seven or eight men into only four places.

In the final summing-up this fall we finally reduced the long list of backfield stars to six—Blanchard and Davis of Army, Gilmer of Alabama, Fenimore of Oklahoma A. & M., Dancewicz of Notre Dame, and Wedemeyer of St. Mary's. They were all great backs. We finally cut the list down to Blanchard, Davis, Gilmer, Wedemeyer and Fenimore. These five all deserved All-America recognition. They were all brilliant in more ways than one, offensively and defensively.

The Two Best All-Time Backs

Blanchard and Davis, ball carriers, blockers, passers and pass receivers, kickers and tacklers, were rated as the two best combination backs that football has ever known. In addition to their destructive power and speed, both had amazing football savvy, intuition that belongs only to a few. They were the two standouts.

Then there was Harry Gilmer of Alabama. Without any question Gilmer must be rated among the greatest passers that football has ever seen. I am barring neither Sammy Baugh nor Sid Luckman. But in addition to this quality he was also one of the finest

defensive backs of the year, an exceptionally good ball carrier and a kicker of quality. I doubt that any other team had a player with the all-around winning value that Gilmer has shown. "The punishment Gilmer has taken is incredible," Frank Thomas, his coach, says. "But so far it has never slowed him down."

Gilmer's selection left us with Fenimore of Oklahoma A. & M. and Wedemeyer of St. Mary's. Fenimore can run, pass and kick. He is big and fast. For two years he has been one of the best backs that football has known in years. Wedemeyer of St. Mary's is rated by many as the greatest all-around back the Pacific Coast has ever seen. Jimmy Phelan, his coach, says Wedemeyer is the best back he has had in more than twenty years. Wedemeyer was something more than a brilliant ball carrier, passer and defensive star. He was also the spark plug of a group of 17- and 18-year-old kids, the youngest team in football by a wide margin.

Considering all the evidence at hand it was still with great reluctance that Fenimore this time had to step aside. At this point someone had to go and for all-around ability and team value it seemed to us that Gilmer and Wedemeyer belonged with Blanchard and Davis, the Army nonpareils.

There is always a scarcity of outstanding tackles and guards. Too many of these are

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Hubert Bechtol, end, Texas. Home, Lubbock, Texas. Experts say he's one of the finest ends in the whole U.S.



Herman Wedemeyer, quarterback, St. Mary's. Home, Honolulu. Football experts on the Pacific Coast rate Wedemeyer as the greatest back that part of the country has ever seen. His coach, Jimmy Phelan, says he is the best he has had in twenty years of coaching. Besides being a brilliant ball carrier and passer, he starred on the defense and sparked a fast group of youngsters.

too closely matched. But there is nearly always a center who steps out in front, and Vaughn Mancha of Alabama is such a center. Weighing 238 pounds, active and alert, Mancha was one of the best of the centers a year ago. He is one of those Bulldog Turner types, big but active and aggressive. Scott of Navy is on his way to an All-America post. He was a star in his first year's test. He will become even better.

Among the guards, the main vote went to Amling of Ohio State. There were other good men. But Green, Army's captain, was named at this post a year ago and we have the authority of Herman Hickman, his line coach, that Green was a much better guard this year than last.

A Judge of Good Linemen

Herman Hickman knows what a good lineman needs, for Bob Neyland rates Herman Hickman as the greatest guard college football ever knew. The Army line is a testimonial to Hickman's ability to help pick and handle a forward wall.

Tackles have a hard time in modern football. If they are too aggressive they are mousetrapped. But they can't afford to stay in one place. Army had two great tackles in Coulter, the giant Texan, and Nemetz. Pennsylvania's 250-pound Savitsky was another

tackle who was one of the outstanding stars on a strong line. His able line coach, Ray Crowthers, rates Savitsky as the best tackle in football today. Coulter and Savitsky will do for any All-America selection.

There were many fine ends, but few Oosterhuysens. Hutsons and others who dominated the field. Navy had two fine ends in Duden and Bramlett. Army had three fine ends in Foldberg, Poole and Pitzer. Indiana had good ends in Kluszewski and Ravensburg. Northwestern had a star end in Morris. Texas had one of the best ends in the country in Bechtol. He was the best all-around football player in that sector. Callanan of U.S.C., an exceptionally good man, was called away for Navy service. But Dick Duden, the Navy captain, once rated as a great prep school back, gave greater service to his team. So the final selections were Duden of Navy and Bechtol of Texas.

Even in what might be called a half off-year or a seesaw, uncertain season, this year's Collier's team must be rated as one of the strongest in All-America history. For here is a big, fast, aggressive line averaging above 220 pounds, working in front of four backs who can run, pass, block and carry the ball forward by land and air. I doubt that any other All-America backfield ever named before had as much all-around class on both the offensive and defensive side. ★★★

THE ADVISORY BOARD

Walter Camp selected Collier's first All-America Football Team in 1889, just fifty-six years ago. With the exception of the war year of 1917, when no team was chosen, he made his selections every year for thirty-five years, until his death in 1925. During most of the long period in which Mr. Camp's was the biggest name in football, the game, as far as big-time playing was concerned, was pretty well confined to Yale, Harvard and Princeton. The first two teams chosen by Mr. Camp were composed entirely of men from those schools. In 1891, Adams of Pennsylvania entered the charmed circle, and a year later Thayer of Pennsylvania was chosen. In 1898, Herschberger of Chicago, one of the great kickers of all time, was on the team as the Middle West's first representative. The first Southern player was chosen in 1918, and the first from the Far West in 1921.

When Walter Camp died in 1925, the task of choosing an All-America team was turned over to Granland Rice. For a few years Mr. Rice worked alone; then it became clear that it was an impossible job for one man. So an Advisory Board was chosen, and this system continues in effect. This Board is composed of impartial and experienced football writers from all sections of the country, men who attend the games and keep in close touch with players and coaches. For this year the Advisory Board is as follows:

SOUTH

Fred Digby, New Orleans Item
Fred Russell, Nashville Banner

SOUTHEAST

O. B. Keeler, Atlanta Journal

MISSOURI VALLEY

Clyde E. McBride, Kansas City Star

MIDDLE WEST

George A. Barton, Minneapolis Tribune
H. G. Salsinger, Detroit News

EAST

George Trevor, New York Sun
Stanley Woodward, New York Herald Tribune

SOUTHWEST

Lloyd Gregory, Houston Post

PACIFIC COAST

Harry B. Smith, San Francisco Chronicle
George M. Varnell, Seattle Times

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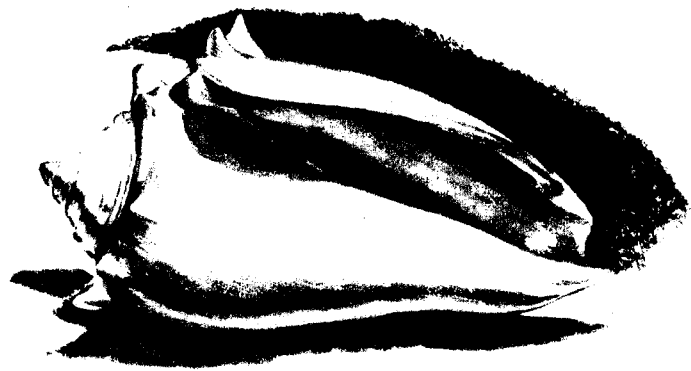


Bill didn't know why she was standing there as if half asleep but he knew he was meant to wake her. "Lulie," he said

The Sea Shell

BY NANCY LYON

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



15

WHEN Bill first saw Lulie, he was eating an apple. He had the apple halfway to his mouth and his mouth was half open. It stayed that way while he stared at her. It wasn't that she was so gosh darn' beautiful, he decided—she wasn't—but there was a softness about the look of her that put him in mind of some small, sweet animal. Her hair was short all over her head and seemed to be naturally curly. It fell around her face, making shadowy scallops on her cheeks and forehead.

It was noon and the tobacco factory workers were all out on the sidewalk, sitting in the sun on the doorsills, or leaning against the brick walls of the factory. Most of them were eating their lunch. Lulie was standing in a doorway with a bunch of other girls. Bill moved down the sidewalk to get closer and look into her eyes. He took a big bite of the apple and, chewing slowly, he strolled that way. All the girls looked up at him as he drew level; he was big and lean and strong and he looked like he didn't give a damn about them and, of course, that got them.

Bill looked straight at Lulie. She looked back at him and he saw that she had wide hazel eyes with a lot of brown flecks in them so if you didn't look hard you might think they were brown. He was looking plenty hard; all of a sudden he smiled, said "Hiyah," and walked on by. He might just as well have flushed a covey of quail, the way they broke into noisy fluttering. He could hear them, hear Lulie's voice, soft and sweet as he had known it would be, saying, "I swear I don't know him. Honest." And the other girls teasing her and not believing it.

He waited for her outside the factory at quitting time. He'd found out about her. Her name was Eulalee Elizabeth Clements but she was called Lulie. She was a cigarette searcher and she'd been working there about six months. He knew the assistant foreman in her department and he was the one who told him about her. He told him, too, that he'd asked her out a couple of times.

"She's quite a gal," he'd said to Bill grinning. "I know some that are more fun, though."

When Lulie walked out, wearing a light coat over her white uniform, Bill spoke to her. She was alone and he was glad of that.

"Hey, Lulie," he said, smiling.

She stopped and stared at him. She didn't look mad; she just looked surprised.

Bill went on smiling. "Don't you remember me?"

"I never saw you till this morning," she said slowly. She was still staring, like a little girl with a new toy she doesn't know how to handle.

Bill took a chance. "It was years ago," he said. "You were just a kid. . . . It was at your folks' farm."

Lulie's eyes got big and bright suddenly. "You're telling a big tale—and I know it."

Bill grinned. "Okay. So I am. But I'll bet you're a country girl right on."

Lulie closed her coat about her and began to walk down the sidewalk. She didn't look up at him but she could see his feet keeping step with hers. Still silent, they crossed the street and then, as if leaving the factory behind set her free, she lifted her head and

smiled. She had small even white teeth and Bill wanted to kiss her right then and there. "How'd you know," she asked, "that I was from the country?"

Bill was watching her long dark lashes fan up toward the dark brows. "Because you look healthy. . . ."

Lulie slued her eyes around at him, waiting. "Because you look as if you got that pretty in the sun—the rain, too, maybe—and the wind. Reckon it was the wind blowed them pretty curls in your hair?" He cocked his head at her and Lulie laughed outright. She laughed like a child, high and free, and it made Bill happy just to hear her.

"If you're not busy tonight," he said easily, "how about let's look for some trouble?"

Lulie hesitated and Bill knew she was figuring whether to play hard to get. Or maybe—and it made him mad to think it—maybe she did have a date.

"If you're sewed up—" he said shortly, not looking at her.

Lulie shook her head. "It's not that. I'm free. It's just that my folks wouldn't like it, me going out with somebody I hadn't met the right way."

Bill looked serious. "You live with your folks?"

Lulie shook her head again. "They live in the country. . . . But, you see, Pa knows the foreman over me and if he found out, he might tell Pa and then Pa'd make me quit my job and come home to stay."

Bill thought about it and then he said, "Tell you what we could do. I've got a car. We could ride out to Hayman's—it's a little place up near Roxboro—have a beer maybe and play the juke box. We wouldn't meet anybody you know there. That'd be a lot safer than going to the show—or some place around here."

Lulie looked right at him then, trying to figure him out. Bill returned the look, steadfastly. She walked a little faster, and when she spoke she tried to sound offhand. "Oh, all right. What time?"

Bill was offhand, too. "Say eight? I'll pick you up. Where do you live?"

"I live with Pa's sister. . . . So you can't pick me up. I'll tell her I'm going to the picture show. You pick me up on the corner of Main and Corcoran."

"Okay, Lulie. See you then," and Bill veered off abruptly and crossed to the other side of the street. He knew she'd turn and look after him and expect him to turn, too; but though it almost broke his neck, he kept looking straight ahead and going that way, too.

As easy as that, he said to himself, and he was grinning all over inside. Gosh, she was pretty.

BILL was grinning again, late that night, but it wasn't the same kind. This was the kind of grinning you did when something hurt and you had to bear with it and act brave. He needn't have worried about himself with Lulie; he hadn't even laid a hand on her, except when they were dancing, and he'd never wanted to do anything so much since he'd been old enough to know the answers.

He'd made a move to put his arm around her when they were halfway to Hayman's, but she'd leaned forward quickly and said in

a soft, scared voice, "Please, Bill. . . ." His arm had frozen like a dog on a point just above her shoulders. And then he'd drawn it back and put both hands on the wheel. He wasn't used to being treated like that. Any girl'd let you put your arm around her; it wasn't any more than shaking hands, almost. Lulie'd acted like—well, hell, like he was trying to get away with something.

He'd driven on silently for a long time after that; he was trying to decide whether to give way and get mad or hold off and maybe win out. He'd held off. He'd started talking as if everything was all right, and he could see that she was relieved and glad he hadn't pushed her. He'd told her about his farm—and Pa dying—and she'd told him a little about her home, and how she hated the country. That surprised him. He'd never thought about hating or loving the country; it was just there and if some of it belonged to you, you took care of it and farmed it.

"I don't guess you like it, either," Lulie'd said to him. "Since you work in town."

Bill said soberly, "I worked in town when Pa was living because we needed the cash. Winter's hard on a tobacco farmer; most of them borrow on next year's crop to pull through. But with me working in town Pa never had to. This'll be my last winter, though. Come spring, I'll be going back—to start my crop."

LULIE tossed her head so hard her curls bumped into one another and shook. "Start scrabbling in the dirt for a living, you mean," she said in a sharp, fast way. "Start borrowing yourself—next winter—because you won't be able to leave the place then." Bill looked at her, wondering at her, and said gravely, "Maybe I can stay ahead. I've got a good start. But when I go back I aim to stay all right. Dividing a dozen eggs in two baskets don't make them go any further."

"You're on your own," Lulie said roughly, "so why don't you sell out?"

Bill looked straight ahead, down the road, and he spoke that way, too.

"It's my home place," he said evenly, "and I promised Pa I'd come back to it and farm it. To do right by a place you've got to live on it. I don't know as I'll mind; roomin' houses, pool parlors and picture shows are all right for a while—but they're not the real business."

"Farming is a business I want none of," Lulie said, as if she were mad. "I hate it! Old dirty chores morning and night, your folks always worn out and worried, kids fighting over every scrap of cloth that might make a new dress. . . . Wearing hand-me-downs, always too big or too little."

"How many in your family?" Bill had asked later on as they sat in a booth drinking beer, remembering how her eyes had grown dark and cloudy when she'd talked of her home.

"Eight—the oldest of us girls."

"You the oldest?"

"Next to," Lulie said bitterly. "Not the oldest—to be the most important—but old enough to tend the others and get left with the hardest jobs. While Mozella—she's the oldest—went kitin' off with her beaux."

"Is she married now?" Bill asked.

Lulie was staring into her beer. "Yes. She married Ed Chambers from across the road. Just moved from one farm to another. She's got two kids and she's been married two years." Lulie's laugh was sharp with scorn.

Bill asked slowly, "How does she feel about it? Like you?"

Lulie kept looking down. "She doesn't

have time to feel—what with cooking and washing and churning and changing babies." She raised her glass then and drank deeply. "No, sir," she said, setting the glass down steadily. "Not for me, mister. That's why I got Pa to let me work in town. If you stay in the country long enough," she said slowly, "it gets you. You don't know anything else—and pretty soon you get so you think there isn't anything else. That's sure not gonna happen to me."

Bill got up then and put a nickel in the juke box. He didn't like to hear her talking like that. It made everything ugly. Sure, he could remember his ma worn out and his pa worried; he could remember the chores—slop to the pigs, cleaning the stalls, standing about knee-deep in manure and smelling to high heaven. . . . But all that was just part of the job you did—not the whole job—and when it was over there were the long evenings when you could call up quail or a whippoorwill. Or walk into a warm kitchen, if it was winter, and smell dried peas cooking with fatback, and pork loin roasting in the big wood stove. Wasn't no kind of stove, Ma always said, that cooked like a wood stove. A lot more trouble, maybe, but Ma hadn't seemed to mind.

He didn't pay attention to the tune he picked; he just pushed the nickel in, still thinking. The juke box gave out with *Star Dust*. Lulie was standing ready to dance when he came back to the booth. She looked up at him and smiled, going into his arms.

"That old thing," she said, but she began to move almost before he did, as if she knew how he'd move; she came up close against him and she fitted just right; so right he could feel himself getting hot all over. But he was careful how he danced; he knew now how scary she was.

BILL was lying flat on his bed, thinking back over the evening. He couldn't sleep for thinking and that bothered him; he'd never been that bad off before. He turned over suddenly and shoved the pillow close under his head. Suddenly his mind went back to three months ago. It was late summer then, and his father, old man Ed Hutterly, was dying.

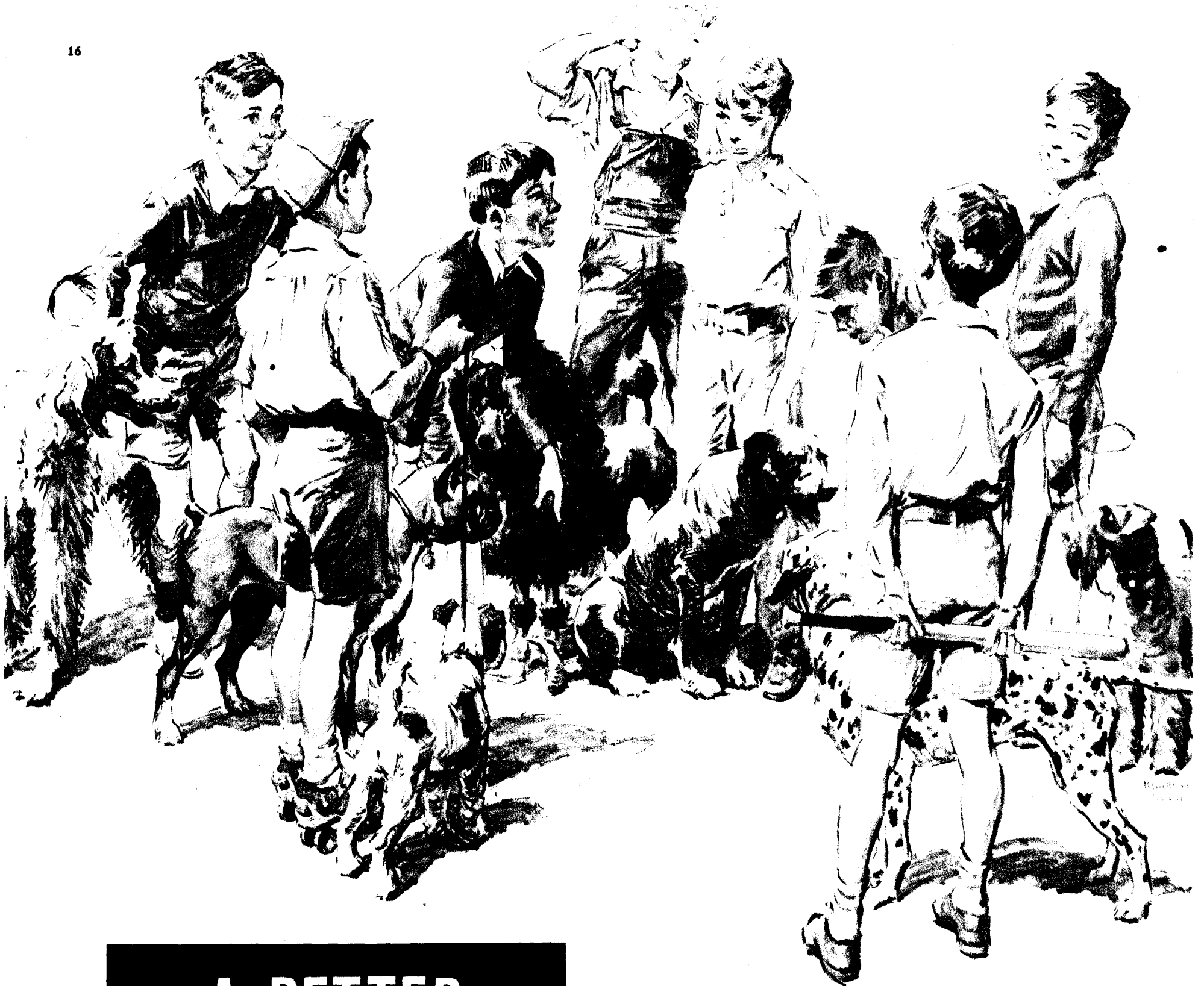
Death had been outside pushing at his door for some time, but old Ed had been inside, holding the door, pushing just as hard to keep him out.

It seemed to Bill almost as though he had heard his father arguing with Death. "Now, listen," he'd say. "Just let me get my new plant bed cleared. Just let me get my curing done. Or let me get my load to market." Ed had managed to put him off like that. But Death was stubborn, and he was powerful, too; somehow he'd slipped in.

Ed had fought a good fight but now he knew Death had won. He smiled then—the sweet, slack smile of the toothless. "Son," Ed had said, "the tobacco money's in the bank. I got a will, too, all right and proper like your ma wanted it. Strikes me kinda foolish when there's nobody but you; but your ma favored the law. . . . Now that money'll tide you over until spring and what with working in the factory this winter you'll be well set. Save your money. Son—a tobacco farmer needs all he can lay his hand to and sometimes that ain't enough." He drew a slow and careful breath, and slow and careful he let it out. He rested a minute, his eyes closed, and when he opened them again they were clearer than they had been. He looked straight at Bill.

"Son, will you give me your promise—to

(Continued on page 65)



A BETTER NEIGHBORHOOD

BY ROMA ROSE

Eddie and his mother both thought, in the beginning, that a new home is no place for an old dog—even for a battered mongrel like Feets

GET away from me!" the boy said. He sat on the steps of their new house, staring miserably across the lawn, and the dog, flat on his belly, wriggled closer until his muzzle touched Eddie's knee.

Without looking at him, Eddie jerked his knee away. The next-door kid named Johnny Odquist went down the sidewalk on roller

skates. When he was nearly past, the kid said loudly, "Some dog you got."

Roller-skating—just like a girl, Eddie thought contemptuously.

"Eddie," his mother said out the window, "why don't you go play with the children? You ought to get acquainted."

Where he used to live, nobody but girls roller-skated and the fellows played one old cat or else baseball in the vacant lot. They were probably playing right now.

"You dirty old dog," he said to Feets. The dog thumped his broken tail against the step. His ears were chewed and bloody and he kept rubbing them with his big feet.

Secure in the knowledge that the dog could not understand him, he said, "I wish I didn't have you. I wish you was dead. Then I

"You should have had his tail docked, anyway. He wouldn't be so funny looking," Johnny Odquist said. Eddie hated that Johnny Odquist and his dog, Lancer, too

could have a good dog. That's what I wish."

At first he hadn't minded when the kids asked what kind of a dog Feets was. He had answered calmly, "He's just a dog. What kind is yours?" But theirs were all some kind of dog. And Johnny Odquist said, "You should have had his tail docked, anyway. He wouldn't be so funny looking."

He hated that Johnny Odquist and his dog, Lancer, too. He was a boxer and had a long string of fancy names, and papers, and he had cost \$300.

"Eddie," his mother said from the doorway, "have you got on those old jeans with the hole in the knee? You go right upstairs and take them off. What kind of people will the neighbors think we are if you go around looking like a tramp?"

He would never have believed there was a dog alive that could lick Feets and send him home yipping with his tail between his legs. The first time, Eddie thought it was an accident. But today it wasn't any accident. Feets had fought as hard as he could and Lancer had chased him right to the front steps.

He went into the house and left the dog scratching at the screen door. He wouldn't go play with these kids around here—even if they asked him to—because that old dog Feets would go, too. He couldn't make Feets stay home. Feets could open the door and

he wouldn't mind. He was a no-good dog. He wouldn't even bring back a ball if you threw one for him.

Now that he was in the house, he forgot what his mother had told him to do. He'd have to ask her.

She was busy doing something. She was always busy at this house. She never sat in the porch swing and said, "Eddie, there's some lemonade in the kitchen."

She looked cross right now. Her face was tight, and she talked fast: "Eddie, you'll have to get a rope and tie that dog up. Mrs. Odquist phoned and said he'd been over there fighting again. She said they had to take Lancer to the vet for some stitches. A fine way to get acquainted with your new neighbors. Oh, I just don't know—" She stood a minute, not looking at anything, and then she turned around and went someplace.

Before Eddie found a rope, Feets had got in the front door, left tracks on the new gray rug and was lying on the couch, licking his wounds. Eddie heard his mother chase him outside.

Eddie tied him to a tree, and when he came back in the house his mother was cleaning the rug on her hands and knees.

"I'll clean it up, Mom," he said. But she went on stubbornly scrubbing at the spots.

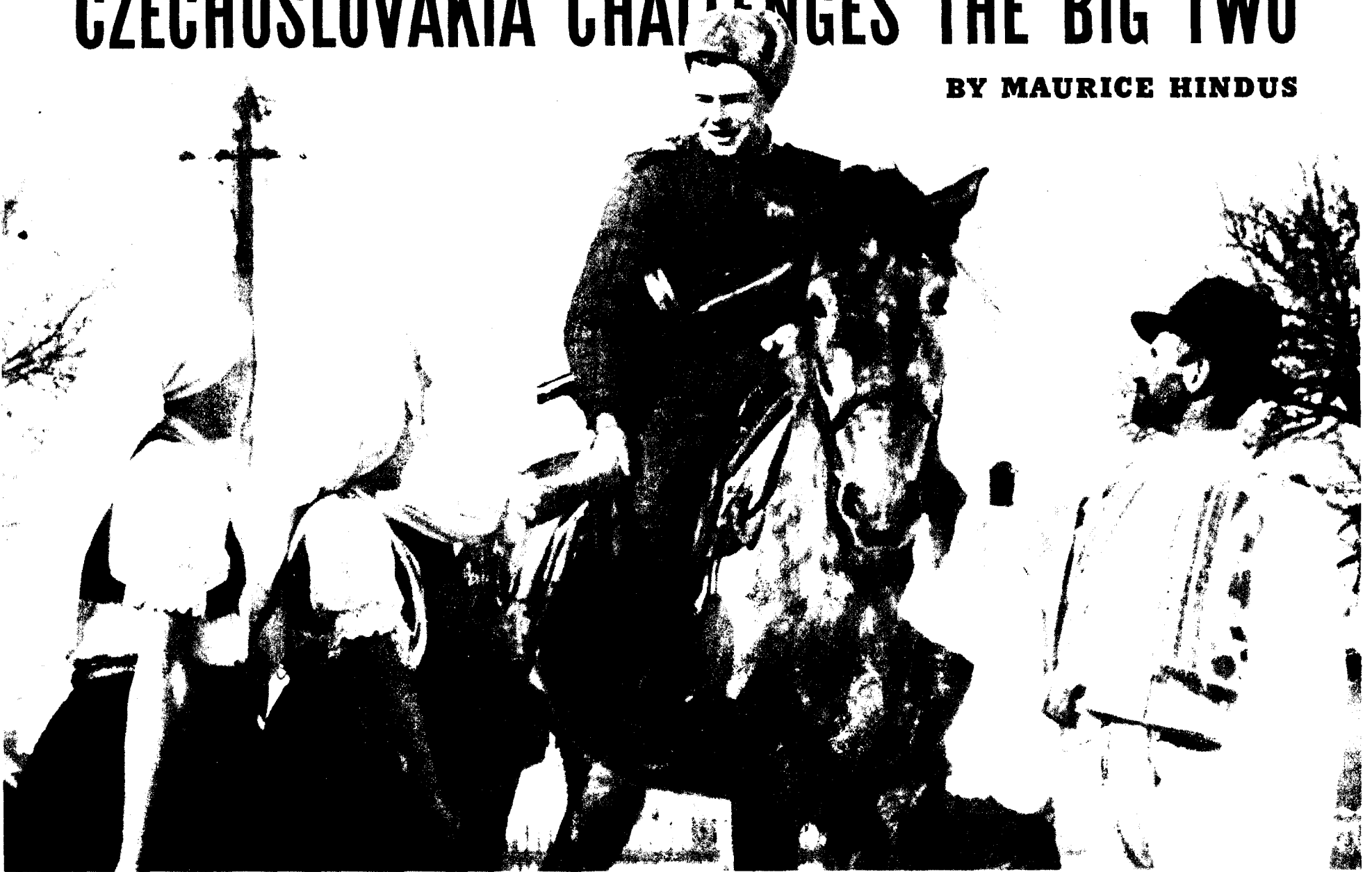
(Continued on page 30)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CZECHOSLOVAKIA CHALLENGES THE BIG TWO¹⁷

BY MAURICE HINDUS



SOYFOTO

The Czechs are shrewd, prudent people whose love of democracy is as strong as ours. But they also have strong ties to Russia. The country may be a bridge across the gap between our ways of doing things and Russia's

RADIOED FROM PRAGUE

WITHOUT firing a single shot, without spilling a drop of blood, without even virulent or violent rhetoric, Czechoslovakia has embarked on a momentous revolution. The nationalization decree which President Eduard Benes recently signed is the economic base and social symbol, but not the lone driving power or sole sweeping goal of the revolution.

A small country, no larger than the state of New York and passionately but prudently aware of its smallness, it is setting out to meet the challenge of the times from the east and west. It is doing so in its own fashion yet without compromising its rich democratic heritage and without conscious provocation or deliberate offense to any of the big powers. The task is monumental and if crowned with success, Czechoslovakia will be a luminous beacon to guide the other, particularly the smaller and more befuddled, peoples of Europe.

If it fails—but neither Eduard Benes, the wiry and sagacious little professor president, nor any of the other leaders are counting on failure. Nor, barring unforeseen circumstances, is failure in the cards unless—and this cannot be too loudly proclaimed—external pressures from the east and west, or both, block the road to success. More than any other country in Europe, Czechoslovakia is the stern testing ground for the wisdom and good faith, the tact and tolerance and, in

the long run, the self-interest of Russia as much as America.

This is so because the issues over which Great Britain, the U.S.A. and Russia are clashing in eastern Europe hardly obtain in Czechoslovakia. The reason they don't is that this little Slav nation is almost unique in the hate-drenched, war-ravaged Europe of today. No one could say of the Czechs, as Winston Churchill recently did of the Poles, that they have all the virtues and make all the mistakes.

By their own admission the Czechs lack plenty of virtues. Not having had any gentry for over three centuries, they lack the elegance and the graces of so-called polite society. A Briton who is a keen student of Czech civilization said, "As beautiful as Prague is, it always lacked what prewar Paris and London possessed—places to which you could retreat and feast your eyes on sheer elegance" in dress, manner and taste. The Britisher may have been overcritical, but the Czechs would be the last to deny that, stemming as they do from a hardy peasantry, they have had neither the time nor the inclination to cultivate elegance for its own sake.

Czechoslovakia is the classic land of the little man. The late Thomas Masaryk, founder and inspirer of the republic, was the son of a lowly coachman. President Benes is the son of a poor peasant. Thomas Bata, the greatest and most creative industrialist the country has ever boasted, was the son of a village shoemaker. The roster of great names in this nation's history for the past three hundred years tells a similar tale. What is most remarkable about these men who have molded the mind and spirit of their people is that they have never aspired to be anything but common folk, without the least suggestion of superiority or swagger.

In many ways the Czechs bring to mind the Scotch. They are as thrifty and labor-loving, as skilled with tools and with as abiding a love of their craftsmanship. They are as cool-minded as the Scotch and as ra-

tional. "The Czech thinks" is the universal maxim. "No wonder," said a Czech woman whose home I was visiting, "foreigners say we have no charm. We never give our brains a vacation."

The "reason and conscience" which Masaryk made the cornerstone of his philosophy and statesmanship would be applauded by almost all Scotsmen. Like the Scotch, the Czechs erect monuments to their poets and preachers more than to their soldiers. They are as family-loving as the Scotch, as proud of their person. Though living conditions are so harsh in Prague that U.S. Ambassador Laurence Steinhardt found it necessary to maintain a special mess for resident American citizens; though in cafés and leading hotels the only drinks available are a tasteless ersatz coffee and equally tasteless but ornately colored soft drinks, I have yet to see a single beggar on the streets of the Czech capital. Cigarettes when obtainable are limited to two a day. But I've yet to meet a man or boy who will bum a smoke from a passing foreigner.

An Independent-Minded Race

Like the Scotsman, the Czech, stalwartly independent, is as loath to borrow as he is to lend and he shares with the Scotsman an almost dour love of privacy. In this respect the Czech is unlike any other Slav I know—least of all like the Russian. In the land of the Soviets, when traveling on trains it is impossible not to talk to fellow passengers. They insist on it. Russians must talk. They don't mind telling a stranger all about themselves and are almost hurt if the latter fails to reciprocate.

In Czechoslovakia I've traveled on trains for hours and days without my neighbors saying a word to me, precisely as in Scotland.

The Czech doesn't share the Scotsman's preference for potent drinks; he belongs to the beer-drinking human species. He's as stubborn as a Scotsman, yet as reasonable. Recently I visited a gigantic steel plant in the

Somewhat symbolic is this greeting by Czech villagers, in traditional dress, to a Red Army scout. The Czechs need Russia and know it, but also need U.S. democracy

city of Vítkovice and was astounded when the general manager said there hadn't been a strike since 1923. Throughout the twenty years of its existence the first republic suffered little from the distemper of labor or capital. In part, the comparative tranquillity of industrial relations was the fulfillment of the highly progressive social legislation of the first republic. In as great a part it was the inevitable product of Czech history.

The Czechs have ever been not so much an oppressed class as an oppressed nation. During the three hundred years' servitude to the old Austro-Hungarian Empire it wasn't their class but their national, purely Czech consciousness that was continually awakened and reinforced. In defense against the master they drew together as a people to aid and strengthen one another.

But whatever the reason for the purely "Czech reasonableness," the factory worker is as inestimable a national asset as the sense of order and discipline one universally observes in the country.

On the bright morning of Sunday, October 28th, the provisional parliament opened. The streets and squares all around were packed with crowds that had turned out to watch the president and his wife drive by. From the front entrance to the very top, the immense, high staircase in the parliament building was lined with boys and girls from outlying villages. They'd come on this day of days to pay homage to their chosen leader. In their resplendent costumes, and swaying to and fro as they sang, they appeared from a distance like a gay-colored flower garden blown about by the breeze. Here the past was as bright and alive with natural grandeur as the very

(Continued on page 34)



Signed at TOKYO BAY, JAPAN at 0904. I
on the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER, 1945.

重光葵

By Command and in behalf of the Emperor of Japan
and the Japanese Government.

梅津美治郎

By Command and in behalf of the Japanese
Imperial General Headquarters.

"I now invite the representatives of the Emperor of Japan and the Japanese government and the Japanese

THIS painting portrays the surrender of the Japanese Empire on the battleship Missouri as seen from Number One gun turret, where I was stationed throughout the half hour required for General Douglas MacArthur's brief speech and the signing of the documents. At this point the ceremonies had been about half completed, and General MacArthur had just made the announcement above quoted.

The bald-headed little man in the foreground is the Japanese Foreign Minister, Shigemitsu, who signed the document as the representative of the Emperor and

the Japanese government. He was the first to sign. He refused the fountain pen proffered by General MacArthur and drew his own pen from a pocket. For a moment he poised the pen in mid-air, as if uncertain, then quickly drew his name.

I painted the picture in New York from notes made on the Missouri. There are several reasons why it was impossible to make the painting aboard the battleship at the time of signing. In the first place, it would have taken approximately a month. This means that the dignitaries here shown would have had to pose, in ex-



Im... S... str... commander at the places indicated''

... familiar, and when I returned
... my notes from photographs
... dignitaries included in the
... Physical likenesses were
... from photographs. Working
... notes, sketches and photos, I re-
... weeks to complete the picture.
... painting has been presented
... to President Harry S. Truman.
... be exhibited as the President's
C. C. BEALL

Accepted at TOKYO BAY, JAPAN... at 0908 7
on the SECOND day of SEPTEMBER, 1945,
for the United States, Republic of China, United Kingdom and the
Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and in the interests of the other
United Nations at war with Japan.

Douglas MacArthur
Supreme Commander for the Allied Powers.
W. H. H. H. H.
United States Representative

蔣中正
Republic of China Representative

Bruce Fraser
United Kingdom Representative

Левантис
Union of Soviet Socialist Republics
Representative

W. A. Blamey
Commonwealth of Australia Representative

James Duggan
Dominion of Canada Representative

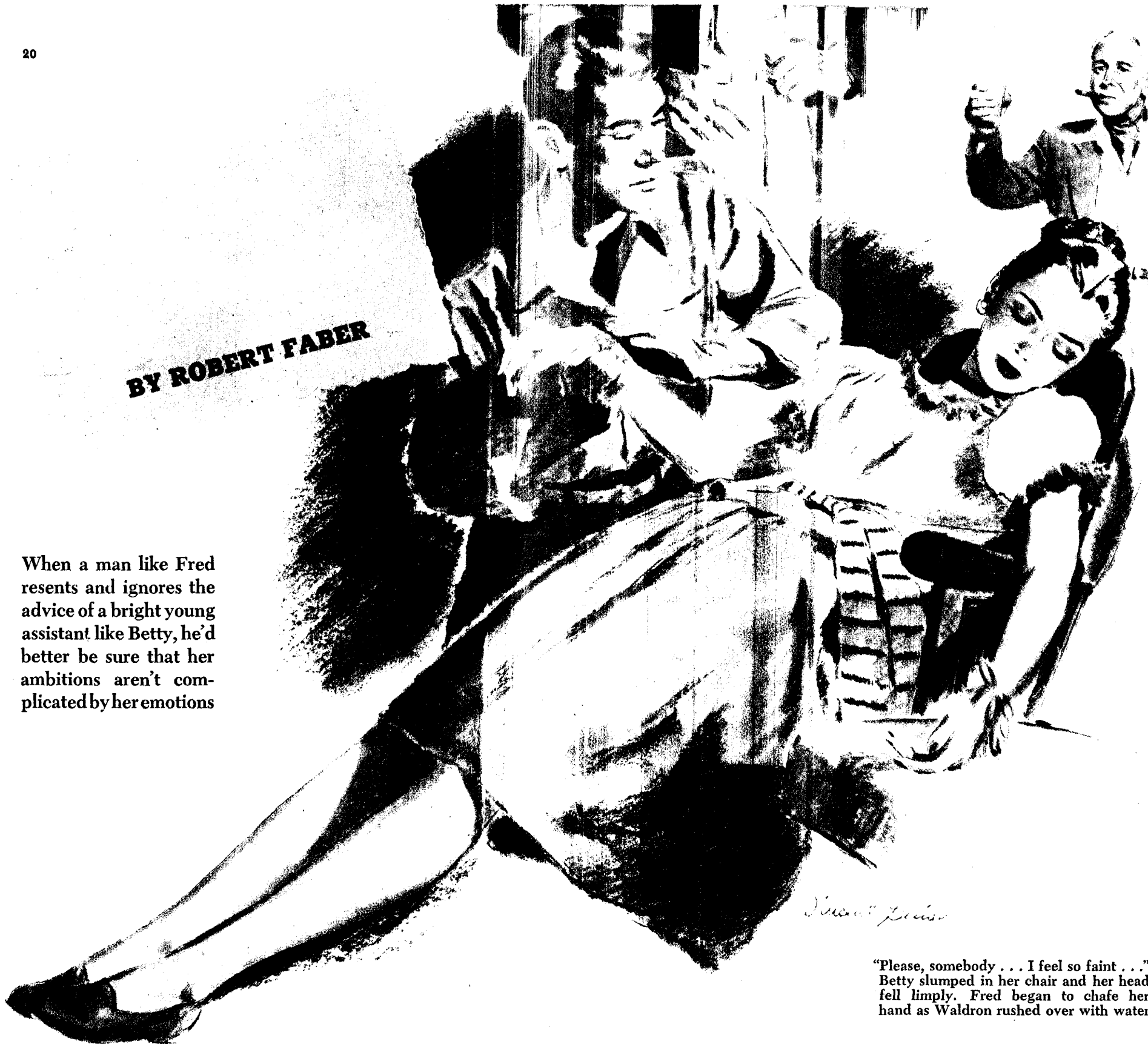
Leclerc
Provisional Government of the French
Republic Representative

W. J. M. J.
Kingdom of the Netherlands Representative

Samuel H. Smith
Dominion of New Zealand Representative

BY ROBERT FABER

When a man like Fred resents and ignores the advice of a bright young assistant like Betty, he'd better be sure that her ambitions aren't complicated by her emotions



"Please, somebody . . . I feel so faint . . ." Betty slumped in her chair and her head fell limply. Fred began to chafe her hand as Waldron rushed over with water

THE lights came on suddenly in the small projection room, exploding the darkness, but the tensions remained. The four people in the room—three men and a girl—sat in embarrassed silence. What is there to say at the unveiling of a million-dollar flop?

There was the staccato knock of brier on metal as Producer Alex Waldron emptied a pipe that was as stale now as his hopes. "Well, that's that. What's the footage, Fred?"

Film Editor Fred Forstmann referred to a slip of paper. "Ninety-eight seventy. I trimmed out eight minutes."

"How do you think?"

Fred pushed back a shock of unruly hair. "It still drags its tail with the overload." It made him miserable to say it. He knew how Waldron was suffering.

The producer turned to a heavy-jowled man at his right. "Well, Lazlo, where do we go from here?"

Director Lazlo Kopek shook himself out of a reverie and, rising, began to pace the floor. Obviously he was *thinking*, and he made of *thinking* something to see. He walked with head bent low, eyes boring through the floor, face scowling. "Let us start over. The rushes were superb." He lifted his head and stared at Fred from under weedy eyebrows. "Absolutely superb."

Fred stirred uneasily. What Lazlo Kopek said was true. Individual sequences were very good, but somewhere, somehow, in putting the film together, the promise of a great picture had died. And he had put it together. He turned to Mr. Waldron. "We're bogged down, that's what. It needs drastic cutting. Let me start by lifting the dream sequence. . . ."

"Over my dead corpse," shouted Lazlo, his pose suddenly forgotten, his audience forgotten, even the girl in the back row forgotten. The dream sequence had been written in at his insistence. "Right away it's cut, cut, cut. And when you're through cutting, what have you got? A hunk of junk with the prestige of a twelve-day quickie. For that I don't have to stand. I have a contract."

Alex Waldron shuddered at the tantrum and then smiled wryly. Even a wry sense of humor helped preserve one from occupational ulcers and migraines. "I have a revolutionary thought. It has probably never been expressed in the history of Hollywood. Instead of worrying about prestige and quickies and contracts, why don't we concentrate on plain Joe Public who is willing to trade fifty cents for some solid, low-brow entertainment. And why don't we give it to him?"

"For that you should have Betty Grable

and Van Johnson, not Lazlo Kopek. Me you hired for prestige and nuances. But, Alex, you are unduly pessimistic. The critics, I assure you, will find nothing wrong with the direction or camera work. . . ."

"Which is all you care about," said Waldron testily. It irked him to see Lazlo carry his own chest of virtues off the sinking ship. He wondered what games the brilliant Lazlo had played as a youth that he knew so little about teamwork and so much about passing the buck. "I gather that all of a sudden, Lazlo, the script is weak, the casting was done by a blind man, and the cutting is atrocious."

"Especially the cutting," said Lazlo, taking the sarcasm straight. "Where is the subtlety, the sparkle, the nuances? Lost in the cutting. I am not surprised. What can you expect from a mechanic?"

FRED FORSTMANN felt a burning near the pit of his stomach, the same burning that had first come when MEs and Focke-Wulfs pounced out of the overcast like angry hornets. There stood a man calmly attacking his livelihood and his craftsmanship, cutting the ground from under his feet, for in Hollywood, a man is as good as his last picture. "I have a compliment for you too, mister." Fred swung his rangy body out of the chair.

"Your direction is so full of nuances and touches, it doesn't have an ounce of sincerity. It's as phony as you are. It reeks."

Lazlo stopped dead in his pacing. Waldron sat up with a jerk. There was a gasp from the girl sitting in the back row. In Hollywood's sharply defined caste system, a \$150-a-week cutter does not talk that way to a \$2,000-a-week director.

"The world's changed a whole generation in the last four years, but you haven't even noticed it. Even Noel Coward's moved out of the drawing room but you're still at the same old stand peddling the same fish. Don't take it out on me, bub, and don't call me a mechanic. I cut this picture exactly the way you wanted it."

This pulls the plug, thought Fred. I've been good for three months, and now I blow my top and let the old pumpkin have it. So I wash out as a civilian. The heck with it.

Lazlo passed a hand viciously through his hair. "Perhaps the major thinks he is back on the airfield bellowing to a private? Perhaps the major should be in command here too? If he feels like playing soldier, we can take care of him, eh, Alex. . . ."

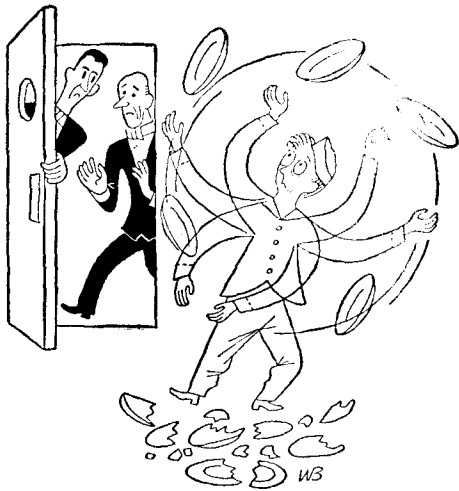
He didn't finish. There was a sudden moan, a gasping, choking, muffled shriek from the back row where Betty Anderson.

(Continued on page 41)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE



Finally he met Mickey Du Vall. It was Mickey who taught him to juggle three balls



Fascinated bus boys tried to imitate him in the kitchen. They weren't very good at it

Of course, it must come down, and if you're a juggler like Lew Folds, you'll be there to catch it—in your hands, not on your head

AT SOME time or other, everybody has tried to juggle things. Most people stopped after hitting themselves on the head or breaking a lamp. Lew Folds is somebody who didn't stop. Lew started seven years ago juggling three balls and today he can do six. That makes him champion ball juggler in America, but Lew isn't happy. His friends tell him juggling six is enough for anyone, but Lew is ambitious. He hopes someday to do seven.

If you're one of the million people who saw the hit show, *Carousel*, during the first six months of its run you'll remember in the carnival prologue a man who seemed to be surrounded by whirling plates, bouncing balls, and spinning hats. That was Lew Folds.

There were fifty people on the stage, a real carousel and two pavilions, but you never had any trouble seeing Lew. He cleared a little space for himself in the crowd with a couple of twirling Indian clubs, and for an instant there was a hush on the stage. Then a spinning tray went soaring up like a giant bat, clear to the overhead lights, fifty feet above the actors. There was a horrified gasp from the audience as the tray came hurtling down again on the heads of the cast. At the last instant, a slender stick not much bigger than a knitting needle reached up and caught the tray by the center. The slender form of Lew appeared, holding the still whirling tray over his head like a delirious halo.

Lew is always very careful how he does this trick. "When that tray gets really spinning hard, it can go shooting off sideways like a buzz saw on the loose," Lew explains. "With all those people on the stage, it sometimes makes me nervous."



Lew Folds is shown here juggling five balls. He was named him the champion ball juggler of America in 1954.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COLLEEN

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BALLANTINE



As the tray toppled, a drunk rushed to the rescue, flinging the women across a table

The tray routine in *Carousel* made Lew famous, but he's a little bitter about it. "Anybody can learn how to juggle a tray in a couple of years or so," says Lew sadly. "I can throw a tray higher than a telephone pole and catch it coming down. But how many people do you know who can bounce six balls at one time? I can do seven, but not as a regular thing. The strain's too great. I bounced six in *Carousel* but people would rather see the tray."

Americans aren't trained to appreciate the fine points of juggling. The art is more popular in Europe where there may be three or four jugglers on one bill, just as we have several dancers or singers. On the other hand, jugglers are in constant demand here because there are so few. It takes five or six years to learn even a simple juggling routine and most performers get too impatient, or too hungry, to wait that long.

Lew's family is Hungarian and came to this country when Lew was a child. They lived on a farm near Columbus, Ohio, and Lew went into the trucking business after a brief career as a welder and a stove maker. He didn't like trucking, either. Lew's hobby was dancing and one day he met a pretty girl who also liked to dance. They decided to team up and started doing their act in night clubs and small theaters.

"Meeting that girl was a very important step in my life," says Lew seriously. "She meant a lot to me. You see, before we quarreled, she introduced me to my second dancing partner. That girl introduced me to my next and so on, through seven girls, until I met Mickey Du Vall. It was Mickey who taught me how to juggle three balls."

Lew was a good dancer, but he wasn't tops and he knew he never would be. "Everywhere we went, managers would say, 'Another dance team? When are you performers going to learn something new?' This got discouraging after a few years. I'd been doing some juggling on the side, so I decided to

(Continued on page 59)

THE CASE AGAINST FRANCO

BY FRANK GERVASI



Official documents, discovered in Germany, here give proof for the first time that Spain's neutrality in the war was a myth, that the reason Generalissimo Franco did not fight for Hitler was that he didn't get the price he wanted

IT WAS June, 1940, and the Huns had conquered Europe. Outside his field headquarters on French soil Adolf Hitler capered ecstatically. French resistance was shattered. In a few days he would do his little dance in the fragrant Forest of Compiègne. It was to be his greatest triumph, but he did not know this and in his joy he shouted:

"Today France! Tomorrow England. . ."

There was no jubilation in Rome. Benito Juarez Mussolini sat in his huge, bare room in the Palazzo Venezia and pondered the maps. Afraid of being shouldered out of the hog trough of imperial spoils once England, too, was conquered, he made what was for him and his nation a tragic decision. On June 10th Italy declared war on France.

In the Palacio Nacional, in Madrid, sat a third dictator. He was Generalissimo Francisco Franco. He, too, feared exclusion from the imperial feast. He declared Spain's neutrality and behind it set to work to make sure that he, too, would get his share of the spoils.

On June 3, 1940, while Hitler glowed with anticipation, Franco thought of the man from whom he had requested and received German troops, guns and planes and \$100,000,000 to help him crush the Republic. The Caudillo was grateful. To his "Dear Fuehrer" he wrote:

"In the moment when the German armies under your leadership are bringing the greatest battle of history victoriously to an end, I should like to deliver to you the expression of my enthusiasm and admiration as well as that of my people who with emotion have been following the course of a glorious battle which they feel as their own, and which is unfolding the hopes which already have gleamed in Spain when your soldiers shared with us the battle against the same enemies, even if then concealed.

"The staggering blows which Spain has suffered in the three war years have brought us into a difficult situation which has been made more severe by the present war and which compels us to achieve our self-development in a world hostile to us, and which hinders our reconstruction wherever it can with the greatest resulting harm to our readiness for warfare . . .

"I don't need to assure you how great my wish is not to be aloof from your needs and how great will be my satisfaction to perform for you . . . the services which you esteem most valuable . . . With the best wishes for the future and greatness of Germany, and with the expression of my unchangeable friendship and affection . . ."

A Move Against Gibraltar

Then, on June 14th, Franco ordered his troops to occupy the international port of Tangier, opposite strategic Gibraltar. At the same time, he extended to Hitler an offer to enter the war on the side of the Axis. It was contained in a dispatch sent to the German Foreign Office by Nazi Ambassador Eberhard von Stohrer in Madrid, dated August 10, 1940, and labeled:

"Strictly Secret—Operation: Gibraltar—Conditions for Spain's Entry Into the War."

The offer expressed the desires not only of El Caudillo but of his brother-in-law, Ramon Serrano Suñer, who "despised France" and "hated England." Suñer was Spain's political bully boy, the head of the Falangist Party, a Germanophile from birth and a worshiper of Fascism from conviction. He conveyed El Caudillo's wishes for Spain's entry into the war to Von Stohrer, who cabled Berlin:

"The Spanish government has declared itself ready, under certain conditions, to give up its position as a nonbelligerent state and to enter the war on the side of Germany and Italy . . .

"As conditions for Spain's entry into the

war, the Spanish government mentions the following:

"(1) Fulfillment of a certain amount of national territorial demands—Gibraltar, French Morocco, those parts of Algeria mostly colonized and inhabited by Spaniards, aggrandizement of Río de Oro and the colonies in the Gulf of Guinea.

"(2) Supply of the necessary military and other assistance required for the war."

This document and many others have come out of the secret files of Axis Foreign Offices. They were found by the American Army. Somehow the documents survived the bombings and the fires which attended the fall of Germany and Italy. They constitute now an authentication of the long-suspected collaboration between Franco and the Axis and an indictment of El Caudillo and his brother-in-law as enemies of democracy.

Some of the captured files are in the hands of the State Department. They are eloquent evidence of the duplicity of both Franco and Suñer.

Above all they demonstrate the futility of appeasement. Spain needed wheat and gasoline after its long and costly civil war. Knowledge of these needs moved Britain and the U.S. to try to keep Spain happy—and out of the war—with bribes of grain and gas.

Wanted: Wheat Before Warmaking

But the records show conclusively that Franco and Suñer intended to come into the war anyhow. Spain's neutrality was not a triumph for appeasement but was due to a complexity of other causes. Suñer, at least, deliberately planned to double-cross the Allies once the wheat had been delivered. Here, in a letter written by Suñer to Nazi Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop on October 10, 1940, is proof:

"We want all the time possible in order to get shipments of wheat from England and America. In this way Germany's position will be made easier, particularly with respect to her needs in Belgium and Holland since she would have to put less wheat at Spain's disposal. Thus Germany and Spain have a common interest in having wheat imports come in from the democratic countries."

Suñer, for whom Von Stohrer in his dispatches had high praise as a "hard worker" to whom Germany was "deeply obligated" for Nazifying the Spanish press and for "many other important services," was convinced that Germany would win.

"Political Spain, and especially I," he wrote to Von Ribbentrop on one occasion, "stand unconditionally at your disposal."

The bulky manuscripts, in German and Spanish, now in the possession of Washington officials help to fill gaps in the history of Europe of the past decade. They show how Spain, at Germany's bidding, tried to turn Portugal against England and into the Axis; how Turkey was entreated to break with Britain. In both cases, if the word of German diplomats is worth anything, the Axis almost succeeded.

Principally, however, the captured papers document the personal perfidy of Franco and Suñer. Their defense in a court of law might be: "Well, we didn't put Spain into the war, did we?" But the evidence retorts: "No, you didn't, but you tried hard enough."

Let's go back for a moment, to the Spanish Civil War. Contained in the papers is proof that the Germans and the Italians intervened in Spain in 1936 at Franco's personal request after his rebellion had bogged down at the gates of Madrid and it looked as though the Republicans might win.

They disclose for the first time the exact extent of Italian participation in the Spanish affair: 1,000 planes, 6,000 dead, and economic assistance totaling \$738,000,000. Germany got off more lightly.

They show, in Hitler's own words, that Spain was a testing ground for the men and weapons of World War II. When Franco wanted Der Fuehrer to withdraw the Condor Division toward the end of 1938, Hitler remarked that he had no objection. His troops "couldn't learn any more there anyhow."

Then World War II began. Spain professed neutrality, but here is a letter written by Franco to Mussolini on August 15, 1940:

"Dear Duce:—Since the beginning of the

present conflict it has been our intention to make the greatest efforts in our preparations in order to enter the foreign war at a favorable opportunity in proportion to the means at our disposal. . . .

"Upon the entry of your nation into the war, our situation became more clear; became one of alertness, changing to a situation of nonbelligerency which, in the field of foreign affairs, was to have great repercussions. This . . . unleashed an Anglo-American offensive against our provisioning situation, aggravated in these days by the new measures taken by the United States against our exports (boycott) and by the English blockade, causing great tension in our relations with those countries.

"The consequences which the conquest of France are to have regarding the reorganization of the North African territories have made it advisable for me to entrust my ambassador in Rome with transmitting to Your Excellency the Spanish aspirations and claims traditionally maintained throughout our history in the foreign policy of Spain, today more alive than ever in our consciousness: territories whose present administration is a consequence of that Franco-English policy of domination and exploitation of which Italy also bears so many scars. . . .

"In addition to the contribution which Spain made to the establishment of the New Order through our hard years of struggle (in crushing the Republic), Spain offers another as we prepare to take our place in the struggle against the common enemy. In this respect we have requested Germany for elements indispensable for action, pushing forward the preparations and making every effort to better, as far as possible, the provisioning situation.

"For all these reasons you will understand the urgency in writing you to ask your solidarity with these aspirations for the achievement of our security and greatness, with our most reciprocal support for your expansion and your future. With my greatest admiration for the brave Italian comrades who are fighting so gloriously, I send you my most cordial regards. . . . F. Franco."

Six days later, August 21st, Von Stohrer picked up valuable information from a Spanish general (Vigon) who had seen Franco at Coruña and who represented the Generalissimo as favoring "Spain's speedy entry into the war."

"Spain," the Generalissimo was quoted as saying, "is already half in the war anyhow and it might be better to go the whole way and be assured of Italo-German economic support than to suffer the effects of the British blockade and the American boycott of Spanish goods."

In those days Britain was in distress. The documents show Hitler actually had planned an invasion known to the High Command as "Operation blitzschnell." This undoubtedly influenced Franco's willingness to move. The moment, apparently, had come.

Soon after Franco's admission that it might

be better for Spain to open hostilities and eat than stay out and starve, Nazi Ambassador Von Stohrer had a long and detailed conversation with Suñer which he duly reported to Berlin. Suñer was, in effect, a German spy. Von Stohrer's dispatch contained news of Britain's internal condition as reflected by the atmosphere in the British Embassy.

"The dejection in the Madrid British Embassy," it said, "would indicate that the people in England think that the war is lost. No resistance (to a German invasion) is expected by the English army. I had a definite impression that the Minister viewed Spain's participation in the war as, so to say, certain.

"The Minister of the Interior will take care of the preparation of public opinion with press attacks in the Spanish papers against England. Economic worries about Spain's entry are now less, since England's fall is expected."

Mussolini tried, in a letter, to sway Franco to take the fateful step on August 25, 1940. He sought, among other things, to dissipate whatever residual worries Franco might have had concerning Spain's abilities to withstand the war economically. Mussolini's letter was an answer to Franco's of August 15th and said:

"Since the outbreak of the war I have been constantly of the opinion that your Spain, the Spain of the Falange revolution, would not remain neutral until the end of the war, but at the right moment would change to nonbelligerency and finally to intervention.

"If that did not happen, Spain would alienate herself from European history, especially the history of the future, which the two victorious Axis powers are going to determine.

No Time for Recuperation

"Were it not for this, she should have no moral justification for the solution of her African questions. . . . It is clear to me that Spain, after three years of civil war, needs a long period of recuperation but events will not allow it and your inner economic condition will not deteriorate when you change from nonbelligerency to intervention.

"I should like to say to you, dear Franco, that I . . . do not want to hasten you in the least in the decision that you have to make, for I am sure that you in your decisions will be inspired by the protection of the vital interests of your people and that you will not let the opportunity go by of giving Spain her African Lebensraum."

Up to this point the Axis held all the cards. Germany had beaten France, overrun Holland and bashed Belgium. Poland was prostrate and Norway and Denmark were conquered. Italy was poised in Albania for its invasion of Greece and Black Shirt legions were massed in Libya for a "quick dash" to Suez. The Royal Air Force was fighting for Britain's life in London's skies.

Joachim von Ribbentrop treated Serrano

Suñer rather cavalierly, therefore, when the Spanish Foreign Minister went to Berlin, after a triumphal visit in Italy, to confer on the terms of Spanish intervention. The visit occurred on September 10, 1940. Suñer assured Von Ribbentrop of his country's desire to "be present in an effective way" in the war and said that Spain "was particularly anxious to take a crack at Gibraltar." But no artillery had come from Germany for the operation. Germany had ignored not only Spanish pleas for guns with which to bombard Gibraltar from the Spanish mainland but also Spanish wishes concerning territorial concessions.

Too High a Price for Supplies

Suñer then took up Spain's greatest need—bread. Spain needed 600,000 tons of wheat and, in addition, 56,000 tons of gasoline a month. He also asked for coal, cotton, Manila hemp and a few other commodities. Von Ribbentrop parried with promises to fulfill Spain's needs once it had entered the war and then countered with proposals for German occupation of one of the Canary Islands. Suñer objected strenuously, saying that the Atlantic archipelago had been Spanish territory for centuries and any yielding of sovereignty there would stir up ill feeling inside Spain.

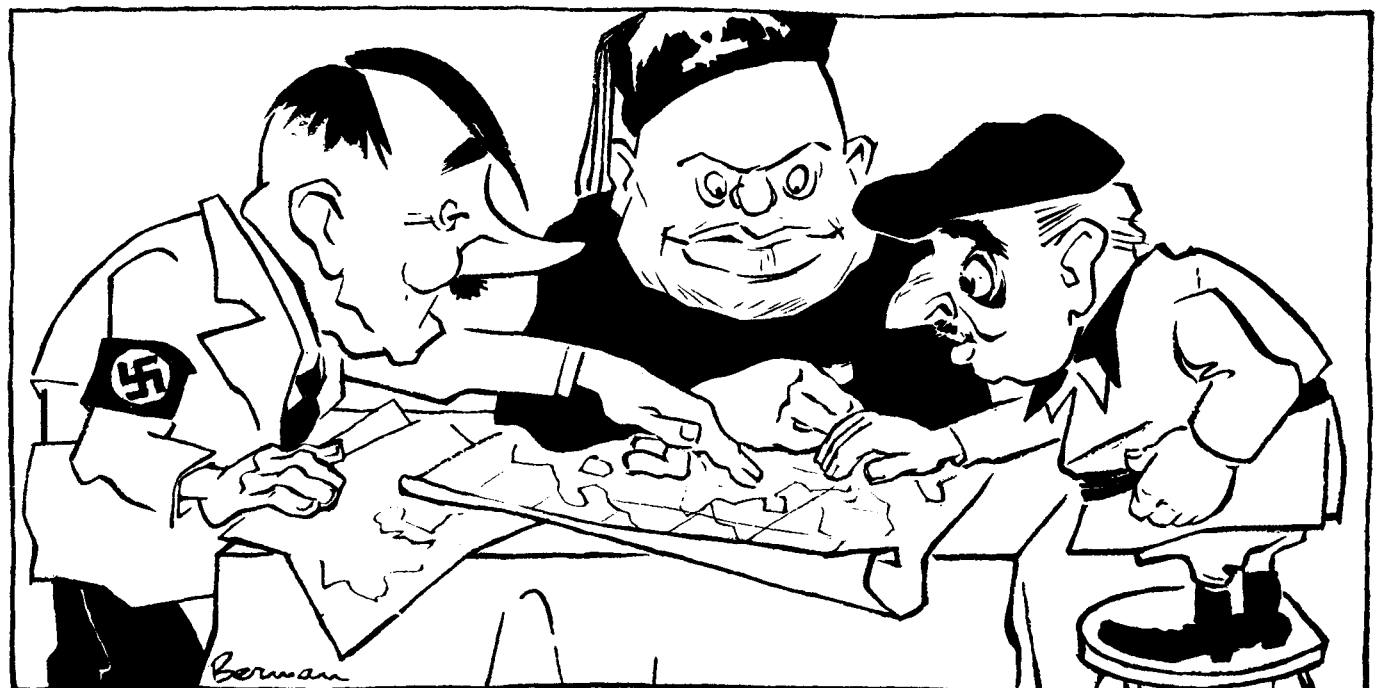
Von Ribbentrop, however, proved a poor diplomat. Instead of placating Suñer, whom he personally disliked for his attachment to the Italians, Von Ribbentrop laid down more German conditions. He wanted the Spaniards to settle up their staggering financial debt to Berlin and to assure Germany of steady supplies of copper, wolfram, iron and phosphates and financial participation in Spanish business. Suñer agreed to these but continued to hold out on the German territorial demands.

Suñer expressed profound concern on two points: (1) The possibility of a Free French attack against Spanish Morocco from French Morocco which would give the British a base for invading Spain from the south and for attacking the Italians from the rear in Libya and (2) A British landing in northern Spain where the population, Suñer reminded the Nazi Foreign Minister, was overwhelmingly anti-Franco.

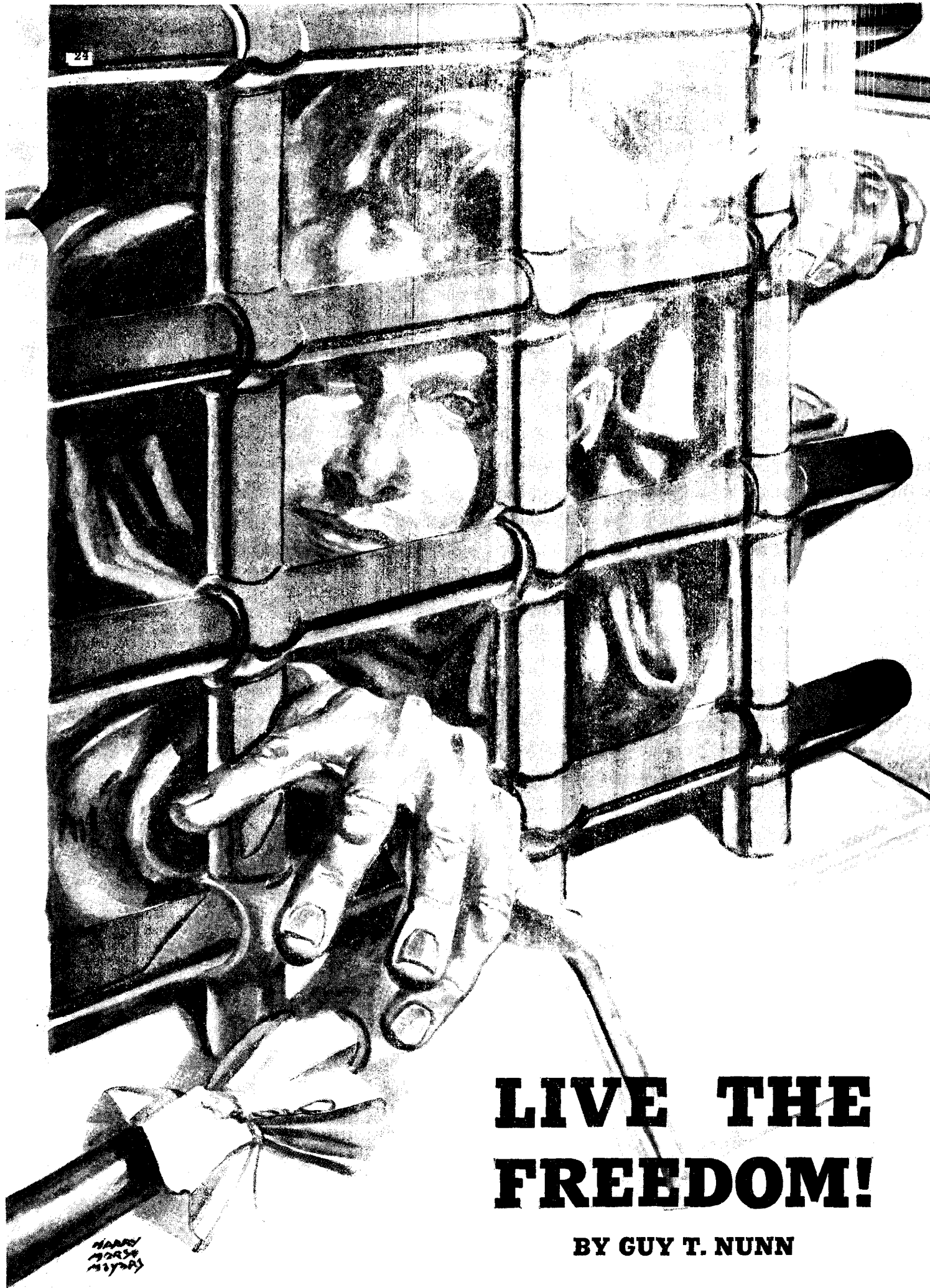
A week later (September 17, 1940) Suñer saw Hitler in Berlin. Hitler dismissed the possibility of a British invasion of Spain as "pure whimsy." With Hitlerian eloquence he outlined his own views of what would and should happen, somewhat as follows:

"Germany is in the throes of a decisive struggle with England. On the Continent the fight has already been decided. The only military possibility still open to the British is to attempt to alienate the French colonies in North Africa from (Marshal) Pétain and to use these as a new position from which to continue the war. Apart from this, England has no opportunities for penetration onto

(Continued on page 77)



CARICATURES BY SAM BERMAN



LIVE THE FREEDOM!

BY GUY T. NUNN

IT WASN'T our first time in handcuffs. We should have been used to them by now. But this time the fine Solingen steel seemed to cut to the bone. It was June 4th, and we blinked half blindly in the strong sun pouring into the train compartment, stupefied by our first daylight in seven weeks. Outside, the broad Danube valley gleamed green in the breezeless heat. Inside, our seven guards sat stiffly sweating in heavy winter uniforms behind their submachine guns. The trip was just beginning and they were very formal and very German.

The one man at ease in the compartment was *Oberscharführer* Strehlitz, immaculate in his SS dress uniform, not a drop of perspiration on his dark face. When he and his guard transport detail had taken over the three of us from our Gestapo jailers in Buda-

pest, he had been delighted to learn that I spoke German. That would make for *eine sehr gemütliche Reise*, he had said, as he pressed on the handcuffs until the flesh on my wrists would give no more. Yes, it should be a very pleasant trip indeed.

He was pleased to command the detail, too, because it meant a two-day pass for him in Vienna. He was "at home" in Vienna. An early Nazi, having joined in the days of illegality, he had served two years in prison for participation in the murder of Dollfuss.

Anschluss, he confided, had been the biggest day of his life. I could understand that. All spring we had waited confidently for the news that Allied troops had made their own brand of *Anschluss* with the coast of France. Now it was June. A worm of despair was eating steadily toward the core of hope.

A stick with a piece of paper tied to its tip appeared before me. I finally managed to get my hand through the bars

For eight weeks a death sentence after an obviously extemporized Gestapo proceeding in Belgrade had darkened the already grim atmosphere of our incarceration. It was easy enough, here in this life-asserting sunlight, to persuade oneself that it had been simply another psychological stunt to loosen sticky tongues, but back in a solitary cell one could only think that the bullet in the back of Major Sykes' head had not been a psychological stunt, and that his unsuspecting brain had taken the slug without benefit of prior court-martial. Since hearing that shot, the hair on the nape of my neck had always spontaneously risen at the approach of a guard behind my back.

AS THE handcuffs began to cut through the flesh of my wrists I opened my by now stereotyped protest against the manacled and public exhibition of prisoners of war.

The *Oberscharführer* laughed softly. "What you say about the Geneva Convention is very true. You even quote it accurately in German. But you must not persist in the illusion that you are prisoners of war."

I had been persisting only vocally in the illusion. Our status was obviously what they chose to make it.

Did the *Oberscharführer* know why we were being transported to Vienna, and what was likely to happen to us there?

He was only an *Unteroffizier*, he sighed, despite his long services to the Party, and was never let in on the background of his orders.

Well, couldn't he make a guess, out of his general knowledge of the mechanics of the Gestapo?

It was not "clever," he felt, to surmise about these things, but his advice to us would be to take everything to come "with quiet" and if nothing happened during the next few days perhaps—well, in any case, all decisions in such matters were made in Berlin. He was sure, very sure, that whatever happened would happen with justice and dispatch. Moreover, he would seriously advise me not to protest, as he had overheard me doing in the jail at Budapest, over the fancied theft of such things as uniforms. That was decidedly not clever. If our uniforms were indeed missing they were doubtless "confiscated," and we would in due course be given proper receipts for them.

Eyes closed against the hot sun, I pictured a meticulous Security Service clerk typing out for the record and Sykes' next of kin: "*Beschlagnommen vom Major Sykes, ein Englisches Leben*"—confiscated from Major Sykes, one English life!

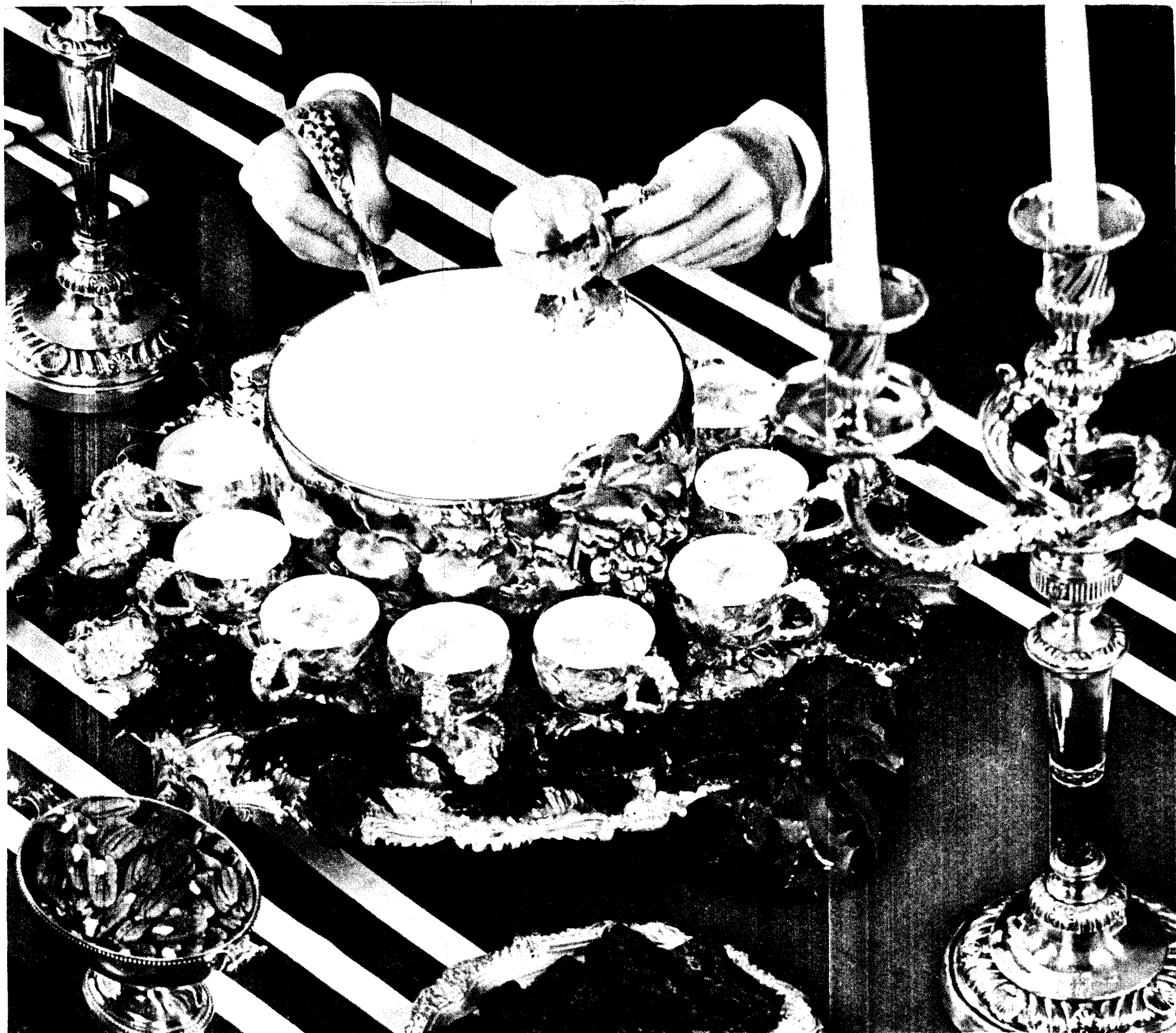
BY FIVE in the afternoon we were passing a sidetracked hospital train from the East front, car after poorly camouflaged car of wounded. Walking cases paced slowly alongside, faces turned to the sun. It was the border station of Neusied, its uncovered ramps crowded with Hungarian military and civilians. Few of the waiting hundreds would be able to board our train, the aisles of which were already jammed with sweating troops on leave. As the train stopped and the crowd surged against it searching for empty seats or standing space, a civilian in a bowler hat and a Chesterfield topcoat noticed our handcuffs and the guards seated stiffly around us in the compartment. Pushing close to the open window he spat demonstratively on Suarez, sitting between Duke and myself. In a blaze of anger Suarez started to his feet, sat down abruptly, even before a guard could move his gun. Almost weeping with fury and frustration he stared at his hands. We were handcuffed together.

The civilian, laughing loudly and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, turned to point us out to someone else in the crowd. *Oberscharführer* Strehlitz inserted a hand inside his blouse, pulled out a hand mirror and a tiny short-handled brush and began stroking an exquisitely tailored mustache. The train moved on.

(Continued on page 45)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Bowl of Merry Christmas

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the most soul-satisfying "Bowl of Merry Christmas" you ever tasted—a Four Roses Egg-Nog:

Six eggs . . . $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses Whiskey . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Egg-Nog ever ladled into a cup . . . a fitting tribute to your skill as a mixer and to the matchless flavor of that magnificent whiskey—Four Roses!

Four Roses

**America's favorite
gift whiskey**



*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies, 90 proof.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*





Home for Christmas...



It's Maxwell House Coffee Time!

THERE'S A WARM WELCOME IN EVERY FRIENDLY CUP OF THIS RICHER, FINER COFFEE!

● There's an extra bloom on the holly... extra glow in the yule log... when Christmas brings back familiar faces. Let the friendly fragrance of Maxwell House Coffee add its bit of cheer to the spirit of welcome that fills the air. The gracious gesture of Maxwell House-by-the-fireside graces family reunions today... as it has done for generations.

There's so much satisfaction in every cup... a flavorful goodness that comes from expert

blending of many choice Latin-American coffees. Manizales for *mellowness*! Bucaramangas for *full body*! Medellins for *richness*! Still other fine Latin-American coffees for *vigor*! All skillfully blended—then Radiant-Roasted to develop fully that unmatched Maxwell House Flavor!

No wonder more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee in the world. In victory bag or handy vacuum jar, Maxwell House Coffee is "Good to the Last Drop!"



Remember
this emblem!

It stands for honorable service to our country. Men and women who are honorably discharged from the armed forces will wear this button... *Recognize it!* It is the symbol of a big job—well done!



Good to the Last Drop!
It's Maxwell House Coffee Time on the air too...
with George Burns and Gracie Allen... NBC, Thursday night



A Product of General Foods

MR. PECK'S

Good Boy

BY AMY PORTER

A FELLOW has to do something, so Gregory Peck just thought he'd be a movie star. This thought came to him in 1939. In 1943 he was a movie star, medium size. Now, he is a big movie star, the big attraction in the big pictures of four big studios. His pay is big, up to \$7,500 a week, for which sum he kisses none but the biggest lady stars in the business; and that's not all. He's getting bigger and bigger and bigger, with more Peck fans being born every minute, and the end lost to sight somewhere up in the stratosphere.

Peck's sudden fame rests on three big hits within the past year: *The Keys of the Kingdom*, *The Valley of Decision*, and now, *Spellbound*. It opened November 1st at New York's Astor Theater and broke all records with a \$60,000 take the first week—literally *all* records, even the supercolossal record set by *Gone With the Wind*. When *Spellbound* is shown through the country in January, there'll be more Peck fans . . . and more hits are on the fire.

Success so big and so speedy never happened to anybody anywhere, not even in Hollywood, not even to Garbo or Gable. Peck still doesn't know what hit him, but he thinks it's all very nice. If people say he looks like Abraham Lincoln, he says fine, and if they say he looks like Gary Cooper, he says that suits him.

The photographer asked Peck to stand there against that white wall, please.

"Sure," said Peck. "Just tell me which pose you want. I've got two. You want me frownin' and gloomin', or laughin' and scratchin'?"

We took him laughin' and scratchin'. He looked good that way, we thought. But shucks, what are we talking about? He looks good any which way. Audiences think so, and it's their money talking. In backwoods clothes and sweaty, he's—ah, so rugged. In city slicker tailoring, he's—oh, but divine.

The Peck saga has unfolded so fast that Hollywood itself has scarcely been able to keep up to date. When Peck reported to the M-G-M lot for work on *The Valley of Decision* he couldn't get by the gateman without showing his Guild card to prove he was an actor. Peck didn't mind this. In fact Peck doesn't mind anything. For him and for his attractive blond wife, Greta, every day is Christmas.

They keep remembering that three years back, in New York, they lived in a fifth-floor walk-up room and shared a kitchen with another couple.

"Remember," they say, grinning all over, "remember when we couldn't eat because the other couple had guests?" They bust out laughing. They're so happy they're always

(Continued on page 91)

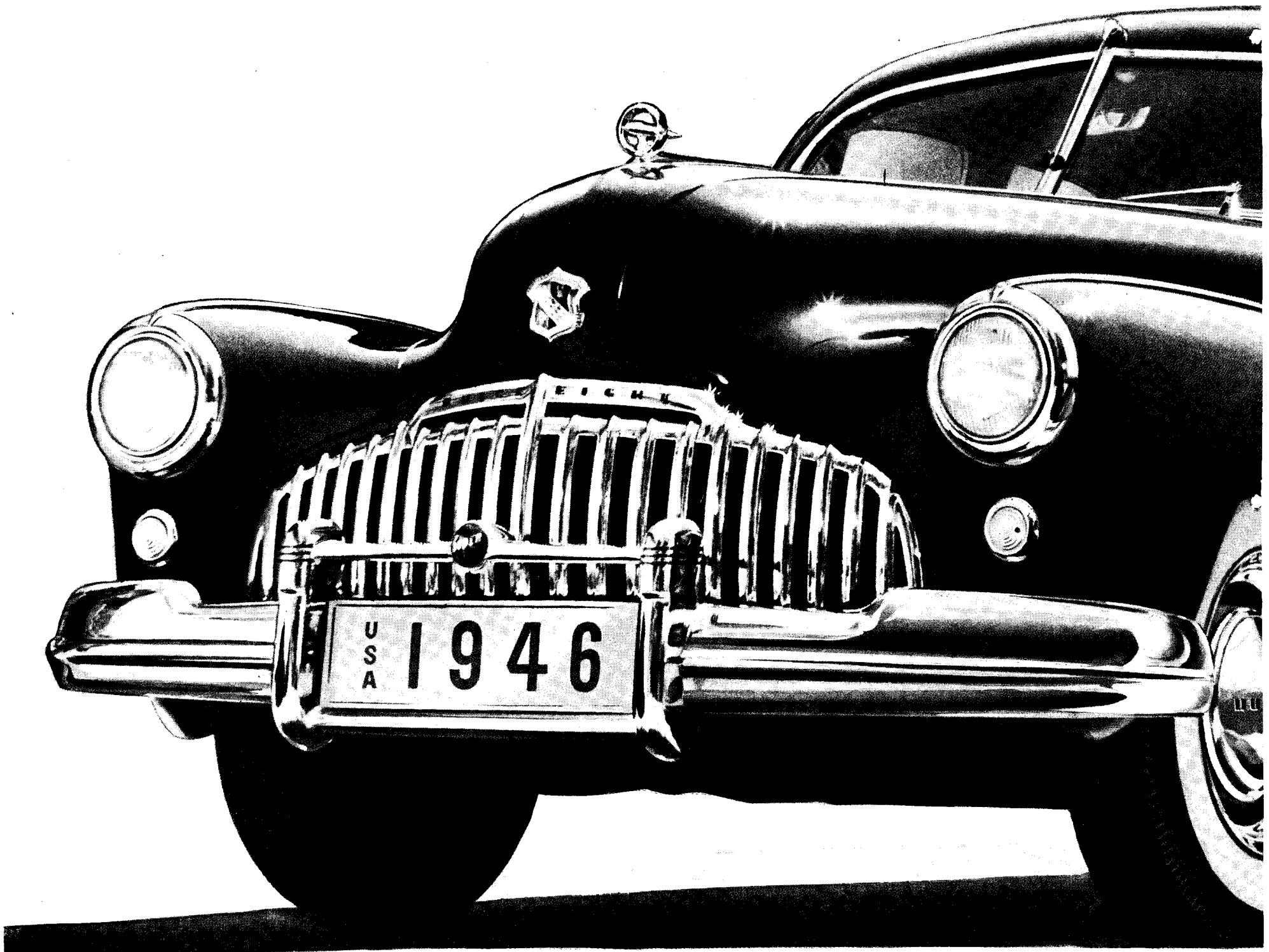
Mr. Peck runs a drug-store in San Diego and he was proud when his son Greg decided to become a doctor. Now—believe it or not—he's prouder that Greg didn't



This picture of Greg would be of little value without Mrs. Peck and her smile

PHOTO FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF-FIX

You bet you can believe



UP to now, most people have no more than glimpsed the new 1946 Buicks that are beginning to decorate the highways.

So it's only natural that folks should be asking, "Can it be as good as it looks?"

The men who watched it grow in the busy bays of the Buick factories can answer that in two words, "You betcha!"

For they know the skill and precision lavished on all its thousands of parts.

They can name off six dozen places where precisions have been increased, where gears have been strengthened, where good materials have been replaced with better ones — make this the best two tons of Buick that ever came down an assembly line.

It would be hard to beat the valve-in-head principle that has put extra wallop in Buick engines for more than years. The war just ended gave fresh endorsement of the time-tested feature. Every engine in every American war plane was valve-in-head.

your eyes



WHAT OTHER CAR HAS SO MUCH THAT CLICKS FOR FORTY-SIX!

SMARTNESS—that's destined to set the style pattern for years to come with Airfoil fenders, Body by Fisher and 3-person seats.

POWER—from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.

OIL SAVINGS—from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.

FLASHING ACTION—of light, lively Flite-weight pistons.

STEADINESS—from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.

GLIDING RIDE—from Panthergait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.

COMFORT—of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.

SURE FOOTING—of Broadrim wheels, maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.

CONTROL—through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.

CONVENIENCE—of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.

PROTECTION—of buttressed front and rear bumpers, curved to shield fenders, built for new bumper jack.

BUICK
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

But Buick engineers have come up with new ways of precision-boring and honing of cylinder barrels with a super accuracy that makes this big power-packed straight-eight the smoothie of the year.

So, there's something in store for you, the first time your Buick dealer calls you up and asks that old familiar question, "How about a demonstration?"

Take him up, mister, and find out for yourself what a whale of a car this newest Buick really is.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES
ARE BUILT

BUICK
WILL BUILD THEM

TIME TESTED

Longines

the world's most honored watch


 WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S
FAIR GRAND PRIZES &
28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS

Over the years millions of men and women
have found this out—a Longines watch
keeps good time for a long, long time.
Product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co.
New York Montreal Geneva

A Better Neighborhood

Continued from page 16

"He didn't know any better, Mom. At the other house, he could sit anywhere."

To his terrible embarrassment, his mother began to cry. "I wish we'd never moved," she said, and rubbed savagely at the rug.

In his seven years he had never seen his mother with tears on her face before, and he didn't know what to do. He stood looking at her. "I wish we hadn't moved, too. These old stuck-up kids around here! And they've all got dogs with papers. And there's nothing to do that's fun. Let's move back, Mom."

"Don't be silly," she said and took the cleaning things out, so he went upstairs, talking to himself: That's how it is—your folks move and take you along, and your dog has to come, too.

When his father came home, dinner was ready and the table was set in the dining room instead of in the kitchen where they used to eat at the other house. His mother wasn't crying any more, but she looked frazzled and none of the kids would think she was his sister. He had thought Freddie and Frances Adams' mother was their sister.

HIS mother and father talked at the table, but he didn't listen much. His mother said she had washed ten windows and his father said she ought to have help.

"But we've already spent so much," she said.

"Dad," he said suddenly, "have we got enough money so I can have a dog—a real good dog, with papers? A Great Dane?"

"Yes," his mother said. "That's all we need—two dogs! Feets had another fight with Odquists' boxer, and I suppose we ought to pay their bill at the vet. And Feets made a mess of my clean living room. I'm trying so hard to keep the house nice, so if any of the ladies come to call—"

"We'll talk about it later, son. Maybe you should have a thoroughbred. I'll admit that Feets is as dumb and ugly a mutt as I ever saw. Anybody come today, Anna?"

He'll get me one! Eddie thought, and began to eat rapidly. One that will win a prize. One with papers.

"Yes," his mother was saying, "that Mrs. Adams from across the street came. She looked so pretty and young, and I must have looked a fright. And Mrs. Odquist telephoned this morning wanting to know if I was sick. I had the shades down in the bedroom because I hadn't made the bed and I didn't want her to see it. I don't know what she must think—"

"You worry too much about what they'll think, Anna. Of course they'll like you. Why shouldn't they? They're nice people around here—once you get acquainted."

"Let's get him when he's a puppy," Eddie said, "and I'll teach him to do tricks. That old Feets—he can't do any tricks."

"You clear off the table, Eddie," his father said, "and feed Feets. Your mother and I are going to look at the yard."

As Eddie wet the dog food, he told himself that he'd give his Great Dane the best food there was. He'd get his mother to let him use some of the red points and give him beef. He wouldn't feed a thoroughbred dog this old junk. No horsemeat, either.

He took the bowl outside and then he saw the rope lying in the grass, one end tied to the tree and the other end to Feets' collar. But Feets was gone.

His heart actually jumped. Feets was gone, and now he would surely get the puppy. His mother wouldn't let him have two dogs, maybe, but she'd be glad to let him have a good dog. They would all be proud of a dog that had papers and could do tricks. His father would get it now, for sure.

He ran to tell them. He thought they would be glad. They were looking at the tulip bed and the bright-colored flowers that were just beginning to bloom.

"Gone?" his father said. "Well, you'd better go get him. You can't let him wander around without his collar and license."

"Maybe somebody took him—somebody that wanted him," Eddie said.

His father laughed. "You go look for him."

Eddie went off, scuffing his feet. He wasn't going all over this neighborhood hollering a silly name like Feets. After a while he came back.

"We'd better phone the police," his mother said.

"Why?" Eddie said. His mother hadn't ever liked Feets, anyhow.

His mother looked at him very soberly for a long time. "Feets has always been your dog," she said.

"We'll get in the car and go look for him," his father said. "Surely the fool dog hasn't got run over."

They drove around slowly. Near a corner they saw something brown in the gutter. For a minute Eddie thought it was Feets, dead, but it was just an old brown gunny sack lying against the curb.

It made Eddie's stomach feel queer, though.

Of course, Feets hadn't got run over—he knew about cars. If Feets was dead, though, he would bury him in the back yard and he would put a rock there, and paint Feets' name on it. His mother and father wouldn't care if he dug up the grass just this once, if he put it all back, smooth so it wouldn't show.

"We'll go past the old house," his father said. "He might have gone back."

"Yes, let's go past the old house," his mother said. "I whipped him this afternoon

sidewalk where he and Feets used to race along. Old Feets had never even had a leash on in his whole life. He just came. You didn't have to drag him along on a string.

"Here, Feets!" he yelled. He used to get Feets up in the tree house. It was a job, because Feets was so big, but he could do it. And Feets would just sit there as long as you wanted him to.

"Here, Feets!" Surely he would come running. He used to let Feets lick his face, and he always gave Feets some of his ice-cream cone. And his chewing gum, too, but Feets just swallowed it instead of chewing it.

At the old house that already looked different because other people lived there, the thought rushed in for the very first time: Maybe Feets would never come back. Maybe Feets knew none of them wanted him.

He almost stopped walking. He felt sick all over. Before, he had been pretending that Feets was dead. He hadn't believed it, really.

He went slowly across the yard and crawled on his hands and knees under the porch through the soft gray dust where Feets used to go. And there he was in the gloom, his muzzle on the ground, his tail thumping, waiting. And then he was all over Eddie, licking him, pawing at him, and Eddie was trying to gather him into his arms.

"Old Feets," he said, and he began to cry. "You dumb old mutt, Feets."

Out on the sidewalk with his face smeared



when he got the couch dirty, but Eddie said he didn't know any better."

"Poor old Feets," Eddie said. But still, now that Feets was gone, he could have a new puppy—one as good as anybody's.

It was beginning to get dark now, but he could recognize the houses near where they used to live. The houses weren't so nice here, and none of them had big yards with grass all over.

"We had such nice neighbors here," his mother said. "And the house was old, but it was comfortable."

"I had that swell tree house," Eddie said. "There aren't any trees big enough for a tree house where we live now. There's nothing to do that's any fun."

His father drove along without looking for Feets for a couple of blocks. "Well," he said finally. "I thought you liked the new house."

"Mom said she wanted to move back," Eddie said.

"Why, Eddie!" his mother said. "I was tired. I didn't mean it. It's just that—" she turned to his father—"I worry, Edward. All those ladies are so stylish, and I'm not. And the Adamses have a cook—"

"I bet you're a better cook than the Adamses' cook," Eddie said.

She was looking straight ahead, her hands tight together in her lap. "I'm like Feets—I don't feel I belong there."

"But, Anna! We've saved and planned for years—" His father stopped the car. "Eddie, run on up to the old house and see if Feets is there. We'll wait for you right here."

Eddie got out and started up the familiar

off, he scolded Feets: "You come on home! And don't you ever run away again, you bad dog. You come home!"

He didn't hear a thing that was said all the way home. He just sat beside Feets in the back seat, feeling limp and happy, talking to the dog in a soft voice so his folks couldn't hear the silly things he said.

WHEN they got out of the car at home, Mr. and Mrs. Odquist from next door came over into their yard.

"I'm so sorry, and so embarrassed," Mrs. Odquist said right away, "but something awful has happened. Lancer came over here and dug up your tulip bed. I saw him and sent Johnny to get him, and Johnny picked every flower. He's old enough to know better, and I—"

Eddie was shocked. Imagine, he thought, a dog that cost \$300 being dumb enough to dig up flowers. His mother would have a fit.

And then a funny thing happened. Eddie's mother began to smile. "Why, Mrs. Odquist," she said, "I'm glad, I really am. I felt so bad about Feets going to your house today and fighting—"

"I think I better go put something on Feets' ears," Eddie said. "He's all chewed up."

He was at the top of the stairs when his mother called to him. She sounded just the way she used to at the other house: "Eddie, we're going over to the Odquists' to visit for a few minutes. You and Feets go on to bed. We'll just be at the neighbors'."

"You hear that, Feets?" he said. "You and me are to go to bed. You and me."

THE END

Collier's for December 15, 1945



Better Shedder

NATURE provided the duck with a "better shedder." Mankind, in this respect, is less fortunate. To protect himself and his possessions, man must depend on his own ingenuity.

Costly Army and Navy equipment is now laid away under canvas, or soon will be. Tent or tarpaulin . . . that's the roof.

Desperately needed for the protection of this valuable material was a "better shedder" . . . a "re-treatment" for leaky canvas that could be brushed on, or sprayed on, anywhere and by anyone. Paint manufacturers took the assignment—came to Shell Research for help in solving the problem.

Specifications were really tough—not only must the re-treated canvas shed water, but it must be able to stand 6 hours of 35 below zero weather, sharply folded, without cracking.

Shell Research measured up to this great need—developed the basic ingredient for the "better shedder." Inexpensive and available in quantity, this Shell-developed ingredient makes it possible for the paint industry to produce the required re-treatment for canvas.

The basic ingredient is a new member of the remarkable Dutrex family—a growing group of related materials which Shell Research discovered in petroleum.

* * *

Dutrex is young. Its history is short. But it has already made a major contribution to quality in synthetic rubber for rubber footwear, and more recently, in synthetic rubber for tires.

It has cured headaches in these giant industries. More important to you, perhaps, it

has resulted in better rubbers for yourself, and better tires for your car.

Look to Shell Research for finer gasoline and motor oil . . . Shell's wartime leadership in petroleum research and technology is your assurance of the finest fuels and lubricants ever sold by your Shell Dealer. He is ready to serve you.



EUROPE'S HUNGRY WINTER

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM PARIS

With her food production, processing and distribution machinery wrecked by the war, Europe's winter will bring starvation to many. Here Collier's correspondent reports what he found during a survey of ten countries



Typical of the hunger in Austria is this man of Linz who is scraping from the gutter a little jam left when looters dropped a jar



The well-fed lady at left is a Roman black marketeer in spaghetti. She gets a dollar a pound. Regular price: 25¢

Conclusion

NUMBERLESS Europeans will starve this winter. Chief cause of this is the Nazis, who have been eating well for the past five years on food stolen from the rest of Europe. Aside from the food and livestock they have siphoned off, the Nazis are less directly, but equally certainly responsible for the wreckage of food sources, processing operations and distribution which was the necessary adjunct to fighting the war they caused. But there have also been contributory reasons and here is a broad graph of what happened to Europe's food:

The inherent weakness of the food industry being its dependence upon weather, a prolonged drought through most of Europe and North Africa has grievously lessened the normal supply of food. In an earlier article we considered the losses in growing acres and livestock, but one further point must be noted about the latter. The surviving cattle are abnormally light in weight because essential fodder cannot be imported, and many will die or be slaughtered off this winter. Next come the losses of draft animals, oxen and horses. Animals pull the plows of Europe. Tractors are beyond the means of the average peasant not only in original cost but in operating expense. Gasoline has always been four to ten times higher in Europe than in the United States. Besides, farms here are smaller, more personal family enterprises. In certain embattled areas seventy-five per cent of the draft animals were either killed by the fighting or stolen by the Germans. This cut the supply of barnyard fertilizer, as well, and that is all that's available. Chemical fertilizers are almost nonexistent in Europe now. They went into munitions and other war purposes. So, too, much of the world's sugar and grains were manufactured into industrial alcohol; while enormous amounts of Europe's coal were converted into synthetic gasoline for tanks and planes.

Manpower factors which cannot be quickly adjusted have afflicted the farms. Millions are dead. No one knows yet even the approximate number of soldiers and civilians killed in battle, in air raids, by disease or murdered by the Nazis. It cannot be less than thirty millions for all the nations, excluding Russia. Other millions are permanently crippled, handicapped or unable to work at all. Whole strata of populations have shifted. A horrible truth complicating relief and other considerations is that *nobody knows just what the population of Europe is today*. Aside from that, war's high wages have lured farm workers away here, as in America. Moreover the universal conscription systems here do not make occupational exemptions, although some armies lent soldiers for harvesting. Armies like the Russian and Hungarian are almost exclusively peasant. As the war ended, the British and Americans sought to release farmers first from the captured German armies. The Russians, however, carted all prisoners off willy-nilly to labor in Russia; while the French got an allotment of one million for a similar purpose. This, added to the millions of persons displaced first by the Nazis and now by the Russians, Yugoslavs, Czechs, Poles, Hungarians and other Balkan peoples, further maladjusts the basic manpower of Europe's food production.

All wars have a tendency to restrict food close to its sources so far as civilian supply is concerned. This is due in large part to the diversion everywhere of shipping and rail transport to munitions, critical raw materials, rations and troop movement. Hundreds of vessels with millions of tons of food were sunk by subs. On the actual battle-grounds, destruction of transport facilities becomes a paramount matter in the food paralysis, one that cannot be repaired overnight. The barges and boats of Europe's vital inland waterways have been largely smashed. Some of the canals were blown up and many rivers are still blocked by fallen bridges. Railway marshaling yards, as well as cars and locomotives, were primary air targets.

Europe has less than half her peacetime railway freight service, and much of that is tied up with military usage while the rest is hampered by lack of coal. Her over-all civilian highway truck strength is not a tenth of

(Continued on page 94)

Collier's for December 15, 1945



McBride & McDowell

Brand-new for '46—and, more than ever before, it's

AMERICA'S NO. 1 GLAMOUR CAR!

"We wish we had a thousand of them!" a Packard dealer wired us.

And *we* wish we could supply all the new 1946 Packard Clippers our dealers, and their customers, are clamoring for!

Thanks for your enthusiasms!

Right now, all we can say to the thousands of loyal Packard friends, is this: We are doing our level best to accelerate production, and we shall continue to apportion available

cars fairly among our dealers.

Naturally, we, too, are eager for you to become the proud owner of this magnificent new car—for it's

The Greatest Packard Ever Built!

In the brilliant flash of its performance . . . and in every sweeping contour of its speed-stream styling . . . *it's far-and-away America's No. 1 Glamour Car!*

And the new skills developed by Packard

master craftsmen in building high-precision combat engines for planes and PT boats, now bring you, in this great car, a mechanical excellence that is little short of perfection itself!

A Car Worth Waiting For!

So, if you have to wait a little while for your new 1946 Packard Clipper, we hope you'll be patient. *Here is a car worth waiting for, if there ever was one!*

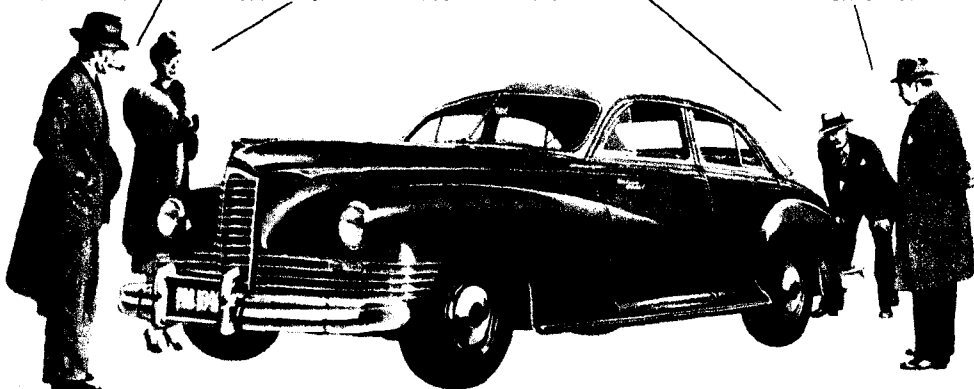
★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★

IT'S EVEN BETTER LOOKING THAN THE BEAUTIFUL PREWAR CLIPPER!

REAL FADEAWAY FENDERS AREN'T JUST TACKED ON—THEY BLEND RIGHT INTO THE BODY!

NO SKIMPING ON QUALITY HERE! THIS PACKARD IS TOPS!

HOW DO THEY GET SO MUCH HEADROOM WITH SUCH LOW, RAKISH STREAMLINING?

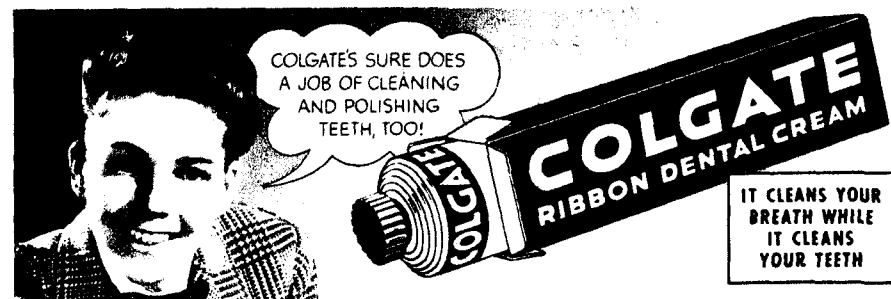
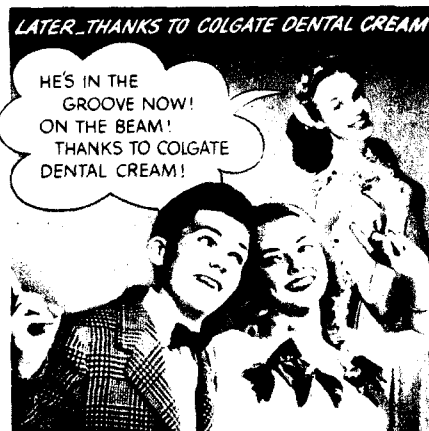
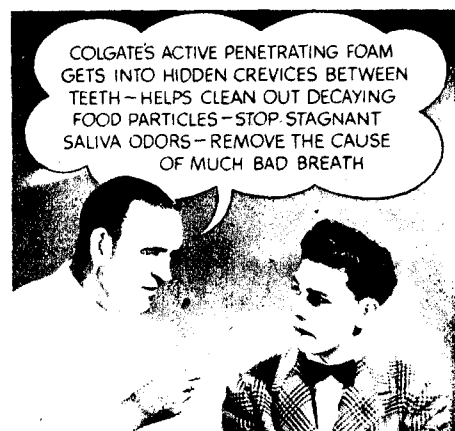
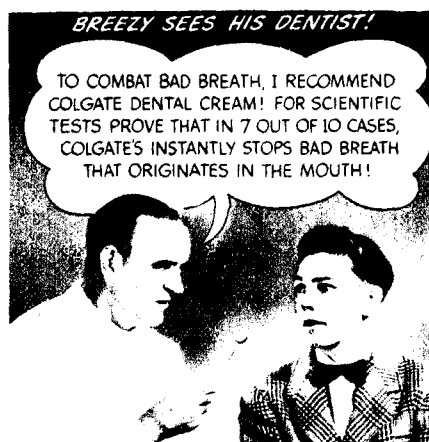
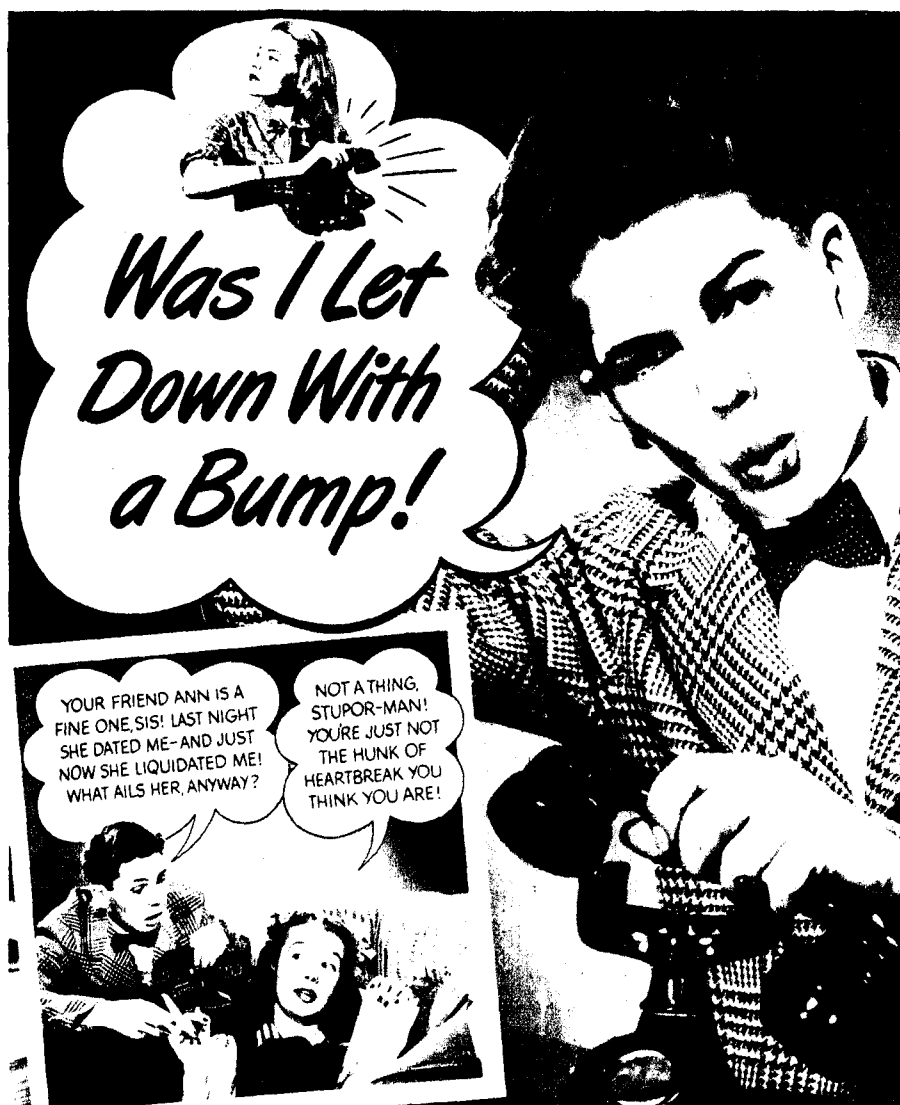


See the new

PACKARD

Clipper

FOR 1946



Tune In! KAY KYSER Wednesday Night—NBC Network

Czechoslovakia Challenges the Big Two

Continued from page 17

blossoms that ages ago first inspired this love of ornateness.

Yet what was most impressive about "the manifestation"—as Czechs speak of such an event—was the open lanes in squares and along the sidewalks and bridges so pedestrians could move back and forth without hindrance, all done without benefit of police. This is always the case when Czechs gather in crowds. Out of an innate sense of discipline such lanes are always kept open for the convenience of the individual.

I have yet to hear of a Czech peasant or factory worker who is illiterate. Nowhere else in the world is education more highly revered. Once, a village shopkeeper told me that while he was averse to borrowing money, he ran heavily in debt so he could give his three daughters and two sons a college education. "Why did you do it?" I asked. Swift and crisp was the reply: "Because what a man has in his pockets his best friends may take away from him, but what he carries in his head the devil himself cannot shake out of him."

Astonishing is the amount of reading done in this little country. In prewar days not an American author of consequence but was rendered into Czech. In cheap or de luxe editions the classic literature of the world was at the disposal of rich and poor. Only recently a new translation of Dante's *Inferno* was published. Twenty-six translations of Poe's *The Raven* already have been made and the poet Nezval has been struggling heroically for months with a fitting rendition of *Nevermore* for the twenty-seventh.

Because Czechoslovakia is a country of the little man, with neither prince nor pauper, it has built a civilization which, like the nest of a bird, ensures security, comfort and exclusiveness yet is not shut off from the light of the outside world. But always there is the passion to give to any outside infiltration a purely Czech coloration.

The idea of physical culture is as old as man, but Czechoslovakia's Sokol, which for nearly a century has made personal physical fitness a national gospel, is a distinctive national movement with even a distinctively national costume. It is the Sokol, incidentally, that has made Czechoslovakia one of the most sports-minded countries in the world. Despite an acute shortage of paper, Prague dailies, Communist as well as Catholic, devote nearly all of the last of their abbreviated four pages to sports. Championship football games—soccer to Americans—still pack to overflowing Prague's beautiful Masaryk Stadium whose seating capacity is over 100,000. If the demonstration is less vocal than similar events in America, the enjoyment of the game is no less keen.

Strong Loyalties to Homeland

The little man in this little land may be a little brusque and stiff-mannered, given to ponderous speech and even more ponderous writing, but it is his own land and his own civilization that commands his deepest loyalties. He brims over with patriotism which to him spells not only love of land, language and folkways, but everything else that makes life a task and pleasure.

Often enough when I speak to Communist leaders I forget they're Communists. Their speech is so warmly Czech, their aims and hopes so aglow with fervor for their own country, people and culture that I find it hard to think of them professing a messianic mission.

I have found that most members of the Communist Party are Catholics. In Russia the Party bars from membership applicants who profess any religious faith. I can offer only one explanation for this: The Czech consciousness and patriotism of Communist as well as Catholic overrides and, for the present at least, transcends all mutual antagonisms.

It is this universal faith in their own Czech ideas, their destiny and their own common sense that made prewar Czechoslovakia one of the model democracies in the world—sta-

ble, free, lively and prosperous. There was no Pilsudski as in Poland, no King Boris as in Bulgaria, no Horthy as in Hungary, no King Carol as in Rumania to subvert and frustrate the will of the people. Though political strife was rampant—there were twenty-three political parties—there was no hint of a *Putsch* or a dictatorship. Nothing was more alien to the mind of Professor-President Masaryk and no less so to Benes, his successor.

It is this writer's conviction that if the other countries along Russia's border had in prewar years attained the democratic record of Czechoslovakia, there would have been no breakup of the London Conference of Foreign Ministers.

There would have been no issues seemingly impossible of solution. The fact is that up to the time of this writing Czechoslovakia has presented none of the big powers with such an issue. All treat her as a sovereign state and act accordingly.

The country's past record in democratic fulfillment makes it, for a nation like ours, a welcome opportunity to foster the prestige of democracy—the more so because past relations have left only the best of feelings in both nations. Two million of our citizens or would-be citizens are of Czech origin. In Texas alone there are several hundred thousand. They are known as Bohemians and have been among the sturdiest pioneers in the Lone Star State. For a small country, Czechoslovakia was one of our best customers. In 1937, we consumed one tenth of her exports—chiefly commodities that offered no competition to our own products. The Czechs proved as good a business risk as any American businessman would care to cultivate!

Two Who Had No Hand in Munich

What is most important is that, like Russia, the U.S.A. had no hand in Munich. That catastrophic episode was a consummation of British, French and Polish diplomacy. Popular good will for America is everywhere and overwhelmingly manifest. The reading room which the U.S.A. has opened in the Czech capital is daily crowded with visitors, especially young people. Czech publishers are clamoring for American books—not just a few, but hundreds of them. Recently a Czechoslovak-American Chamber of Commerce was organized.

American institutes, designed to cultivate friendly relations between the two countries, are springing up all over. Our ambassador informs me the exchange of college students on a substantial scale is being planned. On their part the Czechs are busy making plans again to welcome American tourists. Prague, like Paris, suffered small damage in the war and may yet rival the French capital as a tourist center.

But if Czechoslovakia is a welcome opportunity, it is also, by virtue of its nationalization decree and certain implications of its military alliance with Russia, a stern challenge to the U.S.A. A diplomacy that may fail to recognize the surge of new passions and ideas which the war has unleashed in Europe will not be wanting for incidents and suspicions out of which to make fighting issues.

There is no question that the Russian Revolution has given the socialist idea a fresh impetus. Yet a diplomacy which may brand Czechoslovakia's nationalization decree as a Russian scheme to fasten the Soviet clutch on this country can only reap a harvest of conflict and trouble. "In putting through our nationalization decree," said a Czech editor, "we're taming the storm instead of allowing it to overwhelm us." I have known no political leader who will take exception to this rhetorical statement.

Public ownership of one kind or another has always been a conspicuous feature of Czechoslovakia's economic life. The streetcars, slaughterhouse, power plant, gas works and block of apartment houses constitute only a part of the business enterprises which the city of Prague has always owned and operated for and with a profit. The bulk of the

 *To the Happiest
Holidays in Years*
SCHENLEY
RESERVE



**HOW TO MAKE A
SCHENLEY TOM & JERRY**

Separate whites and yolks of 3 eggs. Put yolks in large bowl, add 8 heaping tea-spoons granulated sugar and beat until thick. Mix in one pint SCHENLEY Reserve and one-fourth pint Jamaica rum. Whip egg whites until stiff and fold in. *To serve:* Fill mugs two-thirds full of mixture. Fill with hot (not boiling) milk, stirring constantly. Grate nutmeg on top. Serves 8.

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP.
N.Y.C.

When your
**STOMACH
ACTS
UP!**



When a usually reliable stomach gives a bad performance as a result of over-indulgence—be gentle with it—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

**NEVER UPSET
AN UPSET STOMACH!**
Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics!

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets. Get a bottle today!

Three sizes at your druggist's.

A Norwich Product

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for UPSET Stomach

business in most villages—even the services of a farmer's best blooded bulls, rams and boars—was and is transacted not by private but by community or co-operative enterprise. The concept as well as the practice of public ownership is widespread and deep-rooted in this little land.

The parallel with Russian collectivism is natural enough, especially as the Czech nationalization decree is more far-reaching than the five-year nationalization program of the British Labor Party. Yet after twenty years of close observation of Sovietism, this writer finds the Czech and Russian developments only partially identified in aim and not at all in method. There is no dictatorship in Czechoslovakia. The decree has been agreed upon by four political parties, including the powerful and highly liberal Catholic Party.

Foreign correspondents not only travel around freely but face not even the inconvenience of a censorship. There is none. Only the other day the Security Police was roundly and violently denounced in the provisional parliament, something that has never yet happened in Moscow.

Except for German and Hungarian Fascists and their native collaborators there has been no confiscation of property. Substantial American interests are involved, and being shrewd businessmen, the Czech negotiations may be expected to drive a hard bargain for these, but so shall we.

Unlike Russia, the small enterprise with less than 150 workers and many with less than 500 are left to present ownership. The farming population is scarcely touched. The land is left as private holding. The co-operative, instead of being repressed or thwarted, is gaining fresh support and is allowed fresh fields of conquest. A multitude of savings banks and loan associations which in the rural more than the urban community supply its financial lifeblood are likewise left to co-operative ownership.

Nor do I glimpse anywhere the tragic human consequences that marked the advent of the Russian system. Instead of repudiating the past and then picking it up again as the Russians have done, the continuity of history is being maintained in Czechoslovakia. Nowhere is there the least manifestation of religious intolerance.

"In our courses in civics," said Professor Zdenek Nejedly, the Communist Minister of Education in reply to a question, "we shall be studying, among other things, our constitution, the Soviet constitution, the American and also the British constitutions."

The intelligentsia, whether in university laboratory or machine shop, is not being alienated or forsworn as it almost was in Russia at one time, but instead is being wooed with the guarantee of freedom of action and a material reward not less, and in time to be greater, than the former system offered. The family continues to be the sanctity of sanctities. There is no battle of sons against fathers and daughters against mothers.

A Contrast in Revolutions

President Benes frankly admitted he wished nationalization had proceeded somewhat more slowly. But he signed the decree and it is now law. Yet the shift from the former to the new system of economic control is being achieved without any embroilments and disasters which heralded the arrival of Sovietism in Russia. It has been as peaceful a revolution as the world has ever witnessed.

A nation like America, which has achieved such fabulous triumphs in production and invention under the system of private enterprise alone, may look with suspicion on Czechoslovakia's nationalization decree. Yet if the decree is a failure for any reason—especially because of external pressure—the resultant economic chaos and social disorder may call for the "strong hand" which the Czechs dread even to contemplate. It is also more than certain that the "strong hand" will come not from the right but from the left. Czechoslovakia will become increasingly dependent on Russia for raw materials and international support of markets. Russia alone would block the emergence of the "strong hand" from the right.

Czechoslovakia's military alliance with Russia has, to the best of this writer's knowl-

edge, evoked no unease in American diplomatic quarters. In the light of events during the past seven years it was as natural as Benes' return to Prague.

Quite recently I spent a week end in the immense, ornate castle of Prince Egon Hohenlohe in Sudetenland. The keeper of the castle and the local schoolmaster invited a British correspondent and myself into a little cell-like room on the ground floor and showed us a neatly framed map crisscrossed with pencil lines. They informed us that this was the map over which, on August 18, 1938, the late Louis Runciman and Konrad Henlein, the leader of the Sudeten Germans, worked their solution to the then boiling Czech-German conflict. The pencil lines indicated the scheme for the partition of Czechoslovakia on which the two agreed.

Here, then, was the extraordinary and absurd situation in which free democratic Czechoslovakia then found herself. On her own territory and leaving its leaders and her people in utter darkness as to what was transpiring, a foreign visitor and Hitler's outstanding agent in the country had secretly taken measures at least tentatively to seal the nation's fate.

No Czech wants a repetition of such a gruesome experience. Hence, the military



"I Forgot to Buy an
Extra Victory Bond!"

alliance with Russia. Frankly, Czech leaders have told this writer that should Germany again want to lift a murderous hand against their country they can't bank on British or American assistance. They said that an attack on Prague may not be regarded by America as an attack on Washington, and America may not care to sacrifice a single life to protect Czechoslovakia. But an attack on Prague the Russians will regard as an attack on Moscow, and they will not hesitate to sacrifice a million lives, if necessary, to frustrate a German or any other nation's intent to fight this country.

Yet this alliance with such a powerful and sensitive country as Russia involves Czech support of Russia's foreign policy. Czechoslovakia may initiate her own relationships with other lands but she must be ever cautious to make no commitment which may prove offensive to Moscow. In all international conferences the Czech vote has supported Russia's proposals. Washington diplomacy may not like it. London diplomacy may frown on it. But Czech leaders, including the Catholics, never cease to remind their people that they're bound to Russia as to no other country for their national and individual survival.

"We're a little country," one of these leaders said, "and without Russian protection, our independence isn't worth a crown. America and England must understand this, else they'll find it difficult to give us the assistance we need so badly to make good our independence."

But if Czechoslovakia is an opportunity and challenge to us, it's no less so to Russia. No people anywhere have been so vocal in their expressions of gratitude to the Red Army for its fight against Germany. No people anywhere appreciate more fully that if it weren't for Russian lives and Russian blood

their independence might have remained only a dream. On my recent trip to Moravia-Slovakia, hardly a village I passed but had its little cemetery for Russian dead.

The Czechs also feel Russia a natural trading ally. She has raw materials and they have the industry to convert the materials into finished products. Likewise the Czechs have always been noted for their profound admiration of Russian culture. No other people have translated so much of Russia's literature. In all their history they have scarcely had a serious quarrel with Russia. With the nationalization decree in force Russia has no reason to suspect Czech business interests of conspiring against her with foreign cartels or foreign associates.

Bitter Over Red Army Outrages

Yet many Czechs are grieved and shocked by the behavior of Marshal Malinovsky's Fourth Ukrainian Army. Its fighting was so valiant it saved Zlin, a world-renowned shoe town, from serious damage. Its strategy was so brilliant it won Vitkovice, a world-famous steel city, without permitting the Germans to blow up a single building. But its discipline collapsed, and in town after town it is remembered with anguish and anger for its quite frightful depredations. That the Russians have shot and otherwise punished many of the malefactors offers only small solace to the Czechs. The very word Russian has engendered in many a fear which none had ever before known—all the more so because they are so close to Russia and realize only too keenly that their very existence as a nation depends on their big Slav neighbor.

What further heightened Czech uneasiness was the protracted stay of the Russian troops in their territory. They felt as though something fateful but beyond their control was hanging over them. Now that Prime Minister Zdenek Fierlinger has announced that Moscow as well as Washington has agreed to withdraw its troops, the people feel relieved. Only the most correct behavior by visiting Russians, especially military men, in the future can blot out the newly engendered fear of Russia, and even that will take time.

The Czechs long for nothing so much as an untrammelled opportunity to develop their little state and their extraordinarily rich culture in a manner that will keep them always a part of the big outside world. They want a shield for their nest, if I may return to a previous figure of speech, so it will be theirs and only theirs.

They want to do things in their own traditional way. They aspire not only to the democratic ends which Russia keeps on emphasizing as her greatest goal, but they want to attain these ends through democratic methods. That the end justifies the means is not a part of the traditional Czech way of thought.

As a people they do not accept Russia's theory of the class struggle as a means of forging a new destiny. They want no monolithic political party such as Russia has achieved. They insist on their own system of multiple political parties. "We are one of those states," said Benes in his American broadcast, November 9th, "which is mature enough and whose citizens are enlightened enough so they don't need to be forced into socialistic measures by strikes, revolts, conflicts or civil war. I have heard even Communists say that Czechoslovakia is a small country which cannot afford to lose people or property in an adventure of 'progress' brought about by a class struggle."

All this, I must emphasize, is contrary to Russian philosophy and Soviet usage—which makes it all the more imperative for Russia to accept it all in good faith. And when I say Russia, I mean not only the Kremlin, but also the Russian press.

But the Czechs are a thinking people. Also they're a patient people. They cannot imagine Russia and America making their country a battlefield for diplomatic wrangling. The speeches of their leaders and the editorials in their press are continually stressing that they will honorably live up to all their commitments to both countries. All they want is to be left to themselves to work out their own destiny in their own hardheaded, farseeing Czech way.

THE END

Collier's for December 15, 1945



Those LO-EX Pistons served as a reminder

Forgotten is Joe's jalopy—once big brother Bill's—in the thrill of reminiscing. "She" may be some Superfort, fighter, tank or Jeep to which Bill graduated on enlistment.

"Running sweet" is a characteristic of engines to which pistons and cylinder heads of Alcoa Aluminum are important contributors. Men in the Army, Navy and Air

Force certainly saw that fact proved time and time again.

Prewar automobiles were better workers because of the Alcoa Aluminum that went into their engines. Postwar engines promise to carry on in the same tradition. ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1858 Gulf Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.



ALCOA

FIRST IN ALUMINUM

STEPS GOING DOWN STAIRS

BY ROBERT M. COATES
ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

She let herself be used as bait—to entice a crook, and learned when the trap closed that all of her hopes were caught in its jaws

AFTER the downstairs bell had rung and she had clicked the clicker, Bella Terrett had an onset of apprehension so abrupt and peremptory that it surprised her. She had read of people's knees giving way like water beneath them and their blood running cold and all the rest of it, but she had always thought it was just exaggeration; she had never really believed it till now when for a moment her body seemed to hang limp and powerless. Then her anger came back to steady her, and she cast a last look about the apartment.

Everything seemed all right. The two men, the detectives, had taken their hats and their topcoats into the bedroom with them, and the tall one, who smoked cigars, had got rid of his cigar butt somewhere. But perhaps there were too many cigarette ends in the ash trays. She had read in mystery stories that it was just little things like that that gave people away, and she swiftly emptied both trays into the fireplace. She lit a cigarette for herself, and was surprised how steady her hands were; suddenly, she felt sure and cool and dangerous, like a seasoned adventuress, and then because she still hadn't heard Fred's step on the stairs she went over to the shut bedroom door, opened it a little and looked in. The two men were sitting there quietly, the short one whose name was Callery on the bed and the tall one on the bench before her dressing table; they looked awkward and out of place there but they also looked immensely competent and indomitable, and there was something comforting in the quick way they both turned their broad, big-jawed Irish faces toward the door at the very instant she opened it.

The shorter one, Callery, narrowed his eyes at her in a way that was meant to be reassuring and nodded his head at her slowly. "Okay, lady," he said softly. "Everything's going to be okay."

"I know," she whispered back conspiratorially. She was sure everything would be okay, she was getting surer of it all the time. "I just wanted to know—"

"But you're up against a pretty smart crook, you know," he went on. He paid no more attention to what she'd been saying than if she hadn't spoke at all. "Like I told you, he's one of the real experts in the racket, and you don't want to get him suspicious. Play up to him, whatever he says; make believe you believe him. You got the money handy, haven't you?" He hardly waited for Bella's nod. "Well, just hand it to him and make sure he takes it. We'll take care of the rest. Now you better ease out of here, hadn't you, lady? He'll be here any second now."

Bella backed out obediently, shutting the door behind her. An instant later, she heard the sound of Fred's footsteps climbing the last flight of stairs. He had always walked a little more heavily on the right foot than on

the left, so the sound went *thump*, shuffle, *thump*. It was because of an accident he'd had hunting bear in the Canadian Rockies, he had told her once, and she had accepted it as the simple truth then. "Make believe you believe him," the detective had said; it reminded her now that there had been a time when she had believed everything he had told her. That he'd been smitten irresistibly with her, that time he had spoken to her outside the Paramount. ("Believe me," he'd said later. "A middle-aged man like myself. That's the first time in my life I ever did that." "Well," she said, sort of mimicking him. "A schoolteacher like myself, it's the first time I ever did it, too.") By that time he had told her he was a mining engineer, and she'd believed that, too. She'd believed it when he told her he loved her, that he was going to make her fortune, that he wanted to marry her. . . .

In the end, it had taken her sister Mildred to disprove it all. "I think that man's a crook," Mildred had said bluntly the first time that she met him, and she had conviction enough to go down to police headquarters and pester them till they'd assigned the two detectives to the case.

THEN, little by little, the truth had come out. Fred didn't live at the hotel where he had told her he was stopping; the detectives had traced him to a cheap little rooming house on West Fifty-third Street. His days weren't spent in those whirlwind trips to Washington and those conferences with mining executives that he'd told her about; he spent most of his time in his room, or at a bar around the corner on Ninth Avenue. He didn't love her, he couldn't love her; there was a circular about him that had been sent on from Boston, describing the way he,

"Is that better?" Bella asked. And when she drew back from Fred, her face was rosy and her eyes shining

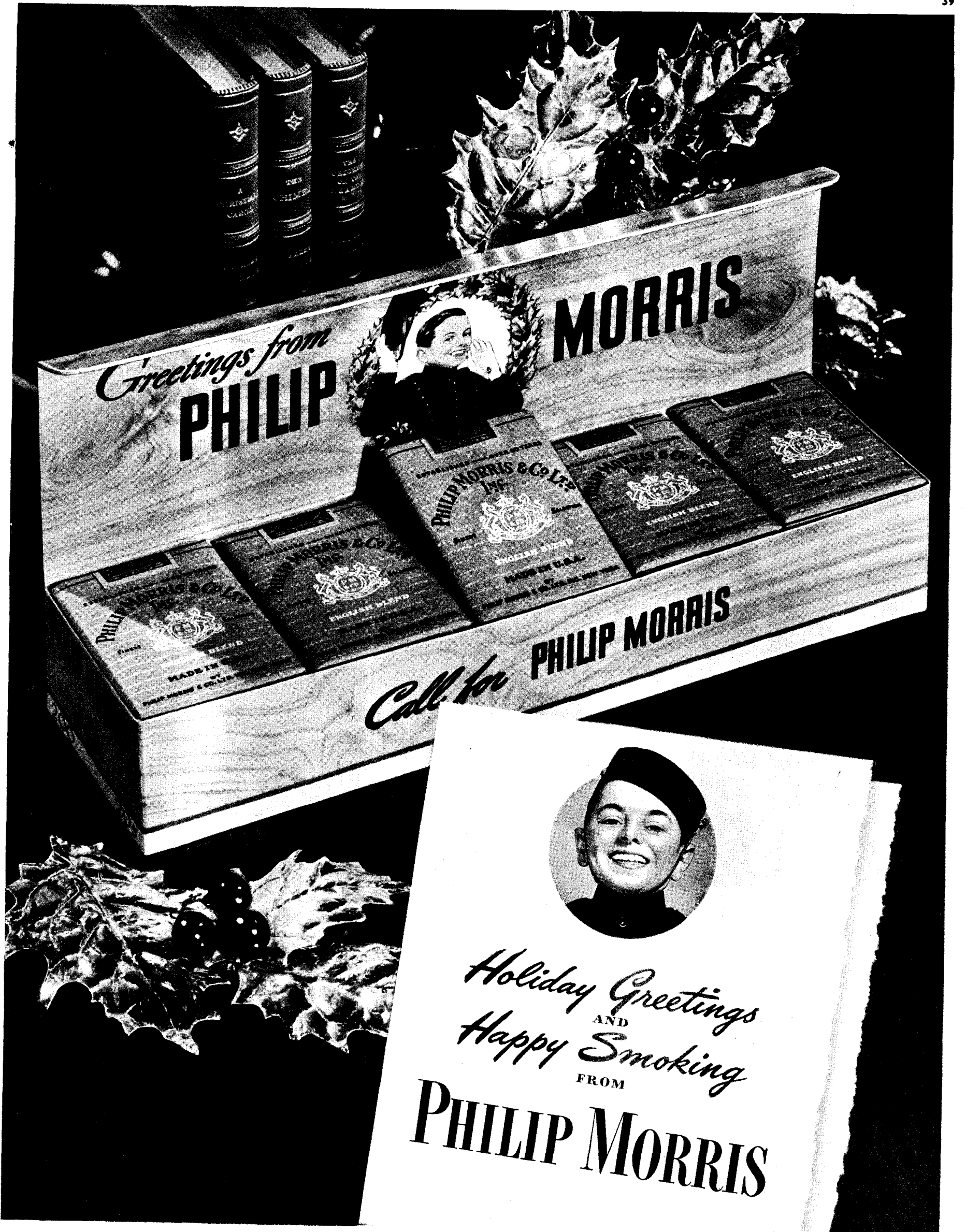
or someone very much like him, had hoodwinked a woman there, and the methods he had used with the Boston woman were so much like the methods he had used with Bella that there could be no question they were all part of a regular system, cold and canny and horribly calculated.

Bella couldn't forget, she felt she could never forget, the sly way that Mildred had glanced at her as they read the circular. "... picks his victims among middle-aged single women," the circular had said, and that one phrase alone had placed her forever in the company of all the other frustrated, disappointed women who fall easy prey to

(Continued on page 62)

Collier's for December 15, 1945







A Favorite in Flowers

THE WILD ROSE—State Flower of New York



**DIXIE
BELLE**

The mark of a favorite is its universal appeal . . .
in flowers, or in gin. Dixie Belle has those qualities
which raise it high in public preference—exquisite
bouquet, clean, bright flavor—expertly distilled from
fruits, herbs, berries, and choice grain neutral
spirits. Enjoy a favorite . . . demand Dixie Belle.

A Favorite in **GIN**

90 Proof • Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Chip on His Shoulder

Continued from page 20

Fred Forstmann's assistant, was sitting. "Please, somebody . . . I feel so faint . . . the heat . . . the noise . . ." She slumped in her chair and her head fell limply forward.

Fred was the first to reach the girl. He took her hand and began to chafe it. Waldron followed with a cup of water from the cooler. The girl drank and fluttered her eyelids. Fred's fingers lingered on her pulse. The beat was full and strong with the even rhythm of good health. A diversionary tactic, he thought grimly and with some anger, and a corny one at that. Surely she had no reason to do it for him—not if their feuding meant anything. Furthermore, he had no desire to be saved. He had been saving it up for Lazlo for a long time. And justifiably so. Lazlo hadn't wanted him on the picture; Lazlo had been sniping at him ever since he had come to work, and now Lazlo was condemning him for doing what Lazlo had requested.

He had passed the stage where he could take such double dealing. The war years had made him conscious of his own worth; on him had rested the fate of scores of men and planes. He had done his work well, his ability had been recognized and rewarded, and he was determined that no dreamy-eyed creator of fantasy was going to humiliate him.

The girl opened her eyes. They were gray and set wide apart in a pretty oval face. She let out her breath in a deep sigh. "Oh, thank you. Sorry to be such a sissy." She took another drink and studied the three men over the rim of the cup. "You know something? I was thinking just before I passed out that nobody can judge a picture seeing it three times in one day. It wears you out. Couldn't we sleep on it tonight and take another look in the morning?"

"Smartest thing I heard all day," grunted Waldron. "Make it ten o'clock. Are you all right, young woman?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Waldron." The gray eyes were wide open and very innocent. "All I need is a little air. If Fred will help me with the film. . . ."

"Fred can carry it all," snapped Waldron.

Darn her, thought Fred. That baby innocent stuff didn't fool him for a minute. Still, the starch had been taken out of the quarrel, and it seemed pointless to resume it, so he went with her. They carried the film to the cutting room together. "You're healthy as a horse," grumbled Fred. "Why did you do it?"

"Why, Major," exclaimed Betty and fluttered her eyelids.

"People don't scream before they faint. They just pass out. And don't call me Major."

"You're still fighting a war," she said.

That had been a sore point between them since he came from the service with a chip on his shoulder about civilians. He couldn't

seem to realize that he was a civilian himself now but Betty had found ways to remind him. Calling him Major was one of them.

"You still haven't told me why you pulled a wing-ding," he persisted.

"Don't make me search my subconscious, Major, or the consequences may be too awful. Let's say it's a woman's privilege to faint at will, and leave it at that. Besides, I don't like the genius. He makes passes."

"In another minute his nose would have been flattened."

"And in two minutes your career would have been stood up against a wall and neatly executed with a little blackball. 'Tain't worth it, M'Gee."

Fred grinned his first grin in a month. "So Anderson came in like the Marines. Good try, baby, but it won't work. The bosses figure three years layoff has dulled my touch. They've got no confidence in my judgment. Or maybe they think I've become too big for the job." He laughed. "A young colonel in my outfit used to bus dirty dishes for a Market Street café. Guess he'll be too big for his job, too. The heck with it. But I do appreciate what you've done."

"If you rave on," said Betty, "people will think we're in love."

"Let them," said Fred recklessly. Up till now relations between him and Betty had been about as smooth as the top of a coral reef. "Would you do one more thing for me, Anderson? Type a note to Waldron?" He waited while she got pencil and notebook. "Quote. Dear Mr. Waldron. After what happened today, I am sure you will feel more comfortable with my resignation on your desk. This is it. End quote. And now, Miss Anderson, since we no longer meet on the bloody field of business, how about a date for tonight?"

BETTY held the notebook close to her chest. Her flippancy disappeared. "Aren't you being hasty . . . to resign, I mean? These projection-room spats blow over."

"Not this one." Fred adjusted his tie and picked up his time card. "You haven't answered my question."

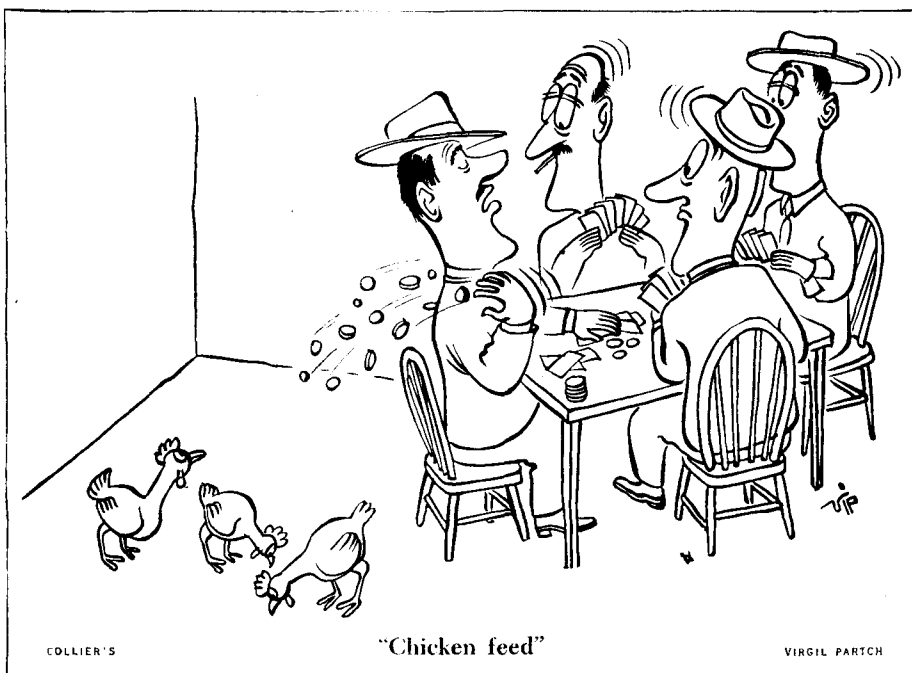
Betty looked away. "I'd love to date, honest Injun, but I do have a headache. Could I have a rain check?"

Fred shrugged with, he hoped, the proper degree of indifference. "Sure, tomorrow is another day. I'll be across the street if you should have good news for me—like the film burning up." Across the street meant Brownie's Bar.

"Won't you wait to sign the note?"

"Type my name and make my mark. It will be legal enough."

Things had started out quite differently, Fred thought as he savored his bourbon and water. Four months before, Major Fred Forstmann, USAAF, had climbed off a cloud,



COLLIER'S

"Chicken feed"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for December 15, 1945

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... with its famous, patented, one-finger, one-motion action ...

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For Faster Action In ALL Lighters

RONSON Redskin Flints
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*Trade Mark. Avoid Inferior Imitations



BUILD YOUR FUTURE • HOLD YOUR WAR BONDS

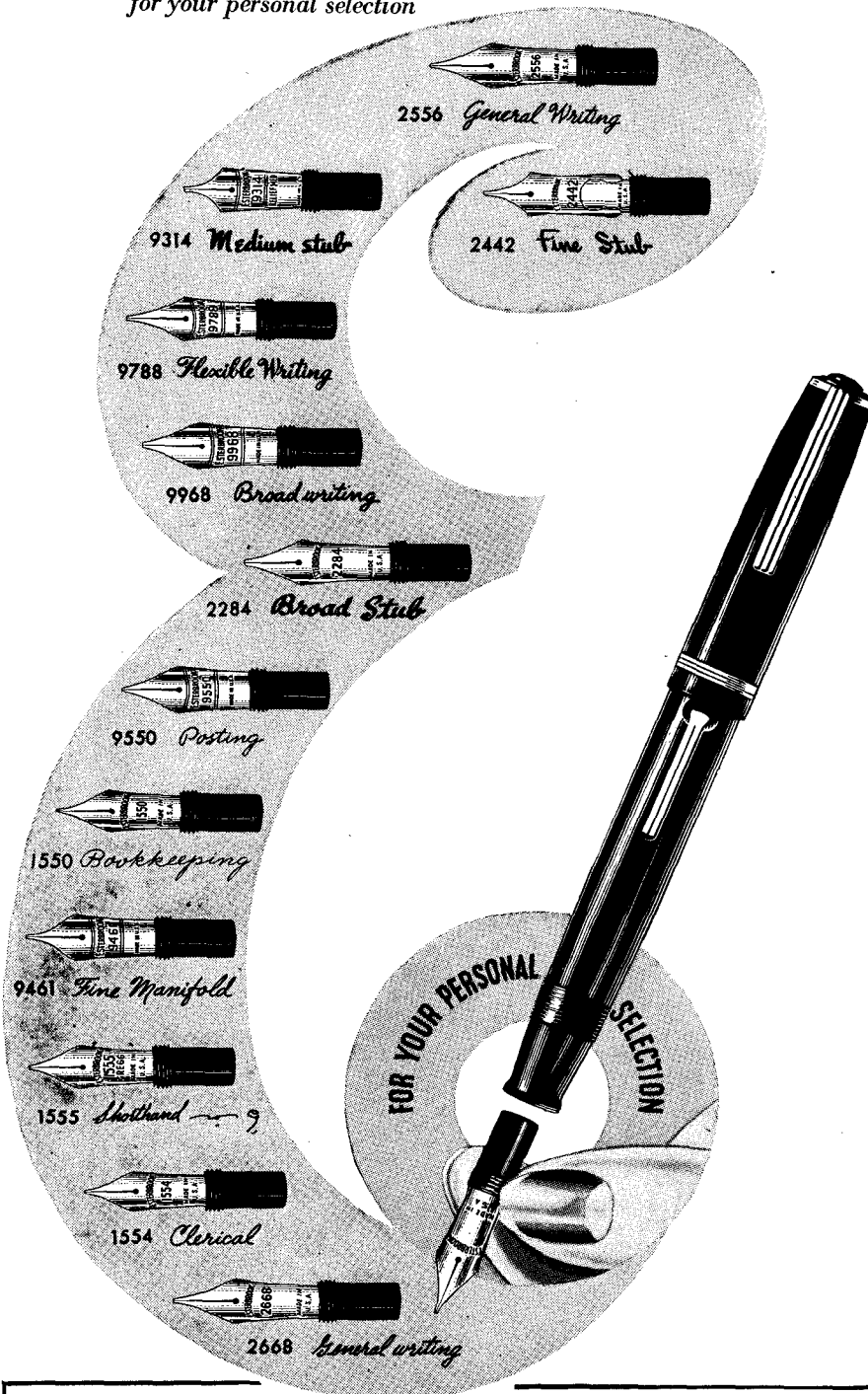
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33 NUMBERED POINT STYLES for your personal selection



33

NUMBERED POINTS

Esterbrook

RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN

counted up his points, and in due course had reported to the Waldron Studios, uncertain of his reception. Although he knew that his job was protected by law, he was quite skeptical as to how the law would work out, or how cordial his welcome would be. But the gang, personified by Don in shipping, and George the lab man, pumped his arm and slapped his back as if he had won the war singlehanded.

Alex Waldron, if less exuberant, was none the less cordial. He was of the tweed-wearing, pipe-smoking intellectual school of producers, the kind that makes poor copy and is seldom heard of outside the movie colony. He was the sort of man who saw all sides of every question, and tried to reconcile all viewpoints with the result that he was frequently irresolute, and too many times his opinions, like the proverbial horseman, rode off in all directions. But there were times when he could be realistic.

"Of course your job will be made available to you, Fred," he said, "and not because it's required. It's what I would want to do in any event. But . . ." he hesitated and looked very unhappy . . . "there's only one picture coming up, and Lazlo Kopek is going to direct."

"What difference does that make?"

"Kopek is very fussy about who does his editing."

"I can be just as temperamental," said Fred. "He doesn't frighten me." But he was thinking something else. As between me and Kopek there's no question whom Waldron will side with, he told himself. So I'm getting the business. If I don't look sharp, I'll be conned out of my job slicker than an eel in a barrel of oil, and wind up saying thank you for the privilege. Nice homecoming.

Waldron finished lighting his pipe. "It's nothing personal, you understand. It's just that Lazlo is so exacting."

"I know a lot of fellows who couldn't afford to be exacting these past three years. They put up with a lot. Don't you think Lazlo could put up with me for one picture? And if he's the kind of guy who splits hairs, I'll give him exactly what he wants . . . to the letter . . . Army style."

Waldron looked at Fred for a long moment. The boy's face was thinner, harder, and had lines that hadn't been there before he went into the service. When Waldron spoke, he extended his hand and smiled. "I'll take care of Lazlo. Everything is going to be all right. You can relax."

"Sure," said Fred completing the handshake. "Everything's going to be all right."

"Oh, by the way," Waldron called as Fred went to the door, "do you think you need a warm-up period on a short subject or so . . . to get the rust out of your fingers . . . maybe brush up on your timing?"

"No," said Fred biting the word. "I'll do my job okay. You don't have to worry."

TO SAY the least, the interview had been rugged. Fred had gone back to work feeling there were two strikes against him. The producer wanted him to relax, as if a man wound up for three years and fifty missions could unwind all of a sudden—like a watch spring—and the director didn't want him at all. Maybe he'd been dreaming the wrong dream. Civilian life was going to be anything but a snap.

He ordered another bourbon and took a long swallow. The phone rang under the bar. Brownie answered, and then handed it up to him. It was Betty. "I gave your note to Waldron. He wants you at tomorrow's run—regardless. And sober."

"Did he say 'sober'?"

"No, that was me. I said you'd show up."

"Why don't you mind your own business?" he said casually.

"You won't make a liar out of me?"

"We'll see." He hung up. That meant "Yes." He knew it and she knew it, but it saved face for him. She was too bossy.

He had started off feuding with Betty Anderson on the very first day when he found her in the cutting room getting things tidy. She had the wholesome open-faced look of an Ingrid Bergman, only with her light eyes, she had dark hair. "I'm Betty Anderson, your assistant," she had welcomed him. "Glad you're back."

"A woman assistant!" Fred exclaimed. He didn't mean it that way exactly, but it sounded pretty low.

Her head came up at that. "Well!" she said. Then "Let's just call me a suffragette. Might I suggest you keep it quiet? The world isn't ready for anything so advanced."

Fred blinked. He liked his women with a dash of pepper when he liked them, which was after business hours and where they weren't likely to be underfoot. "We never had women assistants before—to speak of. All the carrying of film and running around . . ."

"We never had women bus drivers before, either, or welders, or Wacs or Waves . . . and if there were any in your outfit under your supervision I have no doubt they spent their time polishing the brass in whatever kind of hats it was you officers wore." She was more than slightly mixed up. "I've been carrying film for a couple of years and no one's complained. Not even me."

"My," he said in admiration. "I can walk on that ack-ack. And you don't look like the type at all. Let's settle down, shall we?"

HER frown gave way to a smile. "All right. Peace, it's wonderful. I guess I sounded like a prize dope, but I'm a little fed up on male geniuses. Seems like everybody that wears pants around here takes genius pills three times a day." Fred shot a warning glance at her and she stopped. "Not very businesslike, huh? Well, I got a copy of the script for you, there are plenty of clips on your bench, a pair of scissors, and work gloves. Also some grease pencils."

"Good," said Fred.

"I haven't replaced the art work that was taken off the walls a couple of years ago. I figure you're a big boy now."

"Seems a boss doesn't rate much respect around here."

"No, boss. But seriously, I've gone through the script and broken it down for coding. I've worked out a pretty good system and if you have no objections. . . ."

"Sorry," said Fred. "We'll do the coding my way." If he was to have any authority at all, he'd have to assert it quickly. "And everything else that pertains to work will be done my way."

Betty's smile faded. "Yes, sir," she said.

So I'm a heel, thought Fred, but there's a tough campaign coming on with Lazlo and Waldron, and I can't have my authority undermined right at the start with brash kidding from an errand-running assistant.

After that they kept their distance. Betty did her work quickly, efficiently. She never again offered suggestions, or tried to impose her methods. And if, in the inferno that life became, he sometimes longed for a cooling draft of Betty's humor, he had no one to blame for its absence but himself.

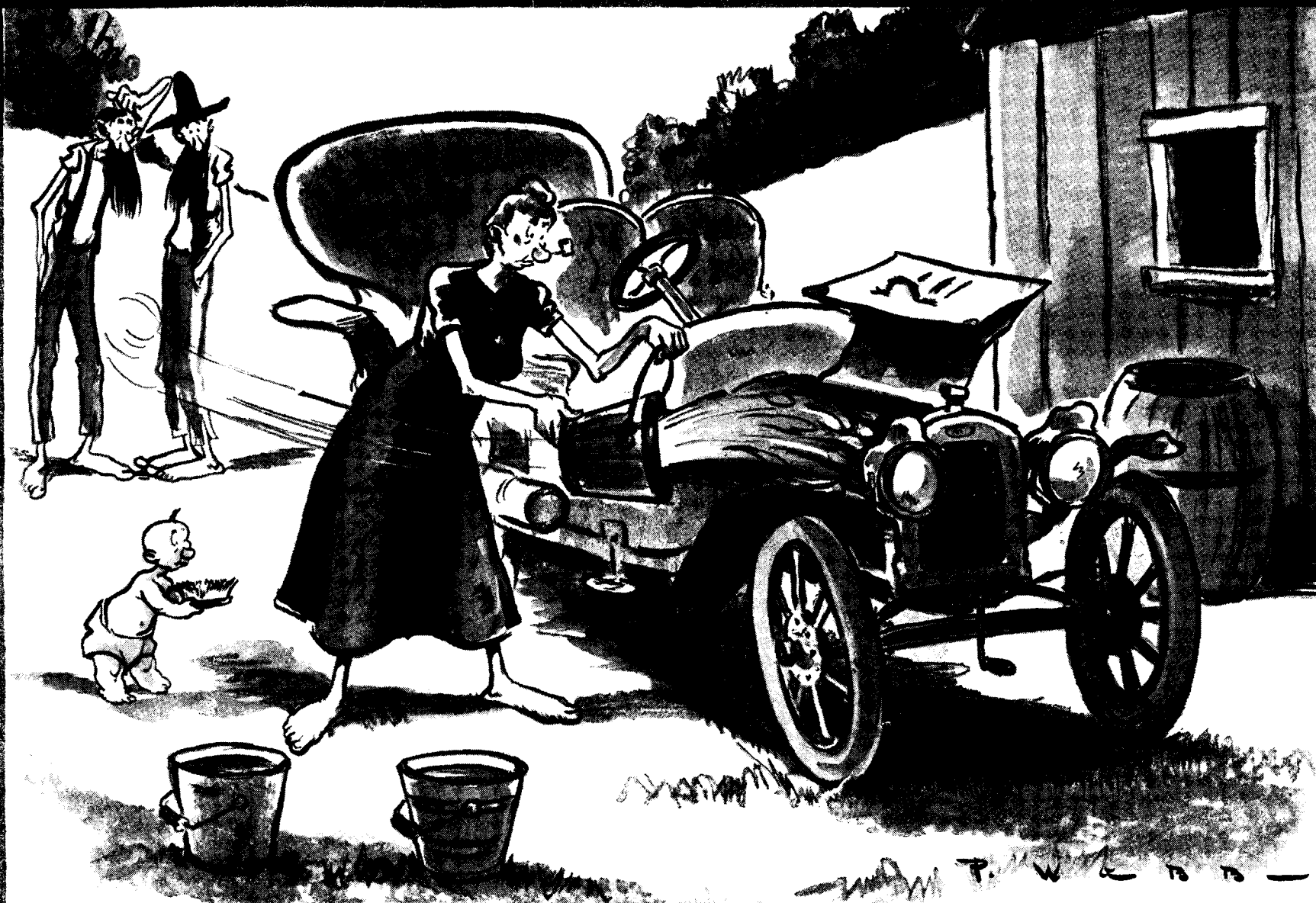
Lazlo was driving him crazy. The moods of the genius were as varied as the California climate—sometimes soggy and damp like a foggy morning—other times fiery like a desert sun. But in one phase Lazlo was constant . . . and that was in his unswerving belief that whatever Fred did was wrong. Perhaps it was Fred's manner that antagonized him, perhaps he felt thwarted because Fred had been imposed upon him against his wishes. Whatever the reason, Fred felt he was being goaded to the point where he would resign. But if there were to be a contest of wills, Fred could hang on. That too he had learned in the Army.

Sometimes, after a particularly bad session, he could feel Betty's eyes studying him, but those eyes always turned away when he looked up. They were good eyes, and he liked to think that he saw sympathy there, but he couldn't be sure. Because he was harried, he wasn't the nicest kind of a guy to work with.

Nevertheless, a reaction to Betty was inevitable. Her figure, in the peasant blouses and skirts she wore, was definitely pinupious, her walk had the lilt of a waltz, her beauty was of a quality that made recognition slow but lasting. He was building up to a mood for fraternization when he received another jolt.

He returned from lunch one afternoon, his face set in what Betty called the "major mold." "I've just come up to date in my

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gossip, Anderson," he said. "They tell me you were top kick in the editorial department while I was away. I seem to have edged you out of a decent job."

"That's no news," said Betty, looking up from a reel of film she was cleaning. "The boys seem to be doing that to the girls all over the country. Happens after every war, I'm told. That's not why you're excited."

"I'm not excited."

"All right, you're not excited. Will you tell the major that somebody is biting his fingernails."

"Don't call me 'Major.'"

"No, sir."

Fred put his hands in his pockets. "All right, I'll tell you. The grapevine reports that Lazlo would like to have you cut the picture."

Betty turned back to her work. "It isn't so," she said in a small, queer voice.

"It wouldn't surprise you," said Fred, "if I didn't believe you."

"I can't help what Lazlo likes. Last year he entertained some fliers from Corpus Christi and when they left he wanted to become United States Ambassador to Texas. He's just crazy."

"Like six foxes," Fred sat down and began to run some film through the moviola-viewer. He stopped abruptly. "I could resign."

"You won't," Betty said quickly.

Fred put down the roll of film. "Why are you doing it, Anderson? Editors struggle for years to get some decent credits on A pictures, and here you throw yours away to work as an assistant. It doesn't make sense—not with a big shot like Lazlo batting for you."

Betty took a deep breath as if she were going to make a long speech, and then thought better of it. "I'm crazy, too. I don't know what I'm doing."

"I'd like to be wrong," Fred continued rashly, "but isn't it barely possible that a couple of smart boys like Waldron and Koppek asked you to stay with me as—shall we say?—insurance . . . to keep an eye on a lad a little teched by the war who might fall down on the job? And when that happened you'd be back in the old seat . . . for keeps?"

Her cheeks flared red. She ripped off the cotton gloves she was working in, and threw them on the table. "You're very clever, Mr. Forstmann. Too clever for your own good." She took her purse and quit for the day.

NOW, as Fred sat at the bar with his fourth drink, making circles with his thoughts, the memory of that day came back to him. He might have been wrong about Betty, but she had never offered a satisfactory explanation for anything—just gotten mad. And it was as plain as the glass in his hand, that once he quit, she would inherit his job. No wonder she had never made any suggestions or helped beyond her allotted duties. His liquor-heated brain forgot to remember that he had spurned her help. Suddenly he hated Hollywood, and everybody in it.

He turned to the wispy-haired blonde beside him at the bar. She had the vaguely familiar look of an extra that's been around, and she was drinking alone. "You know something, honey," he said. "I've got a theory about Hollywood. The human race is very adaptable; it changes to fit its environment. And what is the natural environment of Hollywood? Desert—with irrigation. And the natural fauna of the desert? Snakes, lizards and rats. And what does the human race become in Hollywood? Snakes and rats, omitting the poor harmless lizard."

"My," said the blonde in awe, "you sound worse than I feel. And my boy friend beats me."

Fred made a funny face and left the bar. Outside, across the street, he could see lights burning in studio windows. I should be up there, he thought, trying to figure some angle on the picture. He shook the thought away. He'd been talking about the trims he wanted to make for a month and nobody would listen. Served 'em right. . . .

Fred was late the next morning. He had taken time to think things out, and despite the weight of his head, he felt singularly lighthearted. He might not have a job, but at the moment he had no picture problems either. Betty was sitting at his accustomed

place at the sound fader. He dropped into a seat behind Lazlo.

Five minutes after the run started, Fred knew something was wrong. A chunk had been lifted from the middle of the first dance number. The ingenue's song was cut a chorus. Those were two of the trims he'd been talking about. Only one person besides himself could have made them. Betty. So it was as he had suspected. She had taken over. Strangely enough he didn't resent it. She'd played the game fair and square like a man, waiting until he had resigned. More power to her.

In front of him Lazlo squirmed. "This is murder," he muttered.

Waldron's voice rose in the dark. "Let's reserve judgment until we see the extent of the mutilation."

EVERY ten minutes another reel unwound. The controversial dream sequence was gone, with its opulent ballroom set that had cost over one hundred thousand dollars. Waldron did the squirming at that. No producer likes to admit that so expensive a tangible can have less value than an evanescent mood. She'll never get away with that, thought Fred, but she's right. As a craftsman he contemplated Betty's work with admiration. She had done a fine job.

The lights went up. Alex Waldron puffed noncommittally on his pipe. Lazlo began to pace the floor. Waldron finally spoke. "This is quite a radical change," he said gruffly.

"And for the better," said Fred. "If anyone cares for my opinion, which I am sure no one does, the picture is compact now, it has pace and sparkle." Betty had done what he had lacked the courage to do. Something warmed in him and he wanted to protect her. "You can release the picture now and be proud of it." He smiled at Betty and made a circle of approval with thumb and forefinger.

Lazlo stopped in front of Waldron. "Chop, chop, chop . . . nuances gone, touches gone, but maybe for the *hoi polloi* this is best. How can I tell? I am too close to it."

"You'd better make up your mind," said Waldron. "Remember your contract."

Lazlo glared at the floor for a moment. "All right, I approve. All things considered, I would say it is fine." He turned to Fred with a scowl. "This is what we should have seen in the first place."

Fred decided to ignore him. Only a creature like Lazlo would rub it in. He spoke to Waldron. "Before I scramble, I'd like to put in a good word for Betty. She's a mighty fine cutter."

"I know all about Betty," said Waldron. "And don't you be an idiot. I didn't accept your resignation. Here." He drew a folded note from his pocket and tossed it to Fred. "I told you this was going to be a tough assignment. Glad you're back in the groove. And look. After working all night, you'd better take the day off. Let's go, Lazlo, I want to talk about the music."

The door closed behind them. Fred glanced at the note. There was his paragraph of resignation all right, and a second paragraph he had never dictated. It read, "However, before I leave, I'm going to show you and Lazlo how the picture should be cut. And if I'm wrong, you can sue me." And then his name typed in capital letters and underlined.

Fred walked over to Betty and looked down at her. There was a funny expression on her face as if she were relieved and frightened and embarrassed all at once. "Look," she said, "all I did was to make the cuts you talked about. And now I'm tired and irritable. If you say anything noble, I'm going to scream and kick you in the shins."

Fred grinned into eyes foggy with sleep. He sounded positively humble. "I merely wanted to remind you that you have a rain check on a date with me . . . and there's a certain roadster I have influence with that knows a back road to the beach. . . ."

"But I'm so groggy," moaned Betty, blinking to keep her eyes open. "I know I'll fall asleep on your shoulder."

"And what," asked Fred, "could possibly be wrong with that?"

THE END

Collier's for December 15, 1945

Vienna's *Ostbahnhof* was almost silent as our guards pushed us through the crowd toward a side exit. Not even the children looked at us. People stood patiently, apathetically, clutching their bags and bundles. I thought I saw a Russian workman, tamping gravel between the track sleepers, raise a finger to his cap as a salute while keeping his eyes fixed on the ground. But perhaps it was just an involuntary movement. Anyhow, I thought, it is a very tiny straw of friendliness to be clutching at this time.

Within an hour we were standing naked on the cold concrete floor of the huge *Landesgericht* prison off Elizabeth Street. Prison guards worked expertly through our clothes for hidden implements. Seams were probed against blades, needles, nails; our trouser buttons were carefully inspected. They knew that magnetized metal buttons had been used to form tiny compasses. Then the body's orifices. Our own Army doctors, I reflected, had never probed with half this determination. Was this simply routine or did they really think these three haggard and cell-drugged officers were dangerous in their condition? Then I remembered a typed instruction sheet on the guards' notice board in Belgrade's underground prison: "A party of three American saboteurs will be brought here tomorrow. Guard carefully against all attempts at suicide."

A brief row developed when we were ordered to put on the gray two-piece homespun uniform and wooden clogs of German civil prisoners. Weak as we were, we put up a spirited show of indignation, and mechanically I went through my citations from the Convention on treatment of prisoners of war. Clearly unprepared for even verbal resistance to an order and unaccustomed to handling military personnel, the guards turned for instructions to *Oberscharführer* Strehlitz.

But Strehlitz, a receipt for our safe delivery in his pocket and trailing his troupe of stone-faced subordinates, was gone. He had left without so much as a *Heil Hitler*.

Confused, the aged *Wachmeister* in command of the guards finally consented to our putting on what remained of our uniforms—but our belts and the long leather laces of our jump boots must stay in his custody. We were then shoved across a huge stone-paved quadrangle and into our respective cells. I had hoped that the three of us might,

through some administrative oversight, be put in the same cell, but we were widely dispersed and on different floors. My cell was on the first floor above ground level and, for a German cell, large. It was about eight feet by twelve and furnished with a low wooden bunk covered by a thin, three-segmented cotton mattress, a three-legged stool, a built-in flush toilet, a three-gallon wooden water jug, an iron ring half-embedded in the stone wall and, hanging from a small hook, a ten-page booklet of prison regulations.

Yes, and a window. So heavily barred vertically and horizontally that one could scarcely get a hand through the squares, but it was a window. My cell in Budapest had been a four-by-five-and-a-half strait jacket of whitewashed walls, windowless and two floors underground. A tomb without the smell of earth. The cell in Budapest had been no better. Whatever might happen here tomorrow, this was a change for the better. There was a window, and through it a patch of sky. I went through the emotional cliché of staring at it hungrily. It was not embarrassing to think that this had been done by every prisoner with the opportunity in the history of prisons.

Hard to Avoid Breaking Rules

In what was left of twilight I read through the prison regulations. They put an interdiction on virtually everything except standing rigidly at attention in the center of the cell. *Strengst verboten*: singing or whistling, appearing at the window, trying to converse with guards or cell inspectors, rapping on walls, making inscriptions of any kind, lying or sitting on the bunk between 7 A.M. and 9 P.M., escaping or planning to escape. . . .

All punishments for violations were severe. Especially severe was the punishment for not reporting on known plans to escape by other prisoners.

Folded on the foot of the bunk was a blanket from which every trace of wool was worn free. On it was stamped *Geheimliche Staatspolizei 1934*. It was a veteran, had probably seen service in Prussia where Goering had created the Gestapo while Prussian Minister of Justice. How many people had slept their last night on earth under it?

On the yellowing mattress head was a rough circle of bloodstain. I felt it. Very dry, perhaps months old, but still stiff. Apparently these search experts missed something now and then. What a fever of buck-passing this must have produced among the



"The idea! What are you doing in my closet?"



"Why, I—I was . . . was only looking—"

"Looking for a street car, I suppose! Well, when I want you sneaking into my closet just before Christmas, I'll tell you!"

"Ah, hon—you know it's *nearly* Christmas. You know how much I want—"



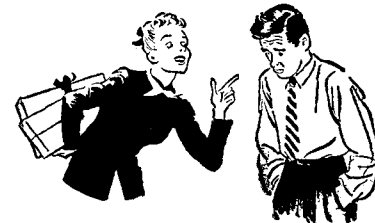
"Oh, all right! I scoured the town, and that stunning Arrow Collar is all you

said, darling." "What'd I tell you—hey?"

"And—the salesman showed me what that Arrow Mitoga figure-fit did for him—and he was no 'Mr. America.'"

"Swell! And the buttons, hon?"

"They're *really anchored*, as you said!



And Arrows are Sanforized-labeled—can't shrink even 1%! Ah-ah! No . . . you . . . *don't!* You're not wearing a new Arrow Shirt to that pre-Christmas Office Party! Why, Mr. Lent, I might never see you again!"

SORRY! We're making all the Arrows we can, but there *still* aren't enough to meet the demand. We can only say: "Sorry—keep trying!"

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



"Quick, Henry! Tell me that two other people jumped with you!"

COLLIER'S

JOHN M. PRICE



When you give an
Autopoint
TRADE MARK
PENCIL
You give years of
Trouble-Free Writing

Beautifully designed "Autopoint" pencils are made with infinite care, yet are moderately priced. Their balanced construction and foolproof mechanism will give years of trouble-free writing. Proud owners will cherish an "Autopoint" pencil because of these famous features:

GRIP-TITE TIP Holds Leads Firmly

This amazing, exclusive feature holds leads firmly down to the last $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. Makes it impossible for leads to wobble, turn or fall out.

Can't Clog or Jam!

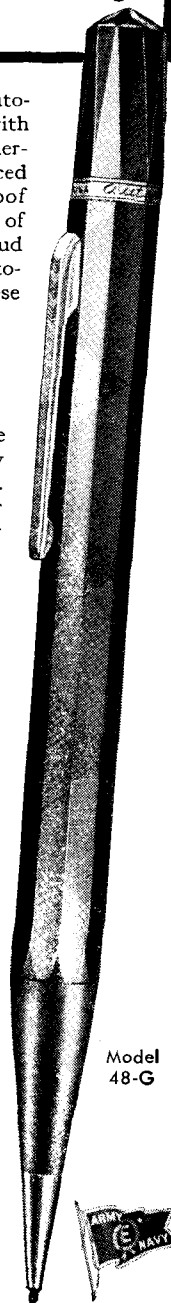
No clogging or jamming of leads with an "Autopoint" pencil. The simple, foolproof mechanism gives you unfailing dependability.

Breech Loader!

Leads are loaded from the rear. The plunger feeds the lead as needed. The Grip-Tite tip assures smooth, even writing.

The choice of Business Firms

For many years "Autopoint" pencils have been the choice of business organizations for employee use and for building sales. Choose for yourself the pencil industry has proved best.



Model
48-G

Autopoint
TRADE MARK
BETTER PENCILS

AUTOPOINT COMPANY, 1801 Foster, Chicago 40, Ill.

prison officials. That stain was probably a permanent blotch on many an employment record.

I turned to examine the cell door. It was a solid steel sheet. Cut into its center was a foot-square drop door. This was typical Gestapo engineering. The drop door, unlocked from the outside, would fall out like a drawbridge to form a small shelf. On this, food was placed by a trusty. If you didn't snatch it quickly it would come flying into the cell as a second trusty flipped it shut. Above it was a tiny peephole, another Gestapo hallmark. It was covered by a flap on the outside. The flap could be quietly slid aside by a guard to spy on you inside. But move as quietly as he might, one could feel his eye against the peephole, feel it as clearly as the touch of a cold hand on a warm back.

Next, the walls. Nothing special about them but for the embedded iron ring. That, of course, would be for chaining prisoners to the wall. Perhaps they were picking out the proper length of chain now. But no one came to the cell that night. Except the bed-bugs, which poured in by the hungry hundreds as soon as darkness came.

Next morning I was awakened by a dull thumping on the wall opposite my bunk. I thought I counted ten thumps. Crossing the cell, I returned ten blows with the heel of my fist and waited. After a couple of seconds ten thumps came back.

This is all very interesting, I thought, but it isn't getting us far. I tried a few standard Morse signals. Again, ten thumps. I sent a few words in German. In French. There were many Frenchmen in Nazi jails; perhaps . . . ten thumps.

The Horrors of Suspense

Irritated, I left the wall. The excitement of anticipated communion was gone. The fellow didn't know Morse; I didn't know what ten thumps might mean. We were needlessly wearing ourselves out. I felt a terrible desire to know what time it was, to have some fixed point against which to measure the day's monotony. Let's see, this is the morning of June fifth. The hundred and twelfth day of solitary confinement. Mechanically I commenced pacing the stone floor. Three steps, wheel; three steps, wheel. Slower, slower or you'll be getting dizzy. Crunch out the heart of a second of time with each step. . . .

At what I felt to be about ten o'clock, the flap in the door dropped suddenly outward. On it appeared a cut of black bread about the size of a slice of restaurant cake. I snatched it just as the flap was flipped shut by a hand whose thin length there was barely time to distinguish. This was probably the bread ration for the entire day. Carefully, so as not to let too many crumbs escape, I broke off a small piece and munched at it slowly. It was very sour and had a high percentage of sawdust in it. I took a long draught of water from the jug, hoping that the sawdust would expand in my stomach.

Perhaps two hours later the door flap dropped again. This time I was waiting for it and through the open square caught a glimpse of a young man with a lean, intelligent face who took an aluminum bowl of soup from a table tray on wheels and placed it on the shelf made by the door flap.

As he went on to the next cell a second person, bald and stooped, flipped the shelf shut in my face without so much as a glance in my direction. I had just got the bowl away in time. These, I supposed, were *Hausarbeiter*, released from their cells for a few hours each day to do the prison's menial labor. In the eyes of other prisoners they had marvelously free and adventurous lives.

The soup was the repugnantly green color of bile, slimy and slightly viscous. Something the Germans called *Mangold*. It went down, all of it. This would be the first of the two meals a day. For a moment I struggled with the temptation to eat the rest of the bread and overcame it. It would be a long day. They all were.

For a while I resumed pacing the floor, but soon stopped. It would be foolish to burn up needlessly the few calories the body could extract from the soup. I lay down on the bunk, hoping that this violation of the prison

regulations would provoke a guard to enter the cell and give me an opportunity to get off another protest. Slowly I rehearsed what I would say. Be more overbearing than they were. That was the line. Demand to see the prison director, the Red Cross, the Protecting Power, the *Kreiskommandant* in charge of prisoners of war, anybody big-sounding. You never got to see anybody, but an aggressive show of indignation marked you out from the rank and file of prisoners and sometimes saved you the petty abuses and indignities in which the guards were such expert practitioners. Pretending to sleep, I kept an almost closed eye on the peephole in the door. At length, dulled by the monotony of waiting, I fell asleep.

It must have been late afternoon when I awakened to hear a distant voice. It seemed to be coming through my open window. I went to the window and pulled myself up by the bars so that I could see most of the courtyard and two sides of the five-floored building surrounding it. There was the voice again: "*Camarade Americain, camarade Americain! Viens à la fenêtre!*"

Searching the barred windows to my left, I finally spotted a head appearing above the sill of a window on the fifth floor. "Ah, there you are," came the voice in French. "A comrade in the cell to your right has a message for you. Watch for it."

At this moment a stick with a piece of paper tied to its tip appeared before my bars from the right. With some difficulty I got my hand through the bars and detached the paper. I dropped from the window and, keeping my back to the peephole, unfolded the penciled note. It read: "Dear Sir Amerikaner: Friends without newswires desire talk with you. Please push water down in W.C. as in picture. Politisch prisoner." Beneath the note was a sketch of the toilet with an arrow indicating the neck of the evacuation pipe. I returned to the window for a moment to yell to the Frenchman to tell the comrade alongside that I understood his message, then dropped back to inspect the toilet.

Behind the bowl I found a square of heavy cloth, apparently intended as a mop rag for cleaning the cell floor. With this I began

pushing at the water in the exit pipe. At first it seemed useless, the water level remaining constant, but after fifteen or twenty minutes of labor the level was below the neck of the exit pipe. A rush of foul air into the bowl indicated that there was now a clear air passage. At this moment I heard a muffled "Hallo. Speak German?"

Face down in the bowl, I answered that I did. There, kneeling in that ridiculous posture, turning apprehensively every few seconds for a strained look at the peephole in the cell door, I became a witness, more by ear than by eye, to what was for me one of the most moving experiences of the war.

A Political Prisoner's Story

Within the following hour I learned much about the prison and about many of the prisoners. The man in the cell next to mine with whom I was talking gave his name as Gerhardt Lange. He was a Viennese, he said, and a *Mischling*, the German designation for persons of mixed Jewish-Gentile parentage. For about a year after *Anschluss* he had not been molested beyond being deprived of his job as a typographer and restricted in his movements to a certain section of the city. Early in 1940 he had been arrested by the Gestapo on suspicion of "organizing." For some months prior to his arrest he had been active as a delivery agent for an underground organization representing a coalition of several liberal and left political groups. The group had circulated a limited amount of organizational news but devoted itself in the main to trying to reach the outside world with a coherent and continuous story of what was actually transpiring in Austria after its incorporation into *Grossdeutschland*. This had been four and a half years ago. Since his arrest he had not left his cell except for a brief, approximately annual interrogation and beating. No trial, no formal charge, no conviction.

This was an *Untersuchungsgefängnis*. It contained but two kinds of prisoners; those against whom charges were being "investigated," and those awaiting execution after sentence of death. The prison was huge,

QUICK THINKING

THE THINKER

Minister,
Hydro, Okla.

Property Man,
Hollywood

Gentleman,
Lewiston, Idaho

Motorist,
Tacoma

Farmer,
Fort Scott, Kan.

Passer-by,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Crook,
Chicago

Lady,
Calgary, Alta.

Burglar,
Omaha

THE THOUGHT

Upon contracting mumps, he installed a loud-speaker on his lawn and delivered his sermon from bed.

When actors on a movie set kept eating the sugared almonds off a cake, he substituted moth balls.

When a restaurant refused to sell him cheese to take home, he ordered "two cheese sandwiches, untoasted and without bread."

When his car struck a pedestrian he stopped, ran back and stole the pedestrian's wallet.

When an angry bull attacked him, he grabbed its horns and bit its nose until it backed away.

When a lady motorist asked him to help her open the locked door of her car he picked up a brick and tossed it through a window.

When a policeman confronted him with a worthless check he had cashed, he seized the paper and swallowed it.

When held up by a bandit she dropped her purse on the sidewalk and sat down on it until he fled.

When unable to force a wall safe, he posed as the house owner and summoned a safe expert and induced him to drill it open.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN

There's a new Hudson coming to town!

Plan to see the exciting 1946 models that bring new meaning to a fine old name

More than ever before, it will pay you to "shop around" before you buy your next new car—to compare style, features, prices, values.

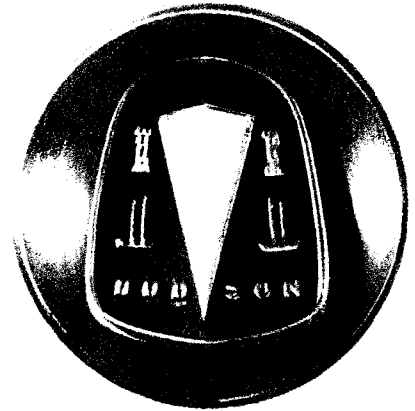
Hudson, presenting new Sixes and Eights for 1946, welcomes such comparison. And we join your nearest Hudson dealer in an invitation to see these exciting cars when they appear at his showroom.

Styling is new—outside and in. So are colors, upholstery, hardware and appointments. New luxury touches are everywhere.

Underneath, you will find the performance for which Hudson is famous—the many protective features that have made it America's *safest* car—and the reliability and endurance which have won so many new friends for Hudson in difficult years of wartime driving.

Ask your Hudson dealer about "no-clutch, no-shift" driving with Hudson Drive-Master. Ask about the Hudson Weather-Master, which assures you of conditioned air comfort the year around.

These cars are soundly engineered, painstakingly built. Materials and workmanship were never finer. You will find your Hudson dealer ready to help you choose a model you can own with pride and drive with complete satisfaction.



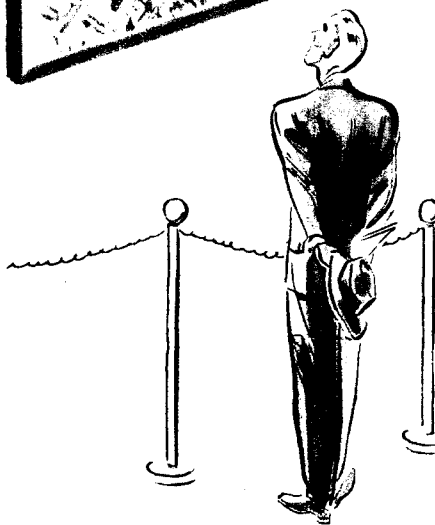
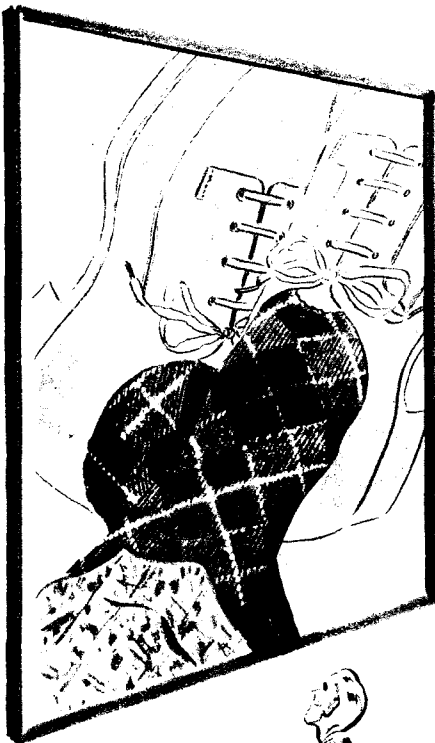
The distinctive Hudson Triangle emblem—in a new dress for a new day—will soon be a familiar sight on America's highways.

HUDSON

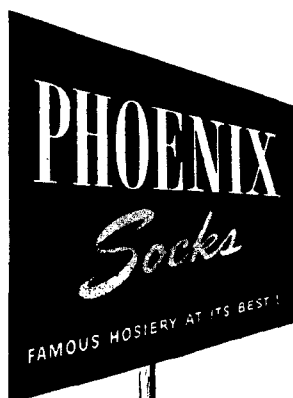
HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN



The Fine Car of 1946... offered in a Super Series and a distinguished Commodore Series. Choice, in either series, of the famous 102-horsepower Super-Six and 128-horsepower Super-Eight Hudson Engines—and a variety of body styles. Pictured here, the Commodore Sedan for six passengers.



style,
comfort
and service
...fine arts
with Phoenix



PHOENIX
HOSIERY
COMPANY

Milwaukee 1,
Wisconsin

containing almost 5,000 prisoners, but the inmates were a close and intimate family although many had never seen and would perhaps never see each other. Through the interlocking disposal pipes of the toilet system a daily converse was carried on involving, indirectly, thousands of individuals. They called it the "house telephone."

"But what about talking from window to window on the quadrangle?" I asked. "Isn't that easier, and more pleasant?"

Problems in Acoustics

Well, it was certainly more pleasant, but it was dangerous and cumbersome. It could be used as a means of communication only for ten minutes a day, during an afternoon change of the guards in the quadrangle, and prisoners in the same block of cells could not speak directly with one another since voices would not carry well except across an angle of the yard. He, for example, had called repeatedly for me to come to the window without my hearing him. He had therefore been obliged to ask the Frenchman, off at an angle from my cell, to attract my attention in order that I could be given the note.

"What did the ten raps on the wall signify?" I asked.

Lange laughed. "I knew that would puzzle you if you didn't know, but I took a chance that you might. It is our signal for 'Come to the telephone.' From six to nine-thirty in the morning and from eleven-thirty, after the first soup, until five in the afternoon, when the second soup comes, it is reasonably safe to talk like this. After the second soup it is more dangerous because the guards patrol the corridors more frequently in the evening, but it can be done safely if one is brief and careful. If a guard starts to enter the cell while you are talking you must say 'Stop, stop' into the pipe very quickly, then flush the toilet. Otherwise the guard could listen in on the conversation of prisoners in other cells."

Suddenly a second muffled voice cut into our conversation, a voice supernaturally rich and resonant as it rumbled through the pipe. It asked to speak to the American officer. Lange solemnly introduced me. The second voice, it told me, was that of *Der Schwarze*, the black one. That was his prison name, he said, because other prisoners claimed his voice came through the pipe with a deep "black" sound. I could see what they meant. The voice sounded like an echo from the pits of hell. He said he would not give me his real name. He had not used it for five years nor did he intend to until, if ever, he was a free man.

Der Schwarze was not inclined to give information about himself, nor did I press him to do so. He had, however, an enormous thirst for information about America. There was a torrent of questions about the New York stage, most of which, as a Westerner, I could not even attempt to answer. About Hollywood I was on firmer ground, and quickly brought him up to date on the film industry. He chuckled with satisfaction when informed that Shirley Temple had returned to pictures. He went on from subject to subject as though reading from a prepared questionnaire. He was, he said, questioning me in behalf of a group on another telephone "exchange," with whom only he had direct connection. What about the rationing system in America? How did manpower controls work? Was there really a chance for an independent Austria after the war? How were our relations with the Russians? Was it true that the Allies had developed an amphibious tank? Did our military government organization have adequate personnel to take over the administration of Germany when she was defeated? Did they have a political policy? Had they worked out a common plan with the Russians? Was it true that a Liberty ship had been built in nine days?

One by one other voices came in, some introducing themselves, others simply cutting in abruptly with questions. There must have been seven of us in the conference at one time. I was so excited at being unexpectedly thrown into a company of sympathetic human beings and with the realization that this miserable toilet, this almost obscene instrument, could be a magic and unsuspected

escape trap into a kind of freedom, that sweat was pouring in streams off my face into the bowl.

Suddenly a sharp voice cut in: "Go to your windows. You can see them now. They are just coming out."

Hurriedly I stood up. My head swam with the sudden change in posture. My back ached. I realized that we must have been in conversation for far more than an hour.

Entering the quadrangle from a gateway diagonally opposite my window I could make out five men in prison drab. They came in my direction slowly, pressed closely together and with a curious shuffle, walking abreast. Behind and to the left and right of them, rifles at the ready, walked three guards. As the group drew closer, I could see that the prisoners were shackled together, hand and foot. The quiet, almost rhythmic clatter of their clogs over the cobblestones reminded me suddenly of a death rattle. It was a horrible, choking noise, faintly magnified and echoing distortedly in the vast hollow of the yard. They labored painfully forward, eyes directed straight ahead. Just as the five were passing out of my line of vision a prisoner at the far end of the group raised his eyes toward a cell high above my own and slowly nodded his head twice. There was a half-smile on his lips. Then they filed out of sight.

After a moment's staring into the silent courtyard I returned to crouch by the toilet. "Gerhardt," I called. "Do you know who those men are?"

Lange's solemn voice came back: "Yes, those were five of twenty-seven who will be executed tomorrow morning. Every Tuesday is guillotine day."

He then told me what to listen for in the morning in order to know what was happening. He gave instructions in great detail, in the manner of one who knows thoroughly what he is talking about. All prisoners sentenced to death were executed within ninety-nine days after sentence was passed, he told me. "Once sentenced, they are put into special cells on the *parterre*, just beneath our cells. They are kept chained to the wall night and day. On the day before they are

executed they are taken to the infirmary and bled for the German blood bank. They are left just enough blood to keep them alive another day. That's where you just saw five of them coming from."

I asked what most of the twenty-seven had been convicted of. Lange did not know the offenses of two, but said the remainder had all been convicted of political offenses, most of them having been members of a united-front underground organization which embraced the major elements of old Austrian political life—Social Democrats, Communists, Catholics, and thousands of hitherto unaffiliated individuals. Their only purpose was to break the Nazi grip on Austria, by whatever means they could command—propaganda, sabotage, the furnishing of strategic information to Russia and the Allies. They were caught by the hundreds weekly, but somehow they kept on—not a mass organization, not one that could take to the streets yet, but a big nucleus of previously divergent groups which had found in the Nazis an enemy so overwhelmingly common to them all that they had almost by reflex found themselves working in common for its destruction. It had been a simple decision, to fight back together. It had not even been a decision. It had been an iron necessity of the hour. Now the movement was gaining momentum; hence the necessity for the severest Nazi countermeasures in mass proportions.

A Trickle of Supplies—and News

Occasionally, Lange went on, a little help came in from outside. Men who had escaped into Russian or Allied territory would come back with radios, small amounts of sabotage equipment, instructions, news and, most important of all perhaps, word that the outside world was with them.

I remembered the March night on which the three of us had clambered into our plane on a blacked-out Italian airfield. Two tight-lipped Austrian boys in camouflaged jump suits had sat in the belly of the Halifax, nervously checking and rechecking the straps of their radio chute as the plane made for Vienna. When the jumpmaster's signal



"Do you think you'll like me in civilian clothes, darling, with the glamor of the uniform gone?"

COLLIER'S

MICHAEL BERRY

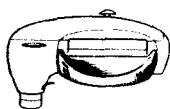
Now your G-E All-Electric Laundry can "come true"!

See the new G-E Washer—learn about
"Quicker-Cleaner" Washing—at your dealer's!



ISN'T IT wonderful! That gleaming, work-saving G-E Home Laundry equipment you've been waiting for is at your dealer's.

See the new G-E Washer "at work." See how quickly it gets clothes clean—*really* clean. Look over its wonderful features (and remember only G-E has them *all*). Features like . . .

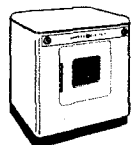


ONE-CONTROL SAFETY WRINGER! Simple to operate, and *only* G-E has it! *One control* starts, reverses, releases. A little knob automatically regulates correct, even pressure for every fabric—from heavy woolens to dainty frills!

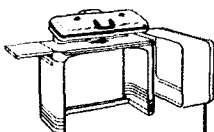
"ACTIVATOR ACTION"! The gentlest washing action you ever saw—but relentless when it comes to chasing out dirt and grime. Saves your clothes. Saves *you*.

"PERMADRIVE MECHANISM"! Expertly engineered for years of attention-free service. Only 4 moving parts. Needs no oiling.

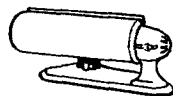
And see all these other G-E All-Electric Laundry wonders. Then place your order with your dealer—*now*. General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.



G-E AUTOMATIC TUMBLER DRYER! Gently "tumbles" clothes dry—and does it *indoors*, in wet or sunny weather. Does away with clotheslines, carrying heavy baskets.



G-E AUTOMATIC FLATPLATE IRONER! Zips you through a big ironing in much less time than you'd think possible—and you can **SIT DOWN** while you iron! 300-square-inch surface turns out two flat pieces at once . . . irons shirts and dresses, too. Automatically controlled heat.



G-E PORTABLE ROTARY IRONER! Weighs only 33 pounds, but does a man-size job. Inexpensive to own and operate.

Watch for the new G-E Automatic Washer! Washes, rinses, damp-dries, turns itself off. A real Washday wonder!

 *All-Electric Laundry*
GENERAL ELECTRIC

At long last,
we can sing again
Of "peace on earth
good will toward men"

LIGHTS WILL TWINKLE gaily this Christmas Eve in millions of windows all over the world.

Hearts will be overflowing with gladness as families, reunited, toast the Yuletide Season.

Even those with loved ones still far away will be joyous in the knowledge of their safety.

And once again, on this, the first Christmas of world peace in so many grim years, Seagram's Fine Whiskies will play a proud and time-honored part in the festivities.

For through the years America has made this satisfying discovery... that "Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas."

Give Seagram's
and be Sure
of the Finest

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Seagram-Distillers Corp., Chrysler Building, New York

DURENCEAU

*Only the Finest is Fine
Enough for Christmas*

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN

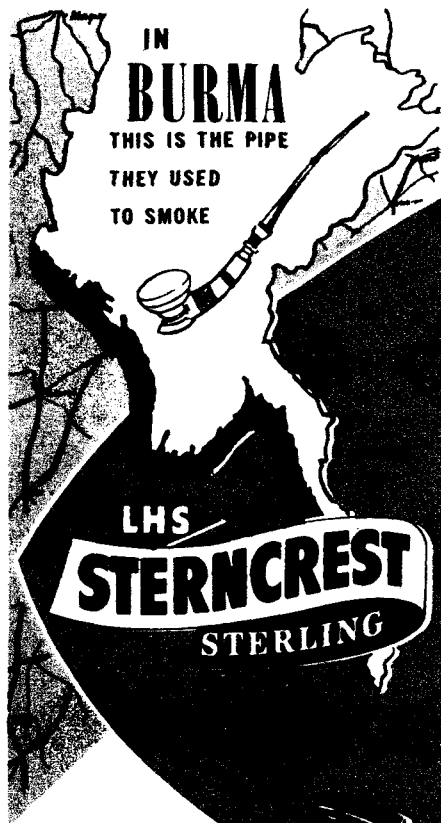
deliciously light, delicately smooth, this rare whiskey is a compliment to your own good taste! Blended Whiskey, 72% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Seagram's finest American whiskey... designed for your pleasure today, tomorrow and always! Blended Whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S V. O.

Canadian whisky at its glorious best... to give you the world's lightest highball! A blend of rare selected whiskies. 86.8 Proof.



Now, HOORAY, they're coming back again — puffing on those mellow LHS's. And you can be too, because more and more of these fine pipes are going into civilian channels. Though your dealer might not have all models on hand now — you can still be assured of an ever increasing selection of pipes that are of pre-war quality and workmanship.

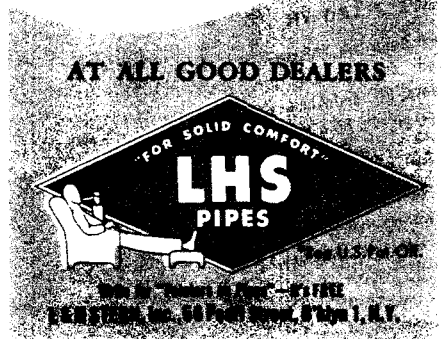
\$5

Model No. 53
Antique Finish
Sterling Silver Band

IMPORTED BRIAR

Dozens of other handsome models in Plain and Antique Finish.
LHS Sterncrest 14K . . . \$7.50
Other famous LHS Pipes from \$1 up.

Keep on Buying Victory Bonds



came, over the *Wienerwald*, they had slid quietly out of the plane's belly into the night. They were going back. Quietly they dropped, like stones into a dark well. . . . And the chute attached to their packed radios hadn't opened. Voiceless in the wilderness. . . . Could they be among tomorrow's twenty-seven? I didn't even know their names. As they slid toward the hole I had yelled an encouraging "*Hals und Beinbruch*" at them, but I didn't even know their names. Just a couple of guys going back in with a lot of guts — and no radios. Maybe I should ask Lange if he had heard of. . . .

I shook myself. Get off of this theme, brother, let it ride. You may be on your way to the blood bank yourself, one of these Mondays.

Lange was still talking. "The movement is now too strong for mere killings to kill it. It will be strong enough to take care of itself after the war, too. It will be impossible for anyone outside to play one part off against another."

I thought I caught an inflection there intended especially for me, but I was a bit keyed up. "The Nazis have already tried it. But still," he hesitated, "tomorrow will be a bitter day. You will feel it."

After a short pause he came back with the suggestion that we break off until after the second soup, which was due shortly. We could talk some more later. He would rap ten times on the wall when he was ready.

I stood up and began working the cramps out of my back. The faces of the five shackled men moved about the cell with me, the shaven heads, the bony, bearded cheeks, the clogged feet shuffling from one to another. Tomorrow, at 9:30 in the morning!

Well, my mind shrugged, reaching into the comparative to find some reconciliation to tomorrow's impending tragedy other than its stark, unrelated acceptance, these twenty-seven will take what they get in the full knowledge of what, for them, it's all about. A lot of boys in my gang have had theirs on the beaches and in the defiles of this war without the faintest conception of why or what for. Of the two kinds of tragedy isn't theirs the greater?

The Second Bowl of Soup

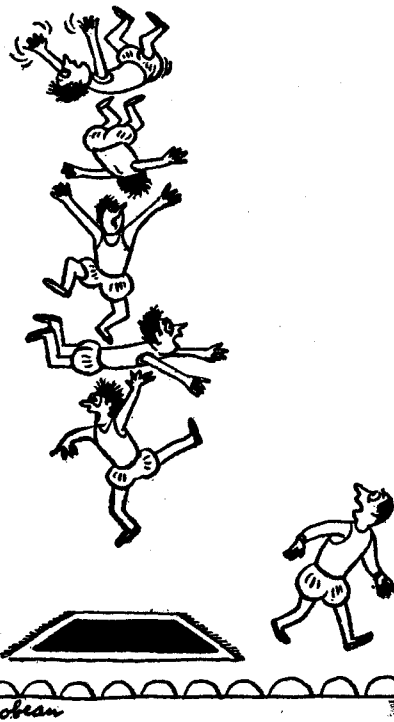
The door flap dropped with a small metallic crash and the day's second soup appeared. Mechanically I snatched up the bowl. A hand appeared in the open square left by the flap. It pointed toward the empty bowl on the table alongside the wooden water job, the bowl which had contained this morning's bile-green soup. I picked it up, placed it on the shelf. The hand took it. The flap slammed shut. I was alone with the second soup. This time it was very thin. The bottom of the bowl was lined with a brown grain with the appearance of millet. It was millet. Quickly I dispatched the soup and reached for what remained of the bread, congratulating myself that in the day's excitement I had neglected to eat more of it earlier.

Again I lay down on the bunk, waiting for Lange's ten thumps. They were several minutes in coming. This time it took me only a couple of minutes to force the water in the toilet pipe low enough to create an air passage. Lange's voice rumbled up, excited: "Listen, one of the men you saw in the quadrangle today wants to speak with you. His name is Erich Launer. Remember it, in case. . . . Hallo, Erich, here he is; this is the American soldier. Go ahead."

"Grüss Gott, Erich," I said. "I saw you for a moment today. . . ." I fought to find something to say. Even if I had had hours in which to compose something for the occasion it would have been impossible. What could I say to him?

"Grüss Gott, Amerikanischer Kamerad," his voice came up evenly. "I am chained to the wall in the cell beneath yours. I am next to the toilet, so I can talk to you for a moment. We have a few questions you might be able to answer. I will be quick. First, will the Allies invade the Continent this year?"

I tried to speak with the confidence I had felt four months earlier: "They will certainly come. They will come before the end of the month. The delay has not been a delay toward victory. When they come they



"I Forgot to Buy an Extra Victory Bond!"

will come in a continuous rush which will not stop until they have joined with the Russians." It would not be my opinion which would help him, I felt; it would be the way I felt about it, the way I sounded.

"We do not count," he said. "Tomorrow we will go, but if they come soon there will be much left to salvage. In six months many more of us will be gone. . . . Another question was this: Do people outside really know about us, do they feel with us?"

That was a hard one to answer confidently, too. Did they? "They know much more than you think, Erich. The war, for people outside, is more than just a military struggle. Millions of our people have never seen the Nazis but only know them, through people like those in your movement. But they are fighting them in the same spirit and for the same reasons that you did."

"It is good for us to hear that," he said. "We know it already, but it is somehow good to hear it fresh, in a way, from someone from outside. The only other question is

one which you cannot, of course, answer, but tell us what you think: Once you have beaten the Nazis, will you work with or against people like us?"

I knew exactly what he meant, but rather than give a qualified answer, which honesty would require, I answered rhetorically: "With whom else could we work?"

He laughed, as if understandingly, and said, "Well, that will depend in the main, I suppose, on people like us. We would like very much to work with you and we hope that there will be no chance that we should have to work without or against you. In any case it will not be a problem for any of us down here."

There was a moment's silence. Then: "The guard is coming. *Lebewohl, Amerikaner. Remember us to your people.*"

"Goodby," I said. "I will."

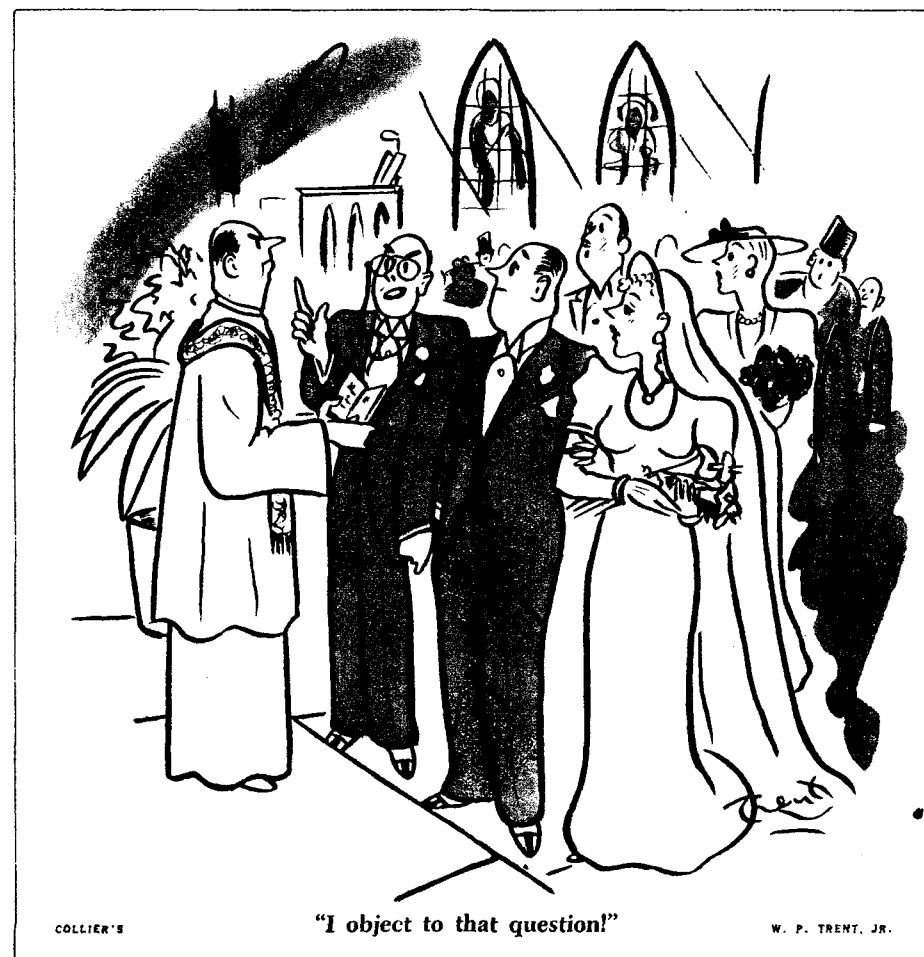
Death March for Twenty-Seven

Tuesday, June 6th, was a clear, bright day in Vienna. There was no rap from Lange that morning. A deeper quiet than ever seemed to hang over the prison. I concentrated on listening for the sounds about which Lange had forewarned me. At what I guessed to be about nine o'clock there was a clang of cell doors being shut. That must be the *Hausarbeiter* being locked up. In a few minutes, ear close to the edge of my door, I could hear a rattling of keys and cells being unlocked. A pause. In a loud but unclear voice a guard began calling out names: *Heinrich Bergdorf, Leopold Vierwald, Erich Launer. . . .* After each name one could hear the shuffling clatter of clogs on stone. . . . Twenty-six, twenty-seven. A heavier clatter could be heard as the file moved off down the corridor. Then a high, sharp cry: "*Rächt uns!*" — Avenge us! The noise of the clogs faded slowly.

It could have been an hour, even two hours, before the door flap dropped. The hand which placed the piece of black bread on the shelf seemed to pause for a second before withdrawing. I snatched the bread and bit into it in almost the same motion, trembling with hunger. My teeth struck something resistant but not unyielding. I took it from my mouth. It was a tiny piece of paper, folded several times. I unrolled it, brushing off crumbs and saliva.

In pencil, in a clear, scholarly hand, the note read: "This morning, June 6, 1944, the Allies are to land on the coast of Normandy. Congratulations, sir! Live the Freedom!"

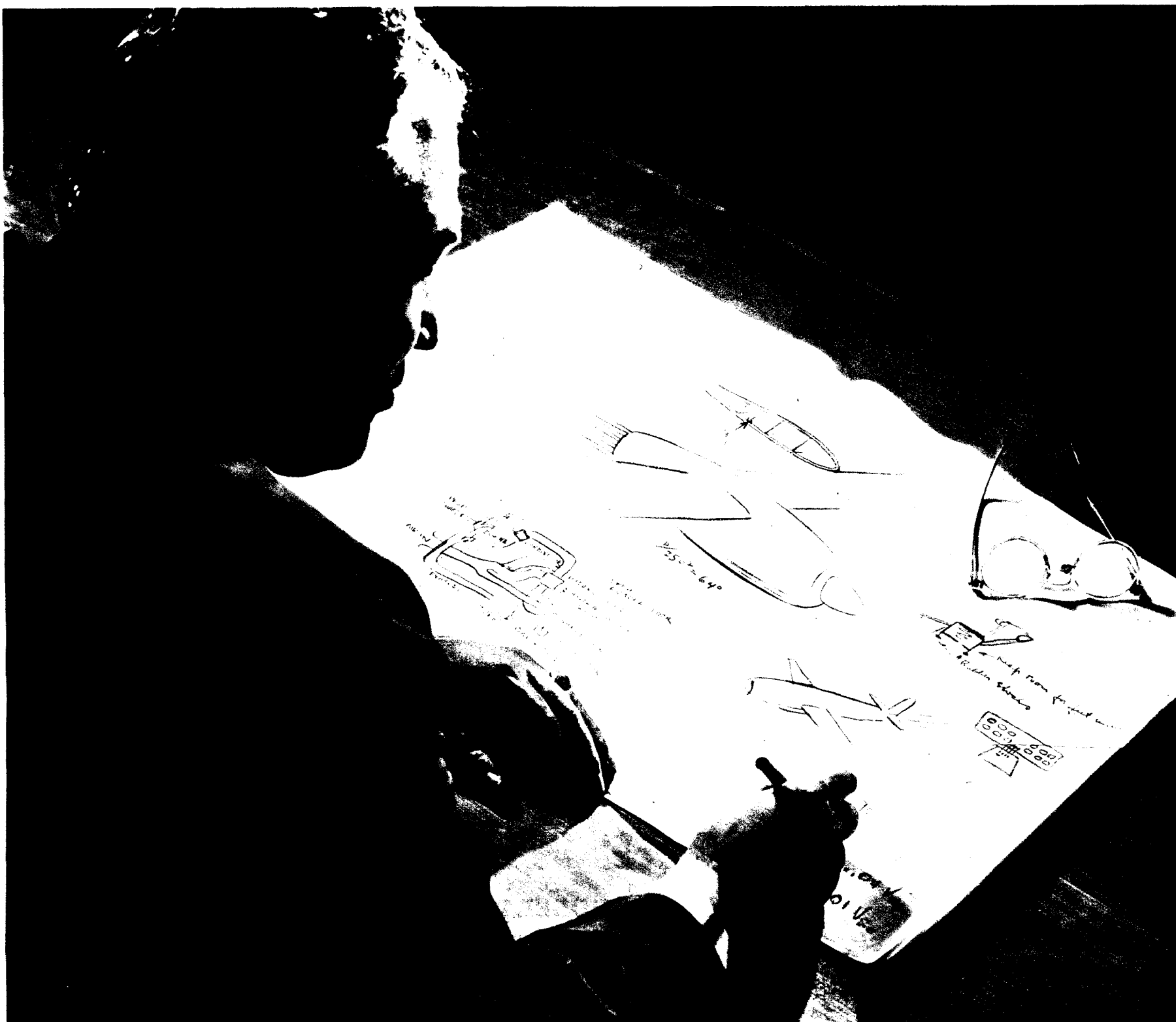
THE END



"I object to that question!"

COLLIER'S

W. P. TRENT, JR.



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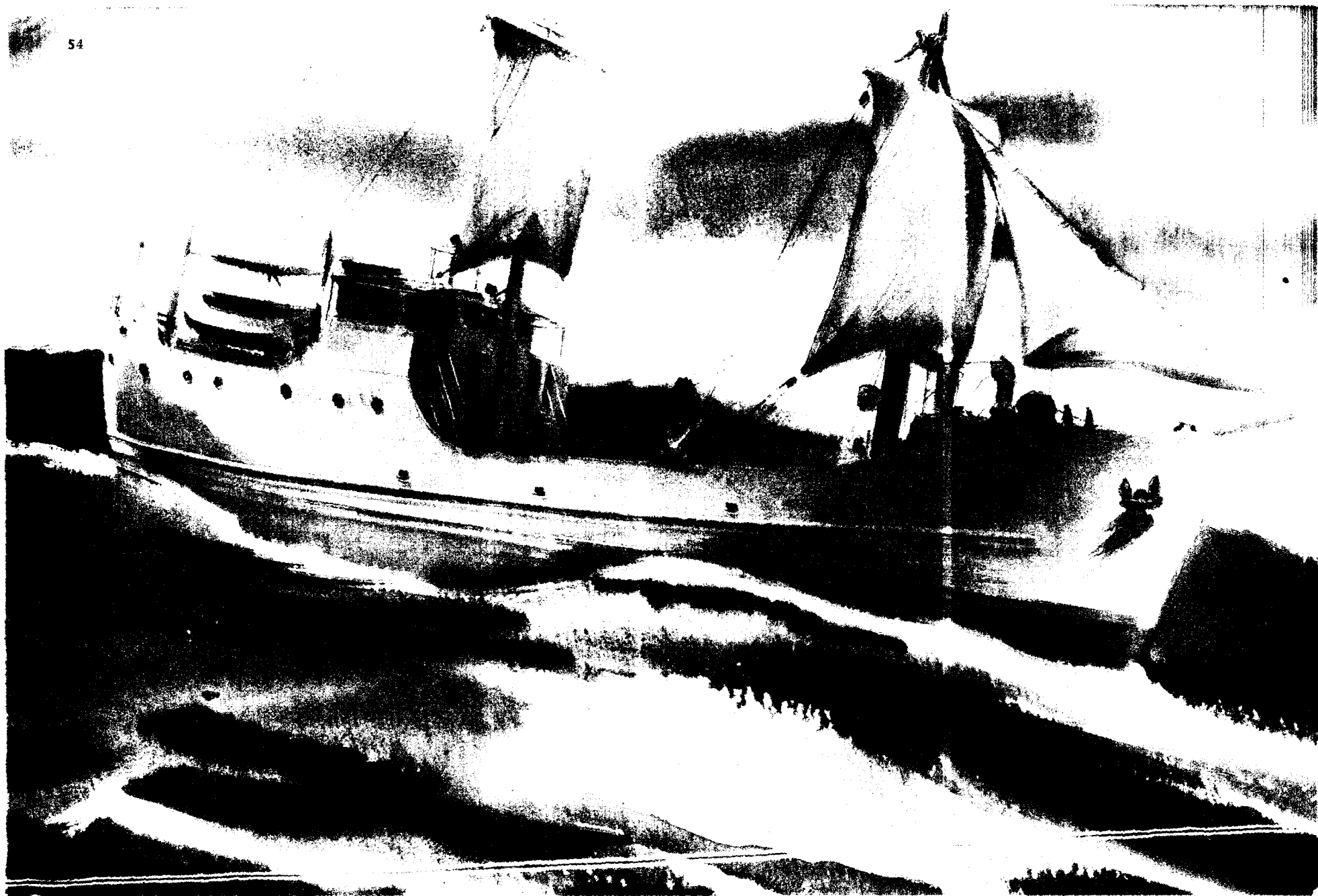
You can't stop such men. You can't suppress their fierce enthusiasm or their amazing technical skill. Now that the war is over, they'll go right on creating and improving airplanes for the greater peacetime age of flight—the commercial transports and military aircraft that will make and keep America strong in the air.

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"We had one beautiful squall that shrieked through our rigging and battered us with rain. Our spirits grew more optimistic"

BACK TO THE WINDJAMMER

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT V. OWEN

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

When your motor ship breaks down in the Pacific, you rig her for sail and head for the nearest tropical island—if you can

THE last thing any of us thought about this summer evening as the F-14 chugged out of Honolulu Harbor and met the first Pacific swells was that we should end up going to war on a windjammer and being castaways on a picture-book island complete with grass skirts, taro root, coconuts, palm trees, barbecued pig and lovely golden-brown native girls—particularly me.

The F-14 was my first command, a trim little 200-ton Diesel freighter a hundred feet long, carrying supplies for Army Transportation Service for the Army Air Forces out on South Pacific islands. Also, I was in charge of a small convoy—which is quite a step up from being mate on intercoastal freighters.

There were sixteen of us that evening, as the F-14 got its signals from the Aloha Tower and headed out, past the blink of the Barber's Point Light and on our course to the southwest. Three were Army men; the rest were coastal seamen and fishermen. The only deep-water men were Chief Engineer Wendell Myers of New Orleans and myself. I held "any ocean" mate's papers. But what I knew about rigging and handling sailing ships you could stick in your eye. I learned, though. I had to. So did the other fifteen of us.

Trouble started the first day out. From then on, we had nothing but bad luck. A gale built up the seas and, low as we were, our visibility was almost nothing. One after another the other ships of the convoy disappeared. They were supposed to keep in touch with the F-14, as the convoy leader, but the storm sent them scurrying away. We went on alone, plunging through the seas, taking them green over our forecastle.

Well, I thought, we'll all ride it out and meet again at the rendezvous point hundreds of miles distant.

I was on the bridge three days later, half dead from lack of sleep, when I noticed a peculiar whine to the engines.

Wendell Myers called up through the voice tube. "Having gear trouble, Captain," he said. "How long they'll last I don't know."

The chart showed me the nearest land was Baker Island, a thousand miles southwest. I altered course to try to make it. We might find an anchorage there and repair the engine. The grinding screech of the faulty gears grew shriller.

We kept going at slow speed. Two days later Myers reported, "Those gears won't last another day, Captain."

"You think they'll last six hundred fifty miles, Chief?"

"I doubt it—but we'll keep turning 'em over until they give out."

I turned in, dead tired. There was nothing more I could do. All the crew were on edge—waiting for the silence that would mark the end of the voyage. It came, early in the

morning. The shrill scream of the gears, rising higher and higher, stopped suddenly with a whine. Then silence. The ship fell off into the trough of the waves, rolling heavily. The waves pounded the steel sides like a drum.

I turned in my bunk and called the engine room.

"They've frozen, Captain. Nothing we can do. No spares. No way to repair them," was Myers' report.

Adrift in the Rolling Sea

I hesitated to use the radio. We were under orders to maintain silence unless in the gravest emergency. Well, here we were, adrift with a cargo of war stuff and sixteen men. We could drift until we starved; our chance for hitting an island was very small—and if we did, it might be only a desert atoll. I roused Sergeant I. Levine, our sparks.

By the waning stars I got a good fix on our position, gave it to Sergeant Levine and told him to report us adrift 550 miles northeast of Baker, using the code and a distress band. It was Levine's first trip to sea, and the disappointment when our calls went unanswered nearly got him down.

I rationed food and water at once. No one knew how long we might swing idly in the mid-Pacific swells, inching along in the slow current. We were still in the northeast trades, with a moderate sea running from the east. The equatorial set, however, was to the west, which drifted us in that direction. This took us, every hour, farther from Baker or How-

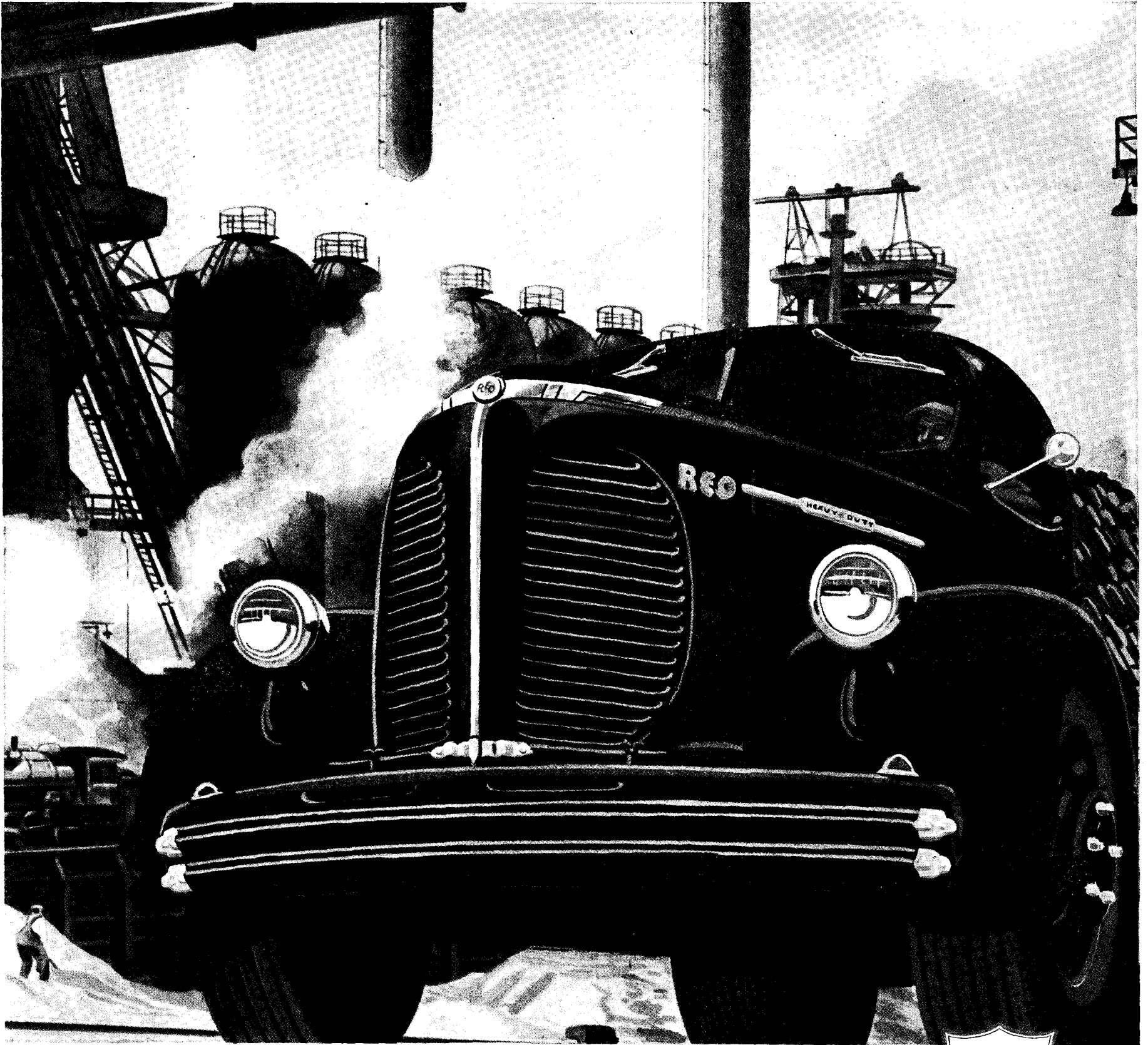
land islands. The day passed under the baking sun, with Levine pounding brass to a empty world, and only the dim hum of the generators and the occasional scream of a gull to break the dead silence. I began to remember stories I'd read of long, killing boat voyages from wrecked clippers and whalers. . . .

That gave me an idea. Why not make windjammer out of the F-14. It was better than doing nothing. If we could get sail on her we might make some southing and slow steer toward a likely island. I talked it over with Chief Officer Herb Floyd, a rangy Oklahoma man, and Jack Maier of Seattle, my second mate. We soon had a simple rig planned.

All hands turned to in the morning. We made a bowsprit out of a spare spar and cor trived a mainmast from sweatboards take from the cargo hold. On the mast we fitted a crossarm, with a snatch block at either end. On the after boat deck we built another jurr mast and appropriate tackle. Hatch cover and boat covers were torn off and awning ripped apart to make sails. We had no sewing needles, so we made some—out of heavy wire sharpened at one end and flattened at the other—into which an eye was drilled.

We built our sails slowly, sewing cringle into the corners—rope rings with overlapping flaps of canvas to hold the trimming sheets and absorb the force of the wind. These sails blew away—well, we didn't thin about that. It took twelve hours hard work just to sew in the cringles. Our crossarm was an 18-foot stick of lumber, reinforced with

Collier's for December 15, 194



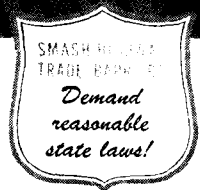
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a heavy steel batten bar. With lines to control sails we managed to hoist this to the mainmast, where we were going to strap and bolt it into place. This was another twelve-hour job.

Two men were at work at the masthead securing the strap, when I heard a yell and a crack. The strap gave way—and everyone on deck scattered. I don't know how he did it, but Dudding, an AB at the masthead, managed to catch the heavy crossarm in his arms—and hang on. Two or three sailors ran up the ladder and quickly helped Dudding who was hanging on for life. Somebody yelled to him to ask if he was injured.

"No, but my feet hurt!" he yelled back.

The accident set us back four hours. Levine pounded out new code messages, asking help, giving our position as we drifted slowly west. No answer.

Next morning we hoisted our homemade sails, fore and aft. The ship wouldn't come about, and we had to put out sea anchors to swing her to the desired compass heading. When she was headed up on her course, we heaved in the anchors and waited for her to move. The sails filled slowly and we slid along at about four knots. We trimmed sail close to the wind to give us as much southing as possible.

Well, I'd started as a messboy at sixteen, and here I was, ten years later, skipping a wind ship through a war zone.

Time went on. Days passed. A week went by. We split into two watches to handle sail. The rollers were coming from aft now, and daily observations showed we were heading for Baker. Then I remembered the equatorial countercurrent. If we got too far west, this would carry us away from Baker, and our sails didn't give us enough speed to offset the current drag.

Two weeks after we'd left Honolulu—it seemed like two months—we reached the nearest possible point to Baker. The radio still was unanswered. Do what we might, we slid westward. Once we were just ninety-five miles from land. Then the distance grew. Howland Island slid nearer—and then away. There were patrols from both islands. It seemed impossible we would not be sighted and reported.

A Target for Trouble

But we weren't. If Baker and Howland were mere pinpoints of land, we were a mere minor needlepoint of ship. I had to make a decision: If we missed Howland, there was nothing between us and the Gilberts, 650 miles southwest. There would almost certainly be Jap submarines out there, and maybe an air raider or two. At our speed we were just a sitting target for either.

So I had two heavy sea anchors made out of boat covers and lumber, weighted with scrap iron and heaved overside to hold us back. That night we fired a red distress flare which could be seen twenty-seven miles. No answer. More code distress signals. Nothing. New observations showed us slowly drifting from Howland, despite the anchors.

Well, if we couldn't motor and couldn't sail, we still could row. I had a boat made ready. A crew volunteered. We cleared excess gear out of the boat, rigged a compass, placed my sextant, plotting sheets, chronometer and pencils and paper in an old watertight flare container, and loaded food and water.

We shoved off at daylight next morning, leaving Herb Floyd and Jack Maier in charge. The sea had picked up and the lifeboat danced. Everyone cheered. The next three hours were hell. We rolled and tossed in rising seas which built up dead against us. The struggling oarsmen were losing headway with every stroke.

There was a squally overcast, and the tall seas started to come aboard. There was little use waiting for a change in the weather. We were dead on the equator, and the gale was likely to blow for days.

I couldn't get a position in the heaving boat; the men were wearing themselves out for nothing. It was suicide to go on. Watching our chance, we got the boat around and headed back to the ship—and to more hopeless attempts to get a radio signal through.

Three mornings later, Maier reported a red

flare off our port bow. I judged it was fired about twelve miles away. It was quite possible that the Japs had picked up our distress signals and had got a bearing on us. The red flare "come-on," we knew, was an old Nipponese trick. If they had our radio bearing, we might just sneak by because we had sailed and drifted ten miles since sending out our last call.

We paid no attention to the flare—we couldn't go toward it, anyway—and got in our sea anchor and headed up for the South Gilberts, more than 600 miles away.

The weeks went by—blazing sunshine, and gales that threatened to tear away our sails. We tightened our belts. Food was running low. I cut rations again. Rain squalls appeared on the horizon, swept down on us and roared away into the distance. We prayed for squalls. The wind set us ahead a few knots. Whistling for a wind became a daily chore of the watch on deck.

We had one beautiful squall that shrieked through our rigging and battered us with rain. Our speed built up until the log showed us running 5.6 knots hour after hour. Our spirits grew more optimistic. Then the squall died.

The days went on. We shark fished and in two weeks caught forty. Maier alone hauled in thirteen. Jim DeGaulle, the ship's cook, got an eight-footer. We saw some blue sharks

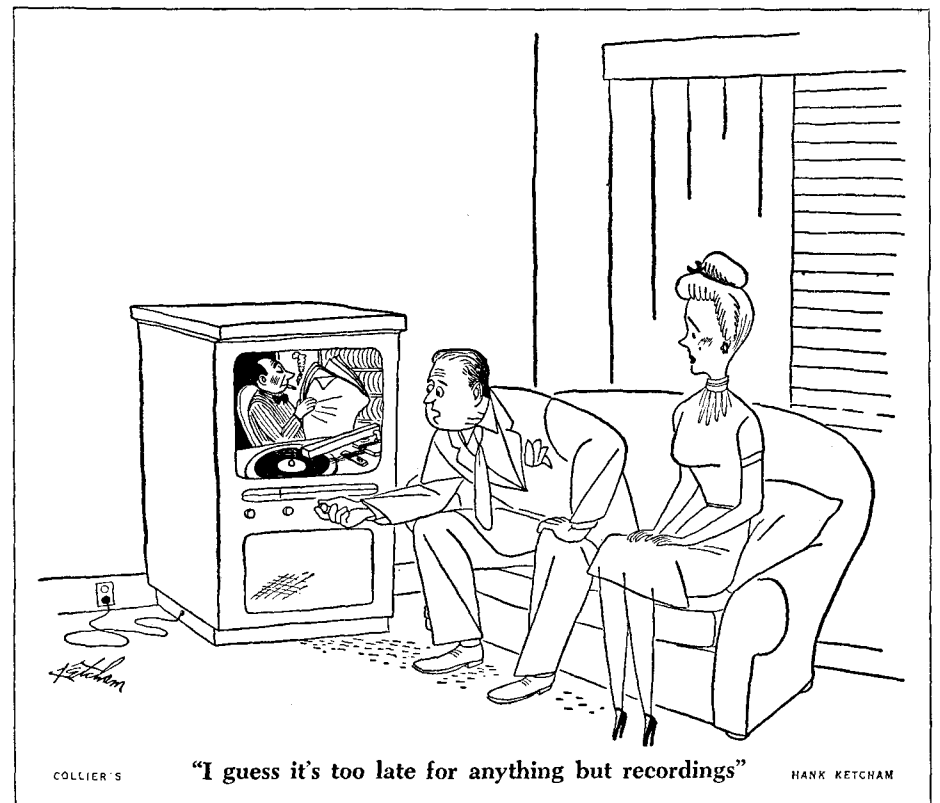
The pilot book said it was visible at seven miles, with a possible anchorage on the windward side of the south tip. That meant anchoring outside the reef and taking our chances in a blow. If we got there...

We had to get there. If we drifted past this one, as we had past Baker and Howland, there was nothing until we got to Nauru—a strongly held Jap fortress. Long before we reached Nauru, the Jap patrols would spot us, and one bomb would send our two hundred tons to Davy Jones.

I replotted the island on the chart as well as I could, ran a safety-zone line seven miles around it and stretched a danger line along the north edge. We had 160 miles to go.

The next six days were filled with anxiety. Our sails and the current fought it out, but we made headway at about two knots. We were constantly trimming sail—a few miles west and then a tack to the southwest. It was nerve-racking, but our track on the chart slowly grew nearer Tabetauea. We were making only a knot and a half now.

One morning about two bells in the morning watch, the lookout yelled "Land ho!" and there it was. We worked the little ship cautiously in toward the anchorage, bow and stern anchors ready. By four in the afternoon we were three miles away, in a large light. The wind dropped to a dead calm; the sea was glassy. It was up to God now. We were



eighteen feet long, but couldn't get them. Shark steaks, fried and broiled eked out our diminishing supply of stores. Making necklaces of the teeth helped pass the time on the watch below.

Practical joking kept up our courage. Seamen call it "mopery-dopery," and it ranges from fake yells of "Murder!" to hiding a man's supply of tobacco—which is almost worse than murder. But mopery-dopery grew stale after a while. We stopped sending out distress calls, for Levine picked up several submarine warnings from our Navy. I spent hours a day in the radio room decoding the messages Levine picked out of the air. There was always a chance we might intercept a message about the F-14—which we learned later, by now had been listed as missing with all hands—but no message about us ever came through.

More than a month had passed since we sailed from Honolulu. My observations now showed that we might, with luck, hit land somewhere in the South Gilberts in about a week, at our present rate. I got the Gilberts charts out of the drawer. They were old and obsolete; copies of 1887 British Admiralty surveys. A note in red warned navigators that "the islands and reefs on this chart are inaccurately plotted and positions are relative only."

The island that seemed best to head for was Tabetauea, a 35-mile-long coral atoll.

helpless. A current set that would carry us away would be fatal.

But fate was kind. We drifted slowly nearer. The island became distinct; a line of white foam showed the reef. Inside, across the sunlit blue water, was a strip of white sand and beyond, the tall, slanting coco palms. Everything was deathly still. There was no life on shore.

We were fairly certain the Japs weren't there. They hadn't been when we left Hawaii, but that was five weeks ago. In the South Pacific a lot can happen in five weeks...

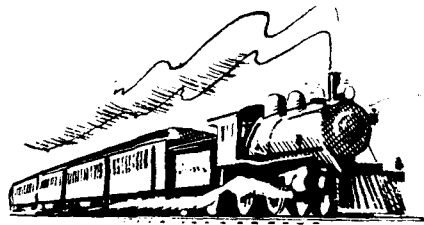
The sun went down redly, and the moon came up to paint a silver path. We now drifted dangerously close to the reef. A man in the chains heaved the lead.

Thirty fathoms: No bottom. Twenty fathoms: No bottom. Fifteen fathoms: bottom! From the bridge I ordered the port sheet and bow anchors let go. The chains rattled out. The leadsman sang, "Bottom at eight fathoms!" If the anchors didn't hold now—especially that port sheet, laid out from 'midships to hold the ship from going broadside onto the reef, a hundred yards away! The anchors bit. They held.

We wiped the sweat from our faces and said, "Well, here we are!"

We had sailed the disabled F-14 for thirty-one days over 1,300 miles of open ocean at two knots. That called for coffee and sandwiches and an extra cigarette for all hands. I

Collier's for December 15, 1945



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turned in early and slept so soundly that the men, singing on deck, didn't wake me.

In the morning we lowered a lifeboat and tried to get across the reef. There was no opening. A wave caught the boat, spun it around—and five of us went overboard, hanging to the gunwales. The next wave washed us over, boat and all, and in a few minutes we were on the beach. Out from behind a palm came a brown, little Gilbertese fisherman. He raised a hand in salute.

"Merican. Okay!" he said.

He ran back, climbed a palm and tossed down ten coconuts. They were swell. Other men and a few children appeared. They helped us to pull up the boat and tie it to a palm. Then we marched to Tewai, a village four miles away. Our guide ran ahead, and when we arrived, there was a delegation of old men awaiting us. A chief made a sort of speech of welcome to Tabetaua. An interpreter came from another village, and we told our story.

"You are welcome," said the interpreter, as he translated the singsong Polynesian. "No white man has landed here for seven years. There are no British or Americans here. There is Father LeDoux. He is a missionary." "Who is the headman of the island?" I asked.

"The chief magistrate lives far away on an island at the other end of the lagoon. We will send for him, but it will be long before he can get here."

So, while we seemed comparatively safe, and our fear of starving at sea was over, a rescue didn't seem so promising. I kept the lifeboat crew ashore and sent out a message to the ship by outrigger canoe.

Two mornings later the magistrate arrived in a long white canoe. He was tall and golden-skinned—a fine figure of a man, his hair gray with age, his voice soft and kind.

"You may stay with us as guests forever," he said solemnly, when the interpreter had explained us. The next ship, he went on, wasn't due for two or three months, and it might not come at all. But until then...

Two large thatched huts were made ready in the village. The owners went away to live with relatives and left their mat floors and cooking pots for us. We moored the ship securely outside the reef, left an anchor watch aboard and brought the rest of the crew ashore. The watch aboard was changed regularly, so that all of us had plenty of shore leave.

We played host for the village on the ship, and men, girls and kids swarmed all over her, many of them swimming out through the shark-infested sea. We ourselves bathed in the comparative safety of the lagoon. Life settled down to a sort of earthly heaven. The lagoon was like blue glass in the sunlight. The aroma of the coco palms and the cooking fires perfumed the air.

Living on the Fat of the Land

Soon we were all calling one another by our first names. The kids made flower garlands for us. The men gave us necklaces of shells. There was an abundance of food for the asking. Coco palms were everywhere. There were titu fruit, taro, mei, and breadfruit, cultivated in pits filled with water. The lagoon gave us fish and the best clams I've ever eaten. Pigs and chickens wandered around the island and other eating birds roosted in every tree.

I discussed with the magistrate the chances of taking a canoe or our lifeboat and sailing to Nonuti, an island 100 miles north. The old man told me that if I got there, there was no one on the island who could help—and it would be necessary to sail across another lonely stretch of ocean to Apamama.

"If the wind failed, you would starve at sea," he said.

I contented myself with giving him a packet of letters we had all written to our people, together with a coded report to the Army, explaining our plight. He promised to give it to the captain of any ship that might touch in at the north end of the island, with instructions to take the letters and message to Tarawa.

We soon had the villagers talking American. "Okey-dokey," they grinned, and "Hiya, Jackson!" We showed them how to play

football with a coconut, and sides of twenty-five—men, girls and kids—were the usual thing. There were feasts and dances every day or two, far into the night. Our first week end, eighty fat pigs and forty chickens were killed to make a *luau* for us. This celebration lasted three days. The evenings passed in mass singsongs and dances, while the golden-skinned girls chased our shy crewmen through the trees, to drag them back to the fire and make them hula, to great laughter and cheering.

Father LeDoux and I became good friends. His little Jesuit mission was miles away, but we managed to be together a great deal. He had been alone on the island for seven years, forgotten by the world, beloved by the islanders. With his help, I learned the island language in three weeks. Every Sunday most of us made the nine-mile trip to his tiny mission to attend Mass. After the service we drank coffee in his thatched hut and began the long trip back to Tewai.

I had one embarrassing experience: I was walking across the island one afternoon when I heard laughter and came across five girls bathing in a taro pit. I hoped they hadn't seen me, because bathing suits are unknown on Tabetaua. I tried to sneak away, but they caught me. They wanted, it seemed, cigarettes. I had six—our daily allowance. I quickly handed out five and ran away from there. Their laughter followed me.

Still No Rescue in Sight

Aboard ship, we maintained the anchor watch. Levine sent out a cautious coded message occasionally. No reply. Days and weeks slipped by, and some of the men began to say they didn't care if a rescue ship never turned up. I could understand their feelings but I was responsible for an American ship and I had my duty to do. We had brought the F-14 this far in safety. We might as well keep trying.

Our cigarettes were almost gone. So were most of our ship's stores. We were almost completely dependent on the islanders. We lived on native diet. Sergeant Baker, our medical man, had his hands full treating men for coral infections, which cause nasty wounds. The medicine chest was almost empty. Our island Eden, it seemed, had a few disadvantages. When cigarettes and medicines ran out, what then?

Then, almost a month from our landing, a native came running up to my house and shouted that a ship was in sight. We rushed out. A small schooner was chugging slowly along outside the reef. We waved. The motor idled and the hook went down. I jumped into an outrigger and paddled out.

A tall white man greeted me. "My word!" he said. "Where did you come from? I didn't know there were white men on this end of Tabetaua."

He was Captain Davis, the English skipper of a missionary schooner operated by the London Missionary Society.

"What can we do for you, Captain Owen?" he asked.

The missionaries aboard echoed his offer. Finally they agreed to break their schedule and take our letters and reports to Apamama. I returned to my outrigger, and the schooner chugged away. Thirty-six hours later a Navy PBV came skimming overhead, circled the F-14 to investigate and then set down in the lagoon. The boys aboard had cigarettes, food and medicine—and questions. We spent a few hours ashore answering questions, and then the PBV lifted and roared away back to Apamama.

Next day a naval patrol craft with Lieutenant K. Davey in command arrived from Tarawa. We got back to the old F-14, loaded with gifts of mats, baskets, fruit, roast pig, hula skirts, shell necklaces and good wishes. The natives wept—and some of us were near doing the same. . . .

We took a line from the Navy ship, made it fast to the F-14, got in our anchors and the Navy towed us home.

The last thing we heard as we left Tabetaua was the chanting of Polynesian men and women and children: "Come back some day!"

Most of us will, I guess.
THE END

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Collier's for December 15, 1945

What Goes Up!

Continued from page 21

show them something different, even if I brained a few people doing it.

"I would come out on the night-club floor in an opera cape looking something like Dracula. I had taken lessons from a magician and under that cape I had hidden half a dozen Indian clubs, a couple of trays, a set of plates and a dozen large balls. I'd make a pass in the air, produce a couple of clubs, start juggling them and while the people were still ducking, throw the tray up. It produced a sensation. Finally, I'd end up with my ball-bouncing routine. People who understood juggling would go wild, but most people can't tell whether you're bouncing six balls or five. I learned how to bounce five balls in six months, but it took me three more years to learn how to do six. It will probably take me ten years to do seven professionally."

When Lew is doing his ball bouncing, there are so many balls in the air, it's hard to keep track of them. They look as though they are being shot out of a machine gun. Lew's hands work so fast, the motions look as though they were automatic and he could make them with his eyes shut. This, unfortunately, isn't true. Lew discovered that one evening when he was juggling eggs in a night club. He had five eggs in the air when a fuse blew and all the lights went out. Lew had a moment for reflection while the eggs were on their way down. He didn't know whether to keep juggling by feel or just duck. He decided to try juggling, and got two eggs. He missed the others, but he had on an old suit anyway.

Some jugglers like to work in the dark. They use lighted objects so the audience can see what is going on, otherwise it would be like doing card tricks over the radio. Truzzi, who spent several years with Barnum & Bailey juggling burning torches, worked out such a remarkable act that all the lights in the big top were turned out for him. Naturally, he had to be very careful which end of the torch he grabbed as it came down. Bobby May, a girl juggler, juggles five balls with tiny electric lights inside of them on a darkened stage. This is harder to do than it seems because the balls have to be unusually big to hold the light bulbs and batteries.

Lew Folds tries to keep his routine as

varied as possible because he thinks audiences get tired of seeing any one type of juggling. "With only three balls, I can do half an hour of steady juggling and never repeat a move," he says with justifiable pride. "But I have to adjust my act to the mental capacities of the public. After people have seen the 'shower,' the 'cascade,' the 'cross-over,' the 'half-shower,' the 'two-up,' and then watched them repeated using only one hand, they begin to get a little tired of ball juggling. Of course, by then I've only started with my ball routine, but I switch to parasols or china plates."

"I think most jugglers make a mistake trying to specialize. They become so expert at one line of work, say Indian clubs, that they decide to put on a half-hour show using nothing but clubs. They know seventy-five or a hundred different moves that they've spent a lifetime learning. Naturally, they don't want to leave out any passes. But after the first fifty or sixty flourishes, all the moves begin to look alike to the audience, especially if they're a little drunk."

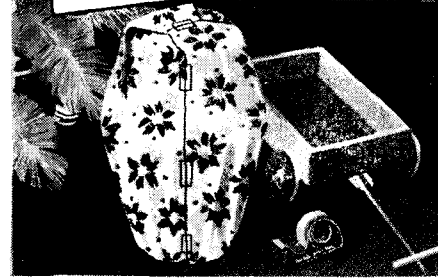
Routine with Devil Sticks

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule. Don Caper does a remarkable fifteen-minute routine using nothing but devil sticks. Devil sticks were introduced into this country by the Chinese and took the juggling world by storm. They consist merely of three sticks, about two feet long. The juggler holds one in each hand and juggles the third one between them. It sounds simple but Don never repeats a move throughout his performance and claims he can work for over an hour with the sticks doing new passes every time.

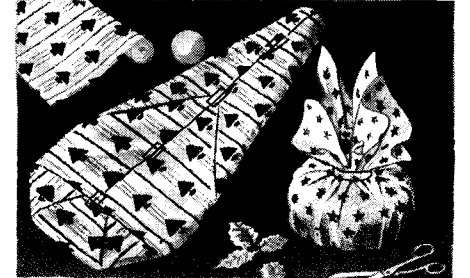
Lew has a routine with the sticks, too, but does a flourish at the end by balancing all three sticks one on top of the other with a high hat at the end. Don never uses any props but the sticks. "He has his system and I have mine," says Lew tolerantly.

Lew thinks that most audiences would rather see comedy in juggling than expert work. "Look at this!" he said, balancing a ball on the back of his hand. Suddenly the ball seemed to come alive. It crawled along his hand, slid over the edge, and headed for his sleeve like a startled mouse. Lew turned his hand over to show how his little finger propelled the ball along.

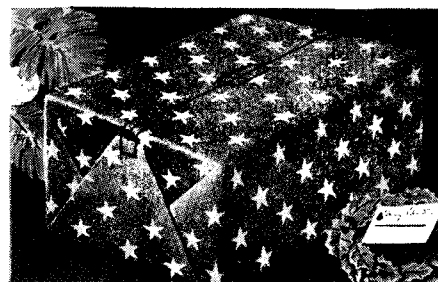
"It's easy, but it makes people laugh and they'd rather see it than my ball-bouncing routine," said Lew philosophically. "Audi-



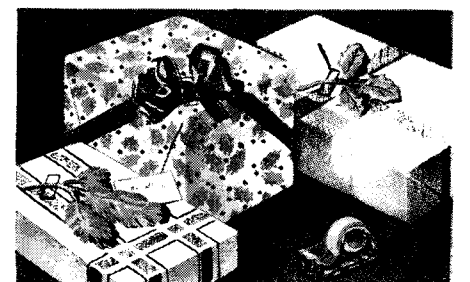
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ences like tricks where the balls seem to be alive. I do another trick of dropping the balls and snatching them up as they roll away. The faster they roll, the faster I grab them up and it looks as though the balls were trying to escape. People love it."

Lew also does the billiard-ball gag, one of the best comedy routines ever invented. The juggler uses three billiard balls, two genuine and one painted rubber. He drops the real balls casually to show they're solid and then starts juggling desperately. Suddenly he misses, and the rubber ball hits him on the head. At the same moment he secretly cracks the real balls together, giving the effect of having brained himself. Naturally, this convulses the audience. "You have to be sure you can tell which ball is which, though," explains Lew. "I remember an old friend of mine who once made a mistake. Afterward, I helped carry him out."

"Then there was the Great Renaldi who used to juggle a cannon ball. As an ending, he'd throw the ball into the air and catch it on his shoulders. It made a terrific climax. One evening he miscalculated and the ball hit him right on top of the head. Good old Renaldi! We sure miss him in show business."

Another good gag is to have one ball made of putty. The performer keeps bouncing the balls off a wall but the audience never notices that one of the flying balls is never thrown. Suddenly the juggler pretends to make a slip. In a rage, he throws the offending ball against the wall where it sticks fast and the performer marches off the stage in a huff.

Sometimes a juggler will get too enthusiastic and try an almost impossible routine, reasoning that even if he makes a few breaks the audience will appreciate what he's doing and overlook any fumbles. Lew thinks this never works. If a juggler drops anything, the audience will remember the slip long after they have forgotten the most brilliant routine.

Trying to Outdo Himself

One of his friends made a slip once that Lew is positive the audience never forgot. The juggler was flourishing four Indian clubs and really making them hum. He'd had a few drinks, his girl was sitting at a near-by table, and he decided to outdo himself. He added two more clubs to his collection and started them all spinning like pin wheels. As a climax he tried to shoot them all into one hand. Unfortunately, he made a slight miscalculation and the diners spent the next half hour picking bits of Indian clubs out of their clothes. "He had to buy a whole new set of clubs," explained Lew regretfully.

Usually when a juggler makes a mistake, he's the only one to suffer. But not always. Lew had a fine comedy routine he used to work in night clubs. He'd come out pretending to be tipsy and load a tray with soup plates, cream pitchers, coffee pots and other objects people particularly wouldn't want dumped on them. Then he would hoist the whole collection on top of his devil sticks and rush around the floor, wildly trying to balance the load. While the diners watched in horror, the tray would begin to slip, and then suddenly fall off, throwing plates in all directions. Lew would grab the tray and show the plates were all tied on with strings. It was a big laugh, particularly for people at the rear tables.

One evening Lew dumped the tray toward two elegantly dressed ladies sitting near the dance floor. Just behind the ladies a drunk was sitting at a table half-asleep. He happened to look up as the tray began to topple. With great presence of mind he leaped forward, grabbed the women and flung them across another table where unfortunately there happened to be a large tureen of turtle soup. "Made quite a mess," Lew recalls. "When he turned around and saw me standing with the plates hanging by strings, he certainly looked foolish. The girls were mad."

Lew used to do a very fine plate-juggling routine, using plates taken right off the tables of the night club where he was playing. Unfortunately, the bus boys got so fascinated watching him that they would try to do the same act out in the kitchen after he finished. The crash of breaking pottery got so loud it

interrupted the rest of the floor show and the managers took such a dislike to the routine that Lew decided to drop it.

"I expect to do a lot of night-club work," Lew said. "I have no ambitions to be a juggler's juggler. A French juggler named François came here a few months ago and did the darnedest trick I've ever seen in my life. Small objects are especially hard to juggle, but this fellow tosses up a fountain pen, catches it on his forehead, and then balances it there. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw it, but friends have come up to me and said, 'That Frenchman is no good. Why, we've seen you do that balancing trick with a big cane!' Any good juggler can balance a heavy cane. When I heard that, I just quietly thought: What's the use?"

"People don't realize how hard certain objects are to juggle. Flat things like plates you can control, but round objects like balls are very hard. I have to put English on them, like a billiard player, to make them come back to me. When you have six going at one time, that takes fast finger work."

Lew is constantly surprised at the number of businessmen, quiet old ladies, and even clergymen who can do some juggling. Every time Lew goes out for a cup of coffee, someone sidles up to him and says, "Mr. Folds, of course I could never learn a real routine, but I've always wanted to learn how to juggle three balls."

Usually the applicant explains he wants to surprise his children, or his girl, or the boys at the local pool hall. Lew has taught so many people this first step in juggling that he's sometimes half-seriously thought of starting a juggling school. He claims you can learn to juggle three balls in an hour. This is how it's done:

The balls should be about as big as Ping-pong balls, but heavier. Stand with two in your right hand and one in your left. Throw one of the right-hand balls up in the air and catch it in the left hand. Keep the ball going back and forth from one hand to the other until you learn to throw it in a nice, constant arc. Then throw up a ball from the right hand and before it comes down, throw the left-hand ball across and catch it in the right hand. As the ball in the air comes down into the left hand, throw up a right-hand ball. Repeat this process until your eyes cross. Then try it with eggs. It's a thousand laughs.

As soon as you get a little expert, it's a good gag to drop into some grocery store and casually pick up half a dozen peaches or apples. Remark jokingly to the clerk, "Can I have these if I juggle them?" It is possible for a student juggler to live quite comfortably on this device if he's fond of fruit and doesn't run out of grocery stores. Lew recom-

mends amateurs to stick to fruit until they get fairly expert. Eggs make a pleasant change in diet, but if you don't put enough English on them, they start flying around the room and grocery clerks don't have a very strong sense of humor.

Juggling has a terrific record as a long-run attraction, dating back before the beginning of written history and remaining popular ever since. Egyptian wall drawings made 2000 B.C. in the Beni-Hasan tomb show jugglers doing the "cascade." The Romans put up a monument to Septimia Spica, a local politician, showing a man trying desperately to juggle seven balls using both hands and feet. Apparently the sculptor had a sense of humor.

During the Middle Ages, the itinerant minstrels called *jongleurs* were expected to do juggling and conjuring tricks as well as sing and dance. The juggling proved so popular that many of the other routines were gradually dropped. Some of the *jongleurs* also trained animals, and an old woodcut shows a bear standing on a tightrope with one foot while he juggles three knives with his paws. That I would like to see.

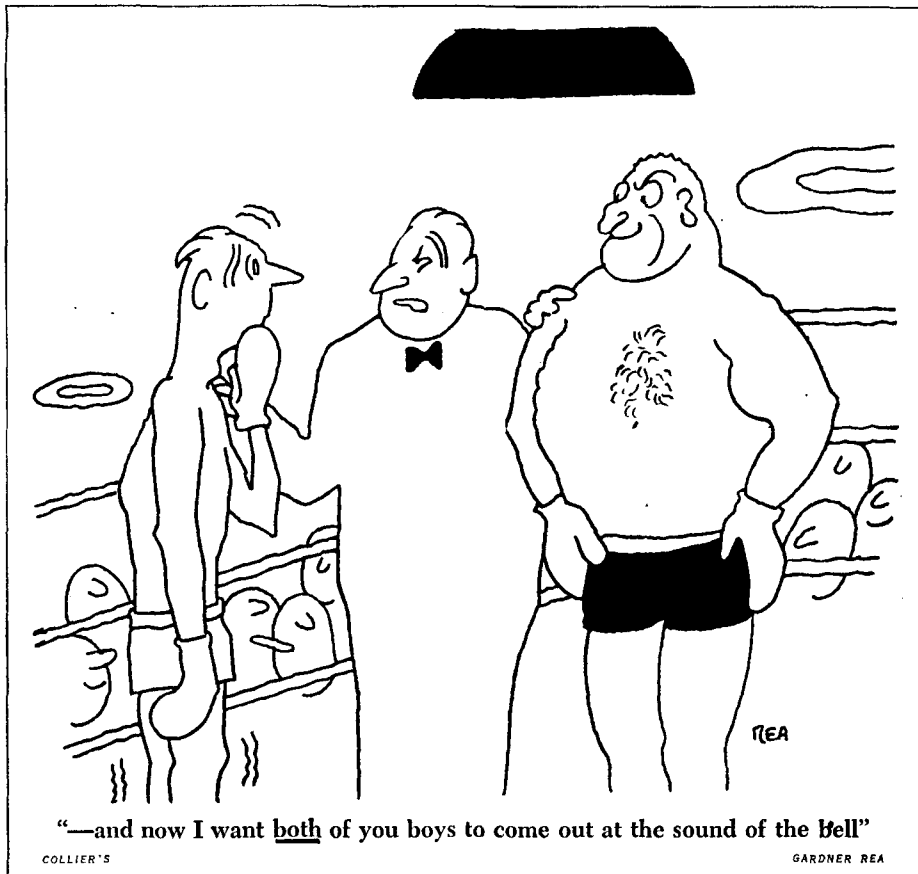
Best Juggler of His Time

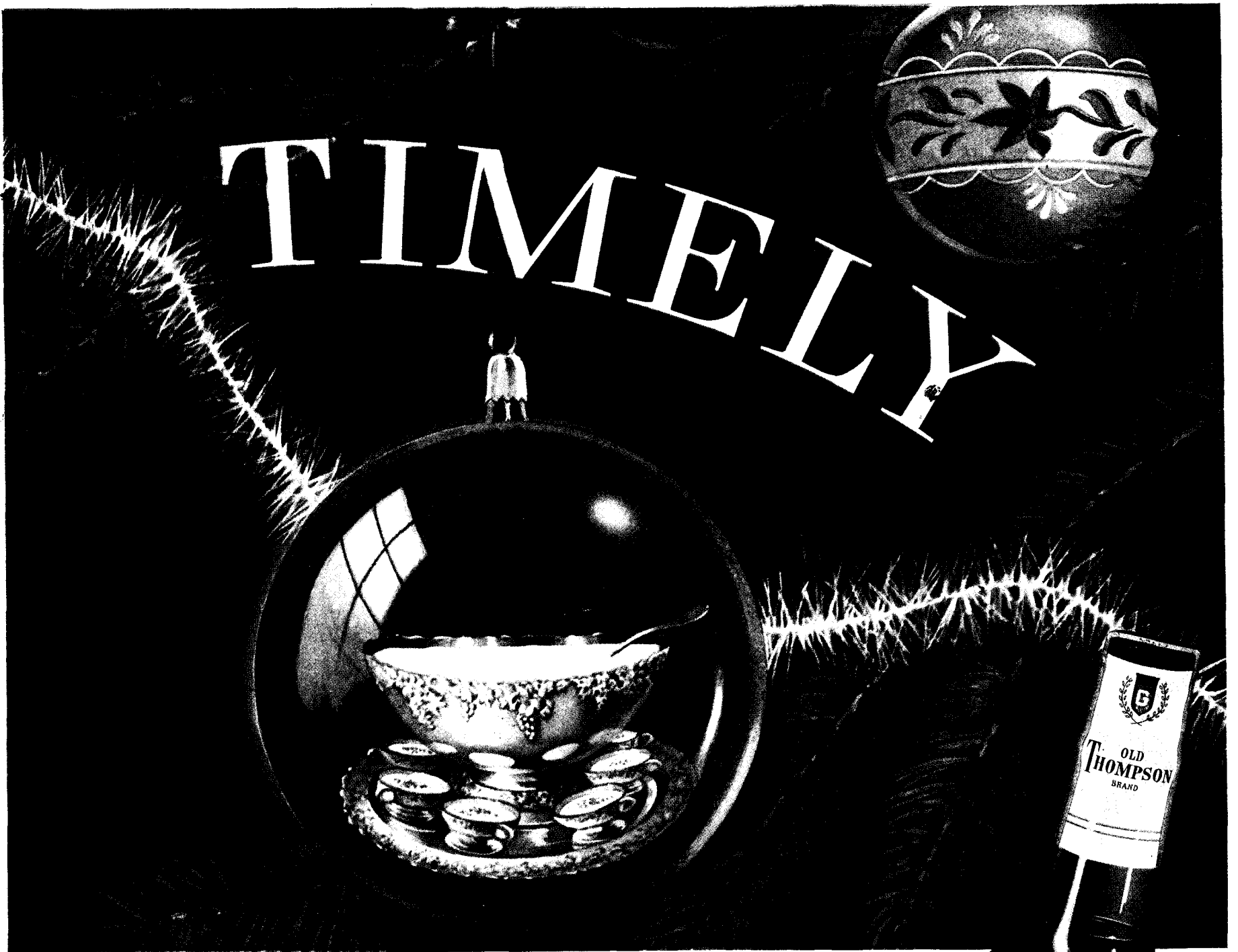
During the Victorian period, jugglers ran to whiskers and gun juggling, "done with a regulation Army musket." Everhart was possibly the best juggler of the period, doing a routine entirely with hoops and putting reverse English on them in such a way that he could keep twelve rolling back to him at one time. He could also give them a peculiar twist so they would roll through a pattern of screens as though following out a maze.

W. C. Fields was probably the best-loved of modern jugglers. In his best-known act, he would try to carry a pile of cigar boxes across the stage. The boxes would begin to fall and Fields would grab them. In a few minutes he would be surrounded by a cloud of flying boxes that somehow never quite reached the floor. Fields got more laughs out of this routine than most comedians do from wrecking a china shop. He was in the best tradition of the medieval *jongleur* when a performer had to be a one-man vaudeville team and a comedian as well.

There is a 14th century illuminated manuscript in the Bodleian Library that shows a juggler in a county fair balancing a spinning tray on the end of a stick. The learned commentary beside the text says, "No one knows what this drawing represents." Lew Folds would know. That medieval juggler could probably throw his tray clear up to the overhead candles.

THE END



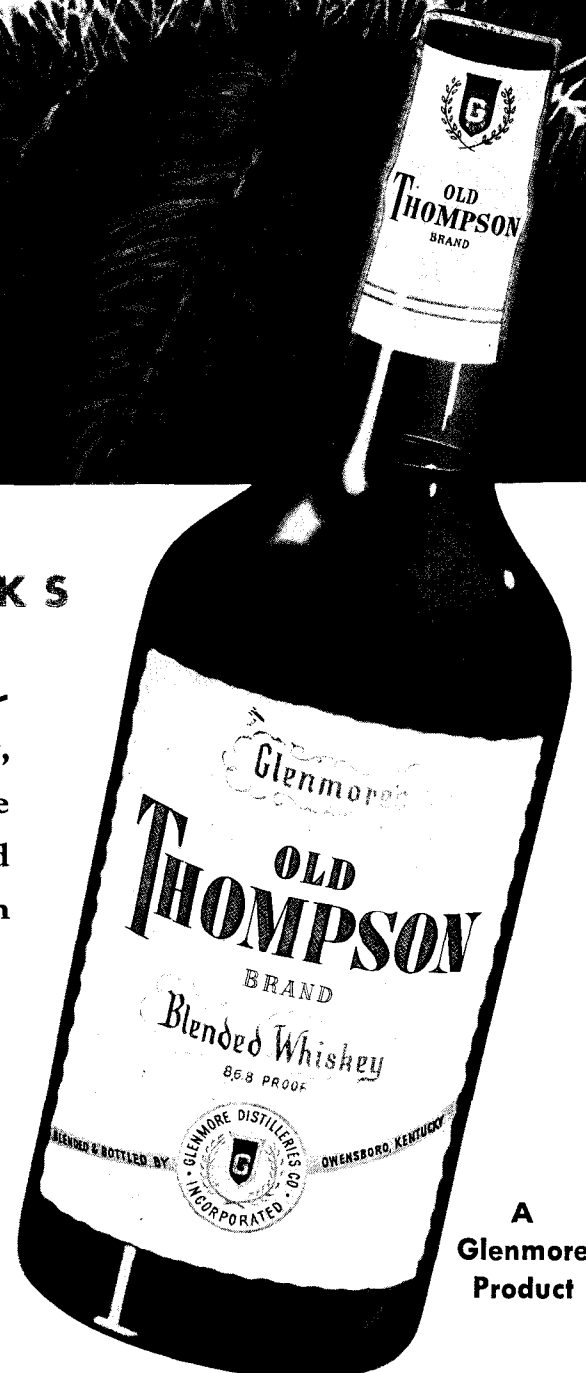


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swindlers. It had gone on to describe, somehow pitilessly, everything about him, even down to his limp.

Standing there in the quiet room, waiting, Bella heard Fred pause at the floor landing an instant and then start again, drag, thump, drag, along the hall. The limp was probably the result of some barroom brawl he'd been in, she thought bitterly, and if she had wondered before how she was going to manage when he finally confronted her, that fear vanished as soon as she heard his knock at the door. She had been keyed up all evening, and given to quick changes of emotion, but when the knocker sounded she felt a surge of confidence that overrode everything else and indeed was close to being physical; it was as if her heart had moved a little higher in her chest and her lungs had grown lighter and it was in a mood of something like exultation that she walked over and opened the door.

HE WAS wearing a black felt hat and the brown, rough-textured overcoat that he'd said he had especially made for him in Scotland, and his red face, as usual, was a little ruddier than normal from the exertion of climbing the stairs. "Honey, honey, honey, honey!" he exclaimed in his harsh, rapid voice as soon as he saw her. Then he swept off his hat in a way he had and bent forward to kiss her. It was the gesture with the hat—the pretentious vulgarity of it and the fact, too, that only now was she recognizing it as vulgar—that stopped her, and though she knew she shouldn't do it, though the detectives had warned her against doing anything out of the ordinary, she couldn't help resisting. With his arms still around her he paused and looked down at her. "What's the matter? What's the matter, honey?" he said. He had a habit of repeating the same sentence two or three times and he was doing it now, but meantime his pale blue eyes, small beneath their thick, sandy brows, were staring down at her curiously. It occurred to her that from now on she must really be careful; a man like him was probably eternally on his guard. "It's your old Ready Freddie," he went on, "fresh from climbing those four flights of stairs. Ha'n't you got a kiss for your old Ready Freddie? What's the matter, honey?"

"I don't know," she said, still leaning back from him. But his eyes, which seemed suddenly so probing and watchful, disturbed her, and on an impulse she thrust her face up against his and kissed him so warmly, so surrenderingly that she could see he was a little astonished. When she drew back, her small, plump-cheeked face was rosy and her blue eyes behind their spectacles were beaming. "Is that better?" she asked.

"Better? Wow!" he said, in what till now she'd have taken as a bit of bluff masculine expansiveness, and he said it so loudly that he glanced back guiltily at the empty wall. "Forgive me, my sweet," he said, and as they stepped into the room and she closed the door he let his hand slide lingeringly along her shoulder and down her arm till it clasped her fingers. "But that kiss, for an old codger like me—"

"Not so old," she replied, as she knew she was supposed to do.

"Well," he said, and he glanced at her quizzically.

Why, you're really a young man still, she had meant to go on, but somehow she couldn't; the words stuck and somehow she just couldn't. But he didn't seem to notice.

"Well, perhaps not, perhaps not," he said. "After all, a man's only as old as he feels," he went on, and walked over to the little sofa that stood against the wall between the door and the window and deposited his hat and his coat there. There was something about the calm possessiveness of the act that infuriated her. She'd been acting till now, she'd been playing the adventuress; she had kissed him and let him squeeze her hand, but as she watched him fold his coat and put his hat down carefully on top of it she felt a surge of sheer rage rising uncontrollably within her. He feels really at home here, she thought; he thinks he owns the

place, and for a moment while his back was turned she let her mind shout out silently at him all the accusations she would have liked to let loose at him audibly. *Beast, thief, robber, crook, falsifier*, her mind said to him. *You, the big mining engineer. You, the stock promoter. You, the villain, the traitor.*

He had walked from the sofa to the easy chair where he usually sat, and he'd stopped for a moment to light a cigarette. When he'd lighted it and looked at her, she was smiling. "I've got the money for you," she said. "I drew it out of the bank today."

In spite of herself, she hadn't been able to keep a certain breathlessness out of her voice, and her intonation sounded so odd, even in her own ears, that she was sure he must notice it. But he was inspecting the end of his cigarette. "Oh, the money. The money," he said. He was affecting a large indifference. "Yes, of course. The money." Then he turned his gaze on her. "Well, you know. . . . You know, my dear, this is one investment I can assure you you'll never regret," he said weightily, and then—it was truly incredible. Knowing what she knew now, it was as unreal as if she were listening to a voice on a phonograph record, retelling ancient lies—he began going on and on about the mine. "If that blessed old hole in the ground out there doesn't bring in copper at eighty to a hundred dollars a ton. . . . Well, my dear, let me just tell you this. I saw Harmon today—oh, of course, I must tell you this! You'll be interested."

He was going on and on, and, of course, she had to stand there and listen; it was exactly the same sort of thing he had fed her in the weeks before, when she had really believed him, and because she had nodded and smiled at him then she knew she had to nod and smile at him now. But she couldn't stand it for long; she could feel her face growing stiff and unnatural with the effort, and long before he'd finished she found herself edging restlessly over toward the writing table by the bookshelves where she had put her purse.

IN THE end, she made a little dash for it. While she fumbled in her purse for the bills his voice went on, bumbling and beguiling, but it stopped when she turned around, and for a moment her heart stopped, too, for the same oddly watchful look that he'd had at the door had come into his eyes. *Have I done something wrong, have I made him suspicious*, she asked herself, but she had the flat package of bills in her hand and she dared not stop now. She couldn't speak, she was so excited, but she held the money out to him dumbly as she advanced.

He was still looking at her curiously. "You look odd tonight," he said. "You do, my dear, you know you do look odd." But even as he spoke his fat, thick-fingered hand with its wrinkled knuckles and its tint of red hairs along the back came forward slowly. There was no doubt in her mind that some suspicion was stirring in him at the moment, but it was as if the hand had its own cupidity that could override his own better judgment; the hand came forward and took the bills, and the instant it did so—before her own will could have any play in the matter—she heard her voice come out in something like a shout. "Mr. Callery, he's taken it!" she cried. "He's taken the money, Mr. Callery! He's taken the money!"

Then, for suddenly it had occurred to her that now there might be fighting, there might be shooting, there might be anything, she backed swiftly against the bookcases. "Fred!" she said.

She saw Fred's lips go tight in a curious, unfamiliar way, and for a second it looked as if he would spring from the chair. Then the two men were in the room and Fred's face lost its tension; it was strange, after that, how friendly everything became.

Fred had thrown the money on the floor. It had been done so quickly that Bella hadn't noticed it, but the detectives had, and the first thing the tall one did was to walk over and pick it up. "That's no evidence," said Fred as he did so, and to Bella's surprise he was

smiling slightly. "Nobody saw me take that."

"The lady did. She gave it to you, didn't she?" said the other. He glanced briefly over at Bella. "You give it to him, didn't you, lady?" But before Bella could reply, the shorter one, Callery, cut in. "Sure, she gave it to him," he said. "I saw her handing it to him when we opened the door there, and he was still holding onto it when we came out."

Fred's smile became if anything a little wider. "Oh, so that's it," he said. "So that's it. It's not only a plant, it's a frame-up, too."

"I don't know what you mean by a frame-up, Major," Callery began. "If the lady there—"

"I don't know what you mean by this 'Major' stuff, either," Fred cut in quickly. "My name is Frederick Hawthorne."

"So?" said Callery, and he raised his eyebrows waggishly. "Now that's funny. We've got a picture of a fellow down at headquarters that's a dead ringer for you, and he's wanted for impersonating an officer. Out in Chicago, it was." He had taken the package of bills from the taller detective and he slapped it lightly against his palm. "That's a case for the federales, and it makes this little business look like just so much small change. Used to call himself Major Montgomery. Ever hear of him?"

"No," said Fred.

"Well, you will, you will," said Callery. Then he turned to Bella. "Did he ever represent he was an Army man around here, ma'am?" he asked. "Or a Navy or anything?"

BELLA shook her head and glanced at Fred. "No," she said. He wasn't looking at her. He was still sitting there, smiling faintly, his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, and in a way it was the utter unconcernedness of his attitude that disturbed her most; there had been a moment before when she had feared a fight, but now she felt that if he would fight, if he would just make a dash for it, clench his fists, protest however hopelessly, do something, it would show—well, she thought, it would show at least that he set some value on his future.

But no—arrests, accusations, even prison itself, apparently, these were part of his life, just as robbery and deceit were. He was the kind who would go quietly. Something of her feelings must have shown in her face, or perhaps she looked faint—she felt faint, with disgust and a kind of helpless chagrin—for she realized that the detective was looking at her curiously. "You're okay, aren't you, lady?" he was saying. "You did fine, you know. You did fine."

It turned out that there were things still to be attended to. She had to look at the bills and identify the tiny markings they had put on some of them, and then she had to scribble her initials on the bank-wrapping they had come in. She did that, and then Callery wrote a receipt for the money and handed it to her. "Well, we go, then," he said, when he had finished. "Better frisk him first, Eddie," he added to the other detective. "Stand up, Major."

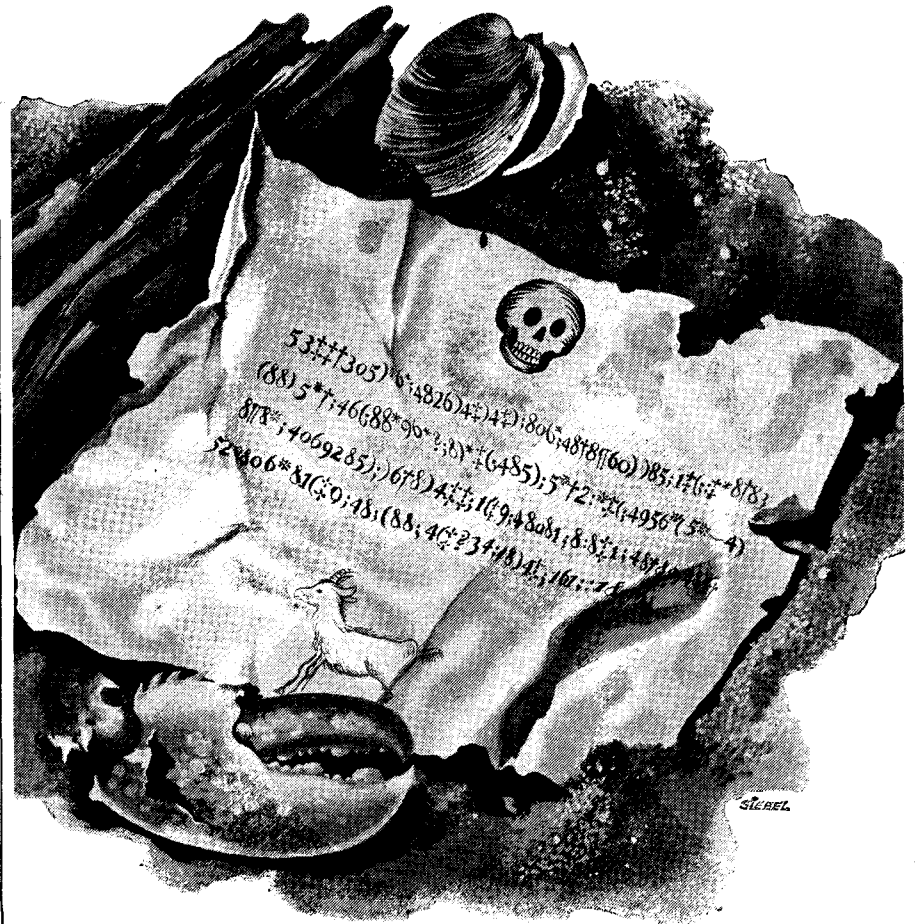
"Don't call me Major," said Fred, and the faint touch of asperity in his voice was the first hint of any tension he had shown so far. But he got up, and though a deep flush spread slowly up his neck and along his cheeks, he stood unprotesting while the tall man patted him expertly under the armpits and down his sides. It was Bella who cringed. He was a short man, long-waisted and stubby-legged, with thick sedentary hips and a slightly paunchy mid-section. These were defects, she knew; they were not the contours of the man she had once dreamed of loving, and at first they had repelled her. But as their intimacy grew she had got used to them. They had become the things that made him different from other men, and as such they were valuable.

But as the detective's hands passed over him it brought the defects into prominence again. It was like an unveiling, stripping off the romance she had created for him; what remained was a plump, dumpy man in a dark suit, awkward, gone to seed, ugly, unprepossessing and so different from the man that she thought she had known that it left her bewildered. It's not real, she thought; it just can't be. It's not the same man. The detective said something to her that she didn't quite catch. It was something about coming to an arraignment, but she nodded anyway; he had said he would notify her later. Then he turned to Fred. "You got money for a cab?" he asked; "or do you want to wait for the wagon?"

"I've got money," said Fred. They hadn't offered to put handcuffs on him and apparently he hadn't expected it. He walked over to the sofa and picked up his hat and coat, as if for a normal leave-taking, and then—perhaps that was habit, too—he half-turned as if to say goodby to her. She didn't look at him. She just stood there, and then the tall detective opened the door and went out, and then Fred, and then Callery. Callery said good night as he closed the door.

There was a moment's silence outside—perhaps they were waiting for Fred to put his hat and coat on, or perhaps they were all lighting cigarettes; it was probably still just as casual as that—then she heard them start down the hall. There was only a tangle of sound at first, someone saying something and someone else answering and behind that the shuffle of their feet on the carpet. But when they reached the head of the stairs and started down, Fred's footsteps suddenly became clearly distinguishable. Drag, thump, drag, thump, drag, thump . . . they went—they went slowly, for he had always had more trouble going downstairs than up; it was the wound, he'd said—and as they grew fainter she found herself straining her ears to hear them. It was a sound she would never hear again as long as she lived, in all likelihood, and yet she knew it was the thing she would probably remember longest about him. Prison was his life, as were theft and deceit and chicanery, and there was so much untruth about him that she hardly knew where the unreal left off and the real began. But the footsteps, at least, were real.

THE END



There's gold in them thar ;806*;48

UNDOUBTEDLY, you've heard about the old sea-dog who wrote this secret message. None other than Captain W. Kidd . . . a cagey fellow, it seems.

He buried a mess of booty on a lonely beach somewhere.† Then . . . just to keep folks in the dark . . . he set down the directions in a jumble of strange figures.

Fie, Captain, we say! Go ahead and hide the gold. But if you *must* throw people off the track . . . use anything but figures! Figures are not supposed to mystify, nor to confuse the facts. They've quite a different purpose. They're meant to furnish information!

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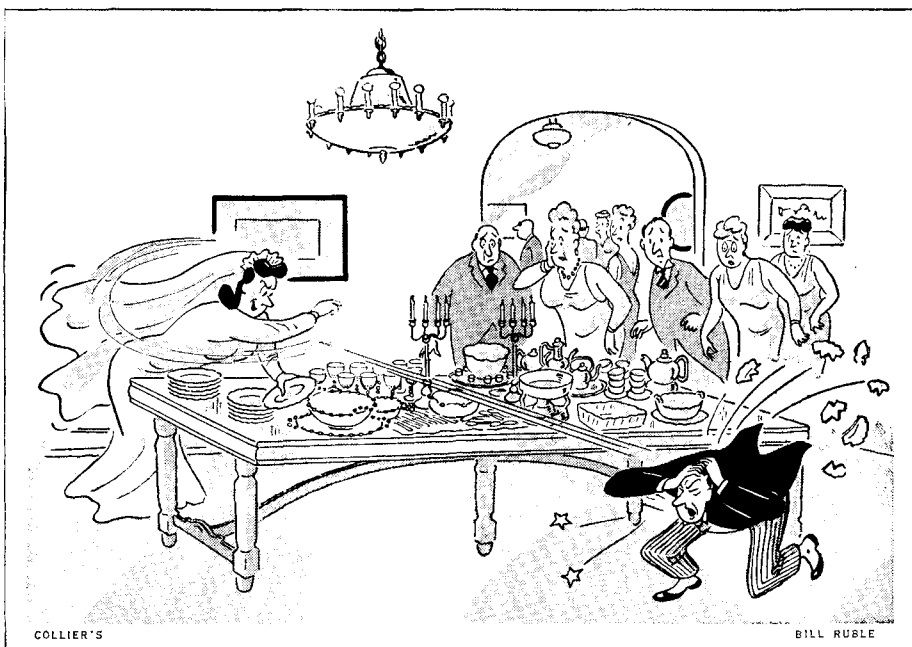
The Comptometer, made only by Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co., Chicago, is sold exclusively by the Comptometer Company, 1714 N. Paulina St., Chicago 22, Illinois.

†Dig up a copy of "The Gold Bug" by E. A. Poe, for complete details.

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Collier's for December 15, 1945



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It's good that they do. For many of them will carry into manhood that same urge to hunt out the new point of view — the fresh slant on things.

And great good can come from that.

Men with this far view looked on the early automobile and saw what this chugging, lumbering thing could become.

They built an industry and made millions of jobs by doing so.

Men like this frowned on the old-fashioned refrigerators and dreamed up the far tidier, more con-

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They added new comfort to our living — and filled many a new pay envelope — because they caught a vision and followed through on it.

Men with this viewpoint look eagerly into the future now. It is their faith — certainly among those here in General Motors — that tremendous possibilities lie ahead for us all.

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Never was there greater need for more and better things for more people — never have we been so well equipped to produce them.

And never — given the needed effort to get the wheels rolling — could we be so sure of a future filled with steady demand for peacetime products and steady, good-paying jobs for our people.

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Count on General Motors — strong in its faith in the future — to keep on working for this above all.

The Sea Shell

Continued from page 15

come back and plant your crop, take care of your home place, and live on the land?"

Bill had felt drawn up inside, and his eyes burned, and he would have promised his old man anything right then. He nodded.

"Sure, Pa."

Old Ed looked at him hard.

"Ain't a promise lightly asked—or likewise given, I trust."

"Don't worry, Pa."

"This here's the Hutterly home place," Ed said slowly, "and has been for nigh on to a hundred years. It's a mighty old house, but it's strong built. Next year if you make a good crop and get a good price you might have a little extra. Then you could take that sag outta the front porch and freshen up the paint. The place is real pretty when it's fresh painted."

Bill could remember back on all the years when, if there was a little extra, they'd paint the house. He remembered all the times when, sitting by the fire winter evenings, they'd talked about it. Ma would be quilting—she was forever quilting—and Pa would be chewing some strong, sweet tobacco, spitting in the fire now and then and making it hiss, turning the pages of a mail-order catalogue. And Bill—well, mostly he'd be whittling a new rabbit trap or, if Pa was feeling good, cleaning Pa's gun and acting mighty important. Pa had been good to him, maybe because he'd come along pretty late and been the only one; anyway, Pa'd been mighty good to him.

Bill had felt the hot, shameful tears rising to his eyes and he turned from the bed quickly; but maybe not quickly enough, because it was there Ed said, "Help yourself, Son—and then pass me the bottle."

Bill had taken a quick drink from the bottle and handed it to Ed. Ed lifted it slow but sure and drank deep. He smiled.

"That'll give them damn' rats inside me something to fight over. They don't seem to like food, but they sure love likker. When I go, they'll be as drunk as me."

DOC MEADE had told Ed he'd die a sight faster if he drank, and Ed had answered back that was what he figured—and he'd die happy, too.

"Son," Ed said strongly now, for the drink had knocked the gnawing rats out for the moment, "I'd let Hodgepatch and his family stay on in their cabin this winter. They've got meal and flour and hog meat from the last butchering—plenty to last 'em. They're good niggers and for watchin' over the place while you're working in town you could leave 'em have the cabin rent free. Come spring, you make a deal with Hodgepatch; but don't farm on shares. Give him his house and his staples—some eggs and chickens and some of what meat you kill—and then pay him a little cash money to ride around on. That'll suit him fine. He can work without worrying. It don't do to make 'em responsible—and that's what sharecroppin' does. Seems like they either get worried and ornery or uppity and lazy. They're better off for working for a boss man."

"Yes, Pa."

Ed forgot and took a quick breath; the rats must have gone to work again. He put his hand to his stomach and closed his eyes.

"Where's that sorry dog of mine?" he asked, trying to sound all right.

"Outside—whining."

"Well, let him in. And then draw me some

fresh water in your ma's pitcher. I'm about to take another drink but I'm gonna fool those rats this time; I'm gonna wash it down and hope to drown 'em."

Bill let the setter in. Ed had named him Sooner right after he got him, claiming he'd set birds sooner than look at you—and a heap sooner than any other dog in the county. Sooner walked slowly to the bed, ears flattened back, his eyes questioning. He wasn't used to seeing Ed flat on his back and he didn't like it. When Ed reached a hand to him he laid his head on the bed's edge and whimpered. Ed took hold of one long silky ear and gave it a tug. He looked over at Bill.

"Draw that water, Son."

When Bill got back with the water Ed was asleep; but this time it was for good. Ed's hand was still on Sooner's head and Sooner

Sooner came out from under the porch steps and followed him.

Bill walked over to the chinaberry tree, close by. There was a nail driven in the trunk of the tree, high up. Pa had put it there for Ma to hang her dishpan on. He'd put the bench there, too, under it, for Ma to sit on for a spell when she'd finished the dishes and hung up the pan. You could see clean down the big west field from here; you could see the thick dark line of the pine woods and just this side of it the curing barns, three of them, in a straight line. He knew why Ma had liked to sit here. She could watch the men working, see Pa coming before he could see her. She could see, too, what the sun did to the brown fields, what the wind did to the pine trees; she could watch the storm clouds over there to the west, gathering for a charge. Ma had loved the land.

Bill looked long at the fields. Sooner sat on his haunches and watched him; he turned his head at the sound of footsteps coming through the barn lot. Bill heard them and turned, too. It was the old Negro, Hodgepatch. Hodgepatch had a good English name—Hedgepeth—but nobody ever said it right and he had almost forgotten it himself. He came slowly, his head up, his dark eyes questioning but already full of sadness; accepting, but frightened still, of death.

BILL dropped his hands, loosely clasped, between his knees and stared down at them.

"Pa's dead."

"Yassuh. I knowed it." His voice grew deep. "I was settin' in mah cabin by the fire. . . . The fire was ajumpin' and adancin' and then it died out suddenlike and the room got cold. I said to mah ole woman, 'The Boss Man's gone. Mister Ed'd done lef' us.' She run outta the cabin yellin' fo' the chillen. She said whether 't was the devil or the angels that come by on their way up here she sho didn't want 'em snatchin' at the chillen as they passed."

Hodgepatch was old. The hair that kinked close to his scalp was dark gray. His skin was black and wrinkled about the eyes and forehead. His nose and mouth were not heavy. His nose had a bridge to it and the line of his mouth was clear and curved. When he smiled his slow, wide smile his teeth showed strong and white, despite years of chewing tobacco. He was looking at Bill anxiously, his head to one side.

"Don't you worry, Mister Bill, son. Ain't the devil gonna come after yo' pa. 'Twill be the angels, I'se positid. Mister Ed was a good man—and a likin' fo' likker ain't never kep' no good man outta heaven. The Lord Hissself made wine fo' the po' folks to drink."

Bill's head came up slowly. It was getting dark and he couldn't see the old Negro very well. But he knew he was trying to help him. "I'm not worryin', Hodgepatch," he said slowly. "Pa'll be all right—wherever he is."

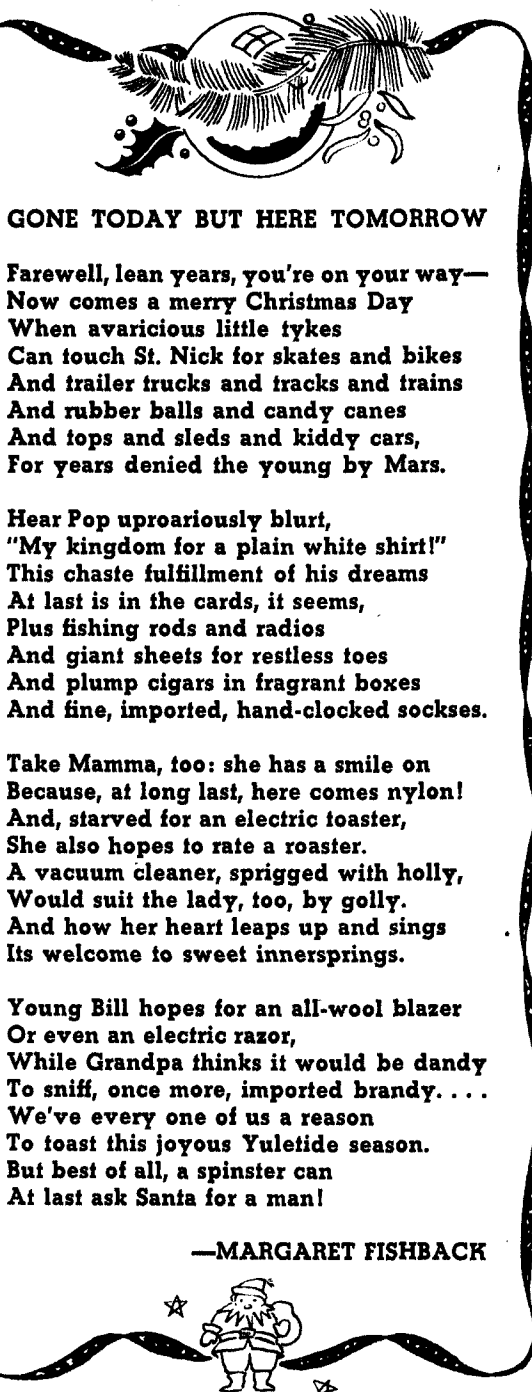
He was silent, thinking slow but sure, and finally he said, "I don't know but what he'll like the plain old ground best of all. In the spring, when he'd feel it for working, he'd

I at it, too, and I've seen him taste it to make sure the winter was gone out of it."

Hodgepatch nodded. "Yassuh. He knowed the land."

"So I reckon," Bill said, rising in the shadow of the tree, "he'll do all right if he's right close to it. No county agent is gonna make me close him up in a pine box. I'll have him buried like he'd have wanted it—in our own burying ground—before he gets here. Anybody tries to bother Pa after that I'd shoot 'em as soon as look at 'em."

Hodgepatch said somberly, "I sho thought you'd have a fine casket for him, Mister

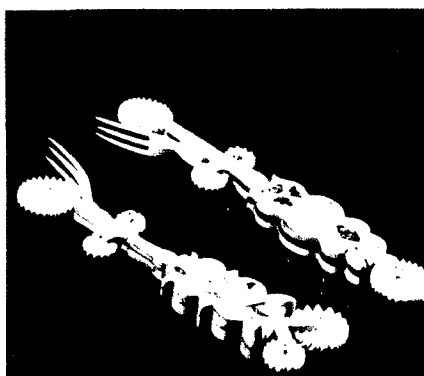


hadn't moved; he never did move when Ed had his hand on him.

Bill called Sooner and told him "Out!" Sooner didn't want to go but when Bill held the door open for him he obeyed slowly. Bill closed the door and went over to the bed. Ed was holding the whisky bottle in his other hand. There was one drink left in it and Bill knew he'd saved it for him. He took the bottle and put it on the table. Then he crossed his father's hands on his chest and tidied the covers about him, pulling Ma's quilt high on him. But he didn't cover his face. He turned back to the table then, picked up the bottle and drained it. Then he walked out, leaving the door open.

He went through the kitchen and out the back door. The screen door banged behind.

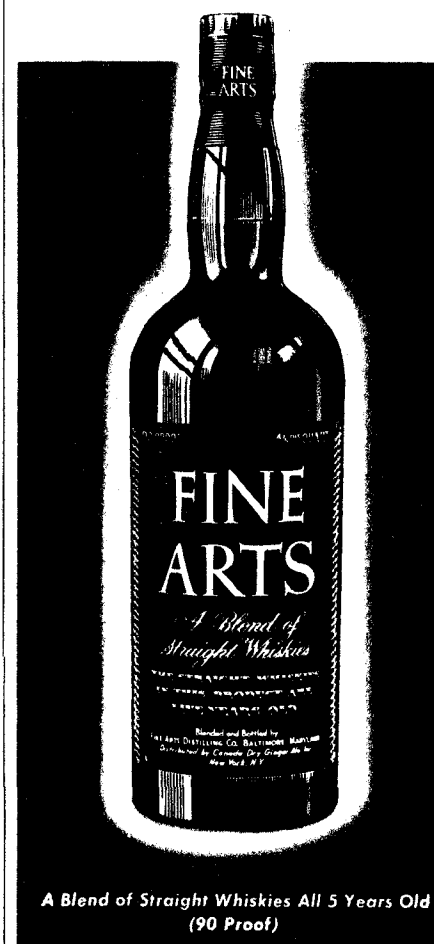
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of cooked green beans combined!

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Bill." Hodgepatch had been paying on a
casket with gold-plated handles for years.

"No, Hodgepatch. Pa'd think I was a fool
if I laid him away in anything fancy, and I'd
feel like one." He was standing close to
Hodgepatch, looking at him. "He'd 'a' wanted
you to dig his grave, Hodgepatch, and me to
lay him in it. No Sunday clothes, either. If
he'd said anything about burying clothes he'd
have said hunting clothes, them being what
he liked best, and so help me, that's what he'll
be wearing."

He walked back over to the house then. . .

WHEN Bill woke up that next morning
he was thinking of Lulie again. He
told himself he sure wasn't going to spend all
his time aching for a girl and getting nowhere.
Next time he saw her, to be alone with her
—that would be tomorrow night—he'd make
it plain a man couldn't live on cold corn
pone.

That same day at noon, when they were all
taking the sun on the sidewalk, Bill saw
Lulie standing with the same bunch of girls.
He started to walk over to her but she saw
him coming and, without smiling, she turned
her back deliberately. Bill felt like he'd been
slapped; the smile he'd had ready didn't
come. He swore to himself, thinking if she
was going to hand out that grade of stuff he
wouldn't be around to take it. He swung
back into the factory without looking her
way again.

The Negroes on his picking line had an
easy time of it that afternoon. They lazed on
the job and let the stems ride down the belt.
They didn't make much that way, because
they were paid by the pound for their to-
bacco pickings, but it wasn't often their boss
man stood around gazing out of the window;
they took it easy while they could. They
started humming and then singing, softly at
first:

"I shall not be, I shall not be moved;
I shall not be, I shall not be moved;
Just like a tree, that stands beside the water,
I shall not be moved."

The hymn rose high and sweet and pow-
erful; the Negroes lifted their heads and
gazed heavenward as they sang and the to-
bacco slipped by on the belt, neglected. They
swayed in rhythm, tapping their feet, and
their music filled the big room. When the
whistle blew at quitting time they looked at
one another, surprised that the day's work
was done so soon.

Bill went to the pool parlor that night and
got drunk on beer. The hang-over the next
day kept his mind off Lulie; but by evening
it had worn off and he was looking forward
to seeing her.

She was waiting for him on the same cor-
ner. The wind was blowing her clothes tight
against her pretty legs, and her curls were
tossing around her face like little dark flow-
ers. She lifted a hand to push them back as
he drew up at the curb.

"Hey, curlyhead," Bill grinned, throwing
open the door for her.

"Hey, Bill," she answered softly, slipping
in beside him with a quick backward glance.
Then she turned to him, smiled, and the dark
lashes fanned up from the wide, brown-
flecked eyes.

Bill looked ahead and let out the clutch.
There wasn't any use kidding himself; he
knew now that he was crazy about her and
that he had to have her. But he knew, too,
that he'd have to play her sweet and easy
on a light-held line to bring her to hand.

They drove out of town, toward Rox-
boro, and he let her do the talking. She
looked down, speaking seriously. "I was
sorry I had to turn my back on you yester-
day," she said. "But I didn't tell the girls
I'd gone out with you. They'd have thought
it was mighty funny if you'd come over and
started talking. And besides, I'm scared
they'd blab to Ed Latham, the foreman, and
then it might get back to Pa."

Bill smiled toward her then. If she was
sorry, it was all right.

"You're afraid of your pa, aren't you?"

Her voice came low and quick. "If Pa
heard I was messing around with anybody
he'd fetch me back to the farm—and keep me
there. I'd rather die first," she finished
heavily.

Bill looked ahead again, driving slowly.
"You're taking an awful chance, then—going
out with me."

Lulie didn't answer. She had turned her
face away.

"Lulie," he asked then, "would you just as
soon I didn't come around any more?"

Then he saw her hands, small and white,
twisting and untwisting in her lap, and knew
she was having trouble with her thinking.
He reached over and covered her hands with
his right hand and held them hard. His
voice was sweet, a whisper.

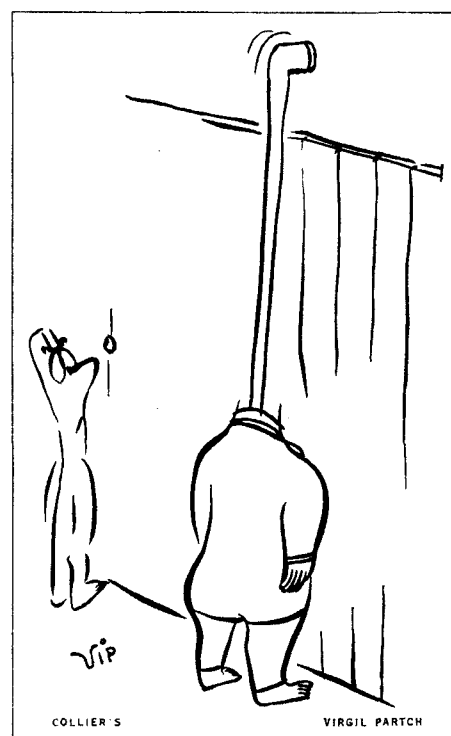
"Don't worry, kid. I'll leave you alone."
He meant it then; he could feel how scared
she was of something. Maybe it was her pa,
maybe it was him. But he was sucker enough
to want her to feel good before he did.

But Lulie turned to him suddenly. She
said swiftly, "I reckon I don't want you to
leave me alone, Bill. I reckon I just don't."
She drew her breath in fast.

Bill squeezed her hands hard and then
let go.

"You're sweet, baby," he said, but he kept
his voice even.

They had a good time that night. Lulie let
herself go and laughed up at him, wrinkling
her nose in a way she knew was cute, teasing



him. She drank three bottles of beer and de-
clared that she was high as a kite; her cheeks
were flushed and her eyes bright but she
danced as lightly, as surely, as a humming-
bird taking honey. He didn't hug her close,
either, or even take her hand when they sat
in the booth. His eyes were loving her up,
though, and he knew she felt it; but she didn't
shy off from them and once, when they
stopped dancing, her eyes gave something
back.

WHEN they started home she sat close
to him but not touching him. He had
to grin inside, remembering that "Please,
Bill," knowing she was waiting now for him
to try to put his arm around her. It was fun,
fooling her. And it wasn't hard for him,
either; he was 'way past being satisfied with
putting an arm around her. He didn't even
want to. Hay, when you were hungry for
meat, was the way he felt about that.

He stopped the car on the corner below
her aunt's house. The minute the car stopped
she began fiddling with the buttons on her
coat, as if she was about to get out. Bill
almost laughed out loud. She was so sure
he was going to try something with her. He
reached over, she drew back against the seat
quickly, and he opened the door.

"It sure was swell, Lulie," he said easily.
Lulie sat very still; she was so surprised
she couldn't say a word.

"Do you guess you could get away some
Sunday?" Bill asked. "I ride out to my place
on Sundays. It's a pretty ride. Maybe we'd
go for a walk out there . . . take Sooner with
us . . . run into some coveys quite likely. Do
you like hunting, Lulie?"

Lulie's voice was small and sweet when she answered: "I've never been hunting, Bill. Pa nor the boys ever went. But I'll bet it's fun. I like to walk."

"Well, fine," Bill said. "Then you'd like hunting, even if you can't shoot. How about this Sunday?"

"I could tell Aunt Bet the Y.W.C.A. Working Girls Club was having a picnic. I don't guess she'd ever find out it was a tale."

"Then we're set," Bill said happily. "I'll pick you up at the same place—along about tea. Okay?"

"Okay." And she added, her voice rising with the exciting idea, "We could take our lunch. I could pack it, because we always take our lunch on the club picnics. Aunt Bet'll never take notice of what I put in, so I'll put in enough for two." Her face, a small blur in the darkness, was upturned to him. "Oh, Bill, it will be fun, won't it?"

Bill almost leaned over her; but he caught himself and drew back slowly. Take it easy, he told himself, or you'll lose what you've gained.

"You bet it'll be fun," he said, making his voice plain. "You better run along now."

Lulie got out but she turned back once, crying softly through the darkness, "Good night, Bill. See you Sunday!"

IT WASN'T often it snowed early in the year in that section of North Carolina and when Bill got up that Sunday morning he was surprised to see all that white laid over the land. It was still snowing some, but they were fat, lazy flakes and they melted as they fell. He was afraid Lulie might back down in this weather, but when he reached the corner there she was, wearing a red woolly skirt and sweater. She had a red tam pushed down on her curls and she looked cute, like a kid. Bill grinned at her, opening the door. She was holding onto a half-bushel basket, and when she got in she set the basket down at her feet, carefully. Bill eyed it.

"Your Aunt Bet bake you a cake?"

Lulie laughed. He could see that the snow just made it more fun for her.

"If Aunt Bet had seen all I put in there! Ham sandwiches—Pa brought us the ham last week." She screwed up her mouth and wrinkled her nose, her eyes laughing. "Oh! If Pa knew." But she wasn't frightened now. She gazed out of the window, her hands

clasped. "Gosh, Bill, isn't the snow pretty? So white and soft. When I walked down the sidewalk I was wishing nobody'd walk there before me so there'd be no tracks ahead and only mine behind."

Bill said, "That's the way it'll be out to my place—except for Sooner. He'll make tracks ahead of us."

"Will he find birds, with the snow and all?" "He might, and if he don't he'll have fun looking and we'll have fun following."

When they reached the farm Bill didn't take the road to the house; he cut around the fields to Hodgepatch's cabin. Hodgepatch was keeping Sooner for him. Anyway, he had a funny feeling about Lulie seeing his home-place, feeling the way she did about farms. He figured they'd have a walk through the woods and fields and then head back to town; they could stop on the way and eat the lunch she'd fixed. It would be better that way; he wouldn't want her looking at his house and thinking it was ugly. He wouldn't like her for it.

They stopped in front of Hodgepatch's cabin. It was a small cabin, built of logs and clay strengthened with hog's hair. There was a small chimney giving out smoke in a slow steady way that meant a slow steady fire on the hearth. There were no tracks on the snow-covered front yard. Bill knew the whole family would be hugging the fireplace, weather like this. He got out, motioning Lulie to come with him, and went up to the door and knocked.

Hodgepatch opened the door. He had on an old pair of Ed Hutterly's pants, too big and gathered around the middle with a belt. His shirt was old and faded, the neck and cuffs open and buttonless. Over the shirt he wore an old wool sweater full of holes. He was sucking on a pipe and grinning, seeing Mister Bill with a pretty little girl in red.

"Come in, son, Mister Bill," he said, holding the door wide and stepping back. "Welcome, welcome."

Five or six little Negroes who had scattered to the four corners of the room came creeping back, sucking their fingers, shuffling their feet and grinning. Edna, big and black, was massed under a blanket by the fire. She nodded her head at Bill but she didn't rise.

"I hopes you'll 'scuse me, Mister Bill, but mah back's failin' and mah feet aches and it's more'n I can bear to put mah weight on



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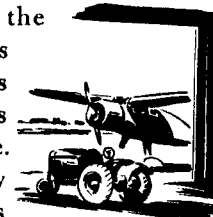
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WELCOME HOME!

by GREGORY D'ALESSIO



Gregory
D'Alessio

"May I liberate you?"

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'em. How do, Missy," she said then, looking hard at Lulie, asking herself what in creation the Boss Man was doing with a little old flibbertigibbet like that? About as big as a minute and wouldn't last that long in a strong wind. . . .

Bill could read her keen black eyes summing up Lulie. He grinned at her, purposely interrupting her scrutiny.

"How's your preacher friend, Edna?" he asked, winking at Hodgepatch. Hodgepatch had chased Preacher Simon out of the county; he'd chased Edna to the other side of the pine woods, claiming the preacher was giving, and she was getting, religion in the wrong way.

Edna switched her bulk in the old one-armed rocker. "Mister Bill," she said strongly, "this here Hodgepatch is the jealous, most misbeguiled man! It's enuff to make me cas' my destination to another nigger."

LULIE was standing withdrawn from the firelight, watching them. She didn't understand the easy friendliness there was in their teasing and talking. Her pa'd never been like that with his hands. He talked to them the way he did to his mules. And they hated him and only worked for him because he paid well or because they owed him money. This was different; this was warm and deep and sure. Maybe it was like this because Bill was

breached it and sighted through the barrels. "Keep it pretty clean, don't you?"

"Been gettin' some squirrels. Got me a coon the other night. . . . Slocum came over with his coon dog."

Bill hung the gun over his arm and looked at Lulie. "We'll see what we can scare up. Come on, Lulie."

Edna noticed the easy way he said her name and wondered about it; the girl was pretty in a puny way—and strictly pig . . . she couldn't be over eighteen.

IT WAS cold in the woods. The leafless trees rose strong and black from the white earth; their crooked and curving branches had not held the light snow. Sooner ranged off through the woods, Bill and Lulie following. Lulie was making the kind of tracks she wanted to—the very first that had passed that way.

"Look," she said, laughing. "See how my footprints look next to yours."

Bill looked down at the imprint of their shoes. He hadn't worn hunting boots, knowing they weren't going to do any heavy walking.

"Gosh," he said, grinning at her, "you've got big feet."

"Bill!" she cried. "You're a story. They're little."

Bill went on grinning. "For a country girl," he said.

cripple and fetched him. Then they went on hunting the others; but the birds were deep in the thicket and meaning to stay there.

When they got back to where Lulie had been left, Bill found her sitting on the stump with her feet drawn up off the ground. Her face was pinched with cold and she looked mad.

"Tired of waiting?" Bill asked, reaching into his pocket, ready to show the birds.

She said crossly, "Do you know how long you've been gone? I'm near 'bout frozen!"

Bill didn't bring forth the birds. He reached for her hand instead, saying, "Gosh, Lulie, I'm sorry." He squeezed her hand, but it did not return the pressure. "You are cold. Sooner found birds. They scattered on the covey rise and we've been looking for them. I didn't realize we'd been so long."

Lulie's chin trembled. "My feet are so cold they ache," she said in a small voice.

Bill wished she'd ask him if he'd got any birds but he guessed she didn't know any better—being cold and not having hunted before. She looked so miserable, trying to hug herself warm, that he made a sudden decision.

"Tell you what we'll do," he said. "We'll go up to the house. I'll make us a fire. You can warm up, and we'll eat there, too. That'll be a lot better than pulling off the road somewhere. How about it?"

Lulie didn't perk up right away. She said, "All right," her voice still small. "I want to get warm."

Bill pulled her up.

"Come on, curlyhead," he said, smiling at her. "You'll feel better when you get next to that fire."

He'd been glad about the snow, making his fields look broad and clean, his woods tall and strong, but rounding the curve of the road that brought the house into view, he wasn't glad any more. Set in the middle of all that shining white snow the house looked dingy: it looked little and worn out, and the sagging line of the front porch stood out clearly.

"Hodgepatch was s'pose to hist that end," Bill said, trying to sound casual, "but the sorry cuss hasn't done it." He felt uncomfortable and he wouldn't look at Lulie; if she said anything funny about the look of his house he'd choke her. But Lulie didn't speak. When he gave her a quick glance, getting out of the car, he couldn't tell what she was thinking. He had no call to be mad at her, he told himself, because it wasn't her fault the porch sagged. Maybe he just wanted her to say it was a pretty place, even if it was a lie and they both knew it. But Lulie walked up the front steps, carefully, keeping silent.

Bill unlocked the door and held it open. "Come in," he said shortly.

The cold outside was sharp but clean; inside it was flat and breathless and it fell on them heavily as they stepped over the sill. The air was dank and close. The long narrow hall that divided the house was dark.

Bill struck a match and said, "You wait here. I'll fetch a lamp."

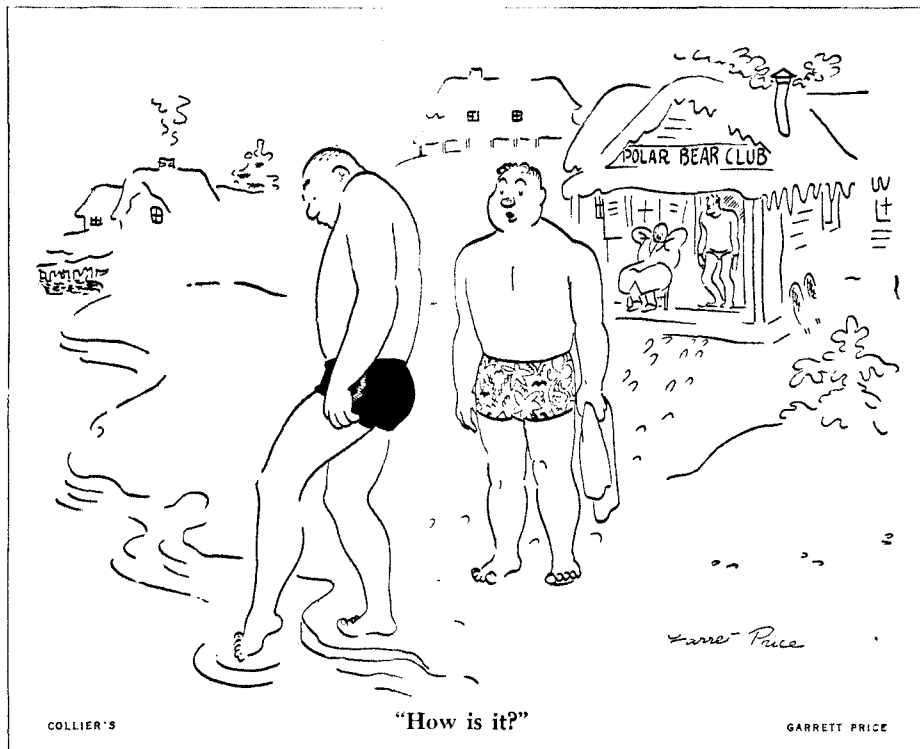
HE CAME back in a minute with the lamp. Walking in the glow of it he felt better. A house that's been closed up is always kind of sad, he thought; when he'd opened the windows and thrown up the blinds Lulie would see that it was a pretty place. . . . Ma had been quite a hand at fixing things up nice.

He smiled at Lulie, seeing her face now in the light of the lamp. "This way," he said, and he led her down the hall and into the big kitchen that the family had always used as a dining room and living room as well.

Bill crossed to the hearth and beckoned to her. "Come on. We'll warm you up." He sat her down in a chair by the cold hearth and put the lamp on the table behind her. "In no time at all," he said, "you'll think the gates of hell have opened to receive you. . . . I've got some fat pine on the back porch that'll bust into flame when it hears a match strike. And I've got something else, too; some of Old Man Hutterly's soothing sirup and soul builder." He went to the old wardrobe that stood high against one wall. Ed had used it for his guns and fishing tackle and his liquor. Bill searched and found a vinegar jug with a label on it: "Five Years Old."

"It's the truth, too," he said, showing

(Continued on page 70)



"How is it?"

GARRETT PRICE

a good man, like his father before him; maybe it was because Hodgepatch and Edna were good, too. Lulie felt warm and sure, too, all of a sudden, and she reached out and touched the little girl standing close by, staring at her.

"What's your name, honey?" she asked in her sweet, soft voice.

Bill swung around and saw her leaning over the child, smiling. The child ducked her head and stuck her finger in her mouth; then she drew it out quickly and said, "Priddy."

"Priddy," Lulie said. "I'll bet it's for pretty—and it sure suits you." She looked tenderly into the chinquapin-bright eyes of the little girl. The little girl giggled and made for her mamma. She stood there, holding the one good arm of the rocker, staring at Lulie, at the red sweater and skirt, the red woolly cap.

Bill turned back to Hodgepatch. "Sooner getting fat and lazy?" he asked.

"No, suh. I lets him run. He knows where there's birds all right but seems like eve'y time he sets birds I'm carryin' an ax."

Bill grinned. "You reckon the law'd mind if I did a little poachin' on my own land, seein' it's Sunday?"

Hodgepatch grinned back at him. "There's always them crows to be shootin' at."

"That gun of yours still go off, Hodgepatch? Mine's up to the house and I'm not going that way now."

Hodgepatch went to the corner and brought back a double-barreled hammer gun. Bill un-

She wouldn't answer that; she looked ready to pout.

"You've got to admit," Bill said, his eyes roving the woods, "that the country's mighty pretty today." His eyes scanned the underbrush. "Now I wonder where that sorry dog is—off on a point maybe."

Then he found Sooner's tracks in the snow. They led off to the right, downwind, and up to a thicket of underbrush and blackberry canes.

"I'll go around," he said to Lulie, "but you better stay here. You'd get all snagged up. Take a seat on that stump. I'll be right back. Maybe I'll get something."

He didn't find Sooner on the other side of the thicket but he found his tracks again and saw that they led out into the cornfield. The birds had gone out there to scratch for feed and he'd trailed them. He probably had them nailed by now; but it wasn't easy to spot a white setter in a field of snow mottled with tossed and broken corn stubble. He was half-way across the field before he saw Sooner—and on as pretty a point as he'd ever made. He was pointing the way that Bill was coming so Bill skirted him and walked in from behind. The birds rose. Bill shot and brought one down, crippling another that scooted off for cover in the woods. The covey had scattered, settling in the woods, too.

Sooner fetched dead and Bill sent him off after the cripple. The dog was tense and excited but he was hunting close; he found the



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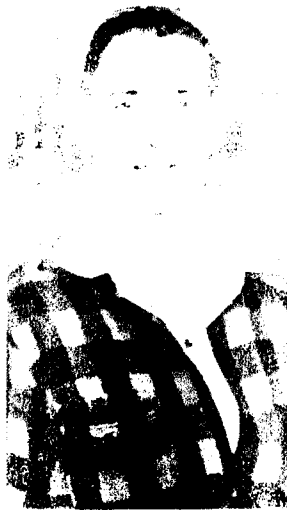




SPARE THAT TREE!

BY ARTHUR MANN

But the modern woodsman refuses to heed the old warning. He cuts everything above four inches in diameter for pulpwood. And some of the expert sawyers are amazingly adept



Donald and Leland Marcellus, winners of the N. E. Regional pulpwood cutting contest

A GOOD way to realize the insatiable appetite of the paper industry, both in war and peace, is to watch the pulpwood felled, trimmed, corded, hauled, barked and tumbled down the slopes of the Northeast and into the paper mills. Millions upon millions of logs come from some 21 millions of acres in the Northeast alone. More millions are shipped to the mills from the slash-pine belt of the South and from other parts of the country. They include all sorts of long-fiber wood—black, red and white spruce, hemlock, fir, many varieties of pine, tamarack, balsam and even old willows from quiet brooksides. As a rule the pulpwood companies cut everything above four inches thick, and it takes from 20 to 40 years for a tree to reach that diameter.

The picture narrows to perceptibility when you see three New York mills swallowing four-foot logs. One at Corinth chews up 425 cords—54,400 cubic feet—every twenty-four hours. Another at Mechanicsville consumes 400 cords a day. A Glens Falls firm hauled 45,000 cords last year from its own constantly reseeded forest of 180,000 acres. Herculean machines bark the logs at the mills by spraying water at 680 pounds pressure. The wood is chopped and pulverized by more machines, and processed with chemicals by means of other machines.

But the papermakers have never found a mechanized substitute for the man with the hobnailed boots and the checkered flannel shirt, who plunges through the snow and slush in subzero weather, and in the searing heat of summer, to fell the trees and trim, saw and pile the logs. Most people think of a woodsman as a muscular mammoth, a tireless superman personifying the legend of Paul Bunyan. Actually, he isn't that at all. He's very human, and during the war he was mostly 4F. He's of average size and lean, but he possesses a rhythm of movement which transcends brute power.

Many of the woodsmen went into war plants for higher wages, but a fair-sized army continued to ply the old trade, as the pulpwood industry discovered early this year when it combed the woods of the Northeast to find the man who could saw and pile the most wood in a given time. It was a simple contest—a man and a bucksaw against a stack of 16-foot logs. After a series of county and state contests, the Northeast Regional Championships were held early last May on the trotting track of Opechee Park, at Laconia, New Hampshire.

Twelve of the county and state winners, from four states, were on hand. New Hampshire was represented by the 1944 champion, Romer Roberge, of Berlin; George Chaisson of Lebanon, and Maxime St. Germain of Berlin. From Vermont came Norbert Dufresne of Greensboro, Arthur Lyonnais of East Burke, and Lucien Berlangier of West Burke. Maine's representatives were Everett Bragdon of Dexter, Niel Saucier of Howland, and John Carney of Mars Hill, who had won the potato-picking title by picking six barrels of spuds in five minutes, twenty seconds. New York's entrants were the Marcellus brothers, Donald and Leland, of Fox Hills and Schaghticoke and Alfred Gauthier of Clinton County.

A crowd of nearly 3,000 was on hand when the sawing began. The draw for the twelve skids was held early and the competitors

began an arrangement of their logs and the building of a rick in front of the skids.

Watching the Marcellus boys at their skids made you realize that this was no casual sport. The logs had been washed, but not enough for them. To make sure the bark contained no specks or grit or pebble, they fetched more water and swabbed every square inch of bark for anything that might hamper or dull the saw blade.

Their father, Artell Marcellus, 65, and still an active woodsman, lashed the foundations of the skid with baling wire for firmness. He lifted great logs with the strength of a young buck. Then came a selection of logs. Big ones were moved to the front and a search was made for knots. The rules permitted the cut to vary one inch either side of the four-foot measurement, but some knots couldn't be avoided and the log was rolled to the back.

The starting whistle finally sounded and a dozen strong backs bent. Shoulder muscles flexed in the warming sun, and the broadcaster blanketed the nation with a description of every contestant. The sawdust poured in streams. Niel Saucier, stocky Maine favorite, liked to saw steadily and use piling for a rest. Leland Marcellus piled the four pieces of log after the three cuts. He worked with his wood-hook without visible effort or loss of motion. Not so with brother Donald. His face reddened early, and the sweat poured in a steady shower. Some wore heavy shirts. Others worked in light undershirts. All worked. You could detect weariness before the 8-minute mark, but no one dared stop to stretch. The luxury might cost a single log and the \$100 War Bond.

A warning call came at ten minutes, and another each minute thereafter to the fifteenth. The logs were rolled to the edge of the skid, cut three times and piled carefully in the eight-foot ricks. The excitement was keenest after thirteen minutes, for sawyers were tackling their last log. Some piled each four-foot length as it dropped, for a piece not actually over the pile could not be corded.

The crowd around Leland Marcellus yelled for him to pile each piece for fear of sawing in vain, but he refused to, even after the 14-minute warning. He sawed his final log three times and then deliberately tackled the pieces. The fourth length was barely on the pile when the gun went off, ending the competition. Six sawyers had pieces on the ground. With perfect timing, the Marcellus boys had piled exactly what they sawed.

The official began the tedious job of scaling the corded results, and finally emerged from their huddle with this news:

Donald Marcellus, Fox Hills, N. Y. .71
\$100.00.
Leland Marcellus, Schaghticoke, N. Y. .70
\$75.00.
Norbert Dufresne, Greensboro, Vt. .64
\$50.00.
George Chaisson, Lebanon, N. H. .63
\$25.00.

Two days later, Leland was back hauling pulpwood. Donald went back to cutting, back to the bad case of nerves that makes him 4F and to his daily attack of migraine. Both are married and have families. The War Bonds were made out jointly to husband and wife. ★★★

The Sea Shell

Continued from page 69

her the bottle. "Pa was mighty particular with his corn." He put down the jug and brought two glasses from the china press. "You'll want water," he said. "I'll draw some and bring in the wood. Hug yourself until I get back."

Lulie leaned forward, her arms folded on her knees, and stared into the empty black fireplace. She could hear him on the porch, drawing water, doing a job familiar to him in a familiar place. She sensed his happiness and pride in his home; she couldn't understand it. She glanced back over her shoulder, as if the room held an answer, but she could see nothing. She could feel the dark pressing against the little pool of light where she sat. It was close, the dark, and hungry for light. Or was it the room itself, demanding light, so that it could come alive again? It seemed to her then that the dark was full of suspense, waiting, waiting on her. . . .

She turned the wick up quickly, frightened of the greedy dark. She saw the room clearly for an instant. Then the lamp chimney began to smoke because she had turned the wick too high and she had to turn it down again and let the dark come up against her. Her unreasoning fear grew for, in the bright light, it had seemed to her that the room had a face; a face that stared at her while she stared at it. It was a queer notion, but she felt that the house was watching her, searching her, deciding upon her. She wanted to get up, to throw off this foolishness but something held her powerless there by the hearth. It was as if a hand, heavy with authority, had been laid on her head, bidding her stay where she was, bidding her not to question, not to think, but to let the spell take her. . . . Lulie sat there, her head low, and waited.

EVEN when Bill came back, setting the pitcher of water on the table, dropping the load of wood on the hearth, she didn't move. Then he was close beside her, bending over her, holding the glass for her to take.

"Here you are, honey," he said. He had never called her "honey" before, never spoken to her in that sweet, easy way as if this was not the first time he had drawn water for her; as if it was not the first time she had sat by the hearth, waiting for him. . . . She lifted her eyes to his slowly, and found his waiting, warm and full of tenderness. . . . Maybe he was under a spell, too.

She took the glass from him.

"Take a sip," he said, "and you'll feel better. It'll do for you inside what the fire does outside."

He went to work on the fire. Soon there was a fine blaze going and Lulie had to push back from the quick heat. When he put the oak logs on the pine it evened down some. Then he took a drink. He drank it neat and laughed at Lulie's big eyes, watching him.

"Don't your pa drink it like that?" he asked.

"Pa don't drink." Her eyes went to the glass she was holding. "If he could see me . . ." And with the thought, fear rose to her eyes and darkened them.

Bill wanted to say, "To hell with your pa," but he didn't; it was a shame that just thinking about him could make Lulie look like that. He said cheerfully, "Ma used to take a noggin now and then. Once she got too much, but it was Pa's fault. She'd had her teeth out and she felt pretty bad. Pa fixed her a couple of milk toddies and filled 'em so full of sugar and nutmeg Ma couldn't hardly taste the whisky. She sat there where you are—that was her chair—singing and rocking and laughing. As happy as a possum in a p'simmon tree." He laughed, remembering back. "She burnt supper that night, and cried like a baby when Pa and I wouldn't eat it. She was mighty proud of her cooking."

He was happy, talking about his mother, and all at once Lulie wanted to reach over and touch his happiness, touch that good feeling in him. Her hand lifted. Then she stayed it and rose, smiling at him.

"Got to get done on both sides," she said. She took a sip of her drink and wrinkled her nose. "It's good—but it sure tastes bad."

"Feel better?" he asked. "Feel warm inside, too?"

Lulie nodded. Bill felt better, too; the drink had hit his stomach like a lump of hot lead but it was melting now, spreading through his veins, right down to his toes, good and powerful. He laughed over at Lulie, backed up to the fire, and said, "Stand close, honey, because I'm going to open the windows and air out the room. Then we'll shut the fresh air in and get warm again."

Bill threw up the blinds. When the light streamed in, the room showed large and comfortable. A table and chairs were grouped in the middle. There was a big black stove against one wall, the cherrywood china press and the wardrobe against the wall opposite. There were rows of flowered plates, bright with gay colors, in the press. Before the fire was the low rocker that Lulie sat in, and across the hearth the easy chair and footstool that Ed had liked. Next to the stove was a two-tiered table covered with oilcloth. On the bottom shelf were stacked pots and pans, on the top shelf stood the blue porcelain dishpan, the narrow black rim of it chipped from much use.

LULIE looked at the room; in the daylight it didn't have a face. It was just a room like any other and she had been silly to think it was like a person, alive and thinking. What a notion! She laughed at herself, relieved, and gay, suddenly.

Bill was looking at her. Her cheeks were red from the fire and the drink and her eyes were very bright. She was so pretty it hurt his throat to see her.

"Gee, Bill," she said, glancing around the room again, "it's a pretty room. It's fixed up so nice. I guess your ma loved it."

Now she was talking like he wanted her to, admiring his home and understanding his mother's hand in it, and he felt like bursting for happiness. He strode over to her and put both hands on her shoulders.

"You like it, Lulie? Honest?"

Lulie's eyes were soft and innocent, gazing back at him. She spoke simply, without thinking.

"It's a happy room," she said. Then she dropped her eyes and flushed. "Now that's silly, isn't it? But it strikes me so."

That turn of her head, low and shy, her voice, hesitant but sweet with her words—it was more than he could take standing still! His hands tightened on her shoulders. He meant to pull her to him. But her head came up suddenly and she swung away, with a quick little laugh.

"I feel kind of woozy," she said gaily. She set her glass down on the pine mantel. "Show me the parlor, Bill."

Bill drew back slowly, getting a hold on himself. "All right."

He led the way. When they entered the parlor he threw up the shades that were always kept lowered against the light that would fade the flowered rug. The pine walls were stained brown and decorated with highly colored calendars hung on red cord. One picture was of a sunset on a bright blue lake, an Indian in a canoe with head feathers, and in the distance a lone pine.

Bill looked at it.

"That was Ma's favorite," he said, "but Pa liked this one best." He smiled, leading her to it. The picture was of a big girl swathed in veils, with a mass of yellow hair hanging down her back. She was sitting on a rock, her back arched, looking back over her shoulder with a coy smile.

"Pretty colors," Lulie said, but she moved away quickly.

The room was furnished with a dark blue settee and two chairs to match, with white antimacassars. They were placed at set and uninviting angles; they were not meant to be inviting. This room was used only when strangers came to call or when there was a wedding or death in the family.

Lulie looked at the cold, correct room, understanding its purpose. "I'll bet your ma was proud of her parlor. It's real nice."

"Yes," Bill said, "but she liked the kitchen best. She was proud of her sleeping room, too. When she and Pa married she brought her bed with her. It was her grandma's; bird's-eye maple, the posts so tall they almost touch the ceiling. Twice a year Pa climbed



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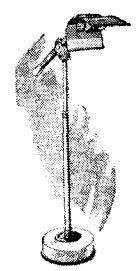
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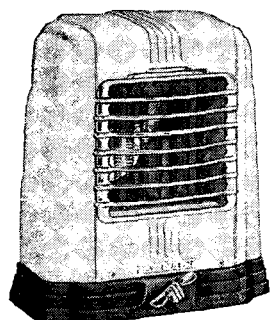
**This Heater Circulates
45 cubic feet of warm
air per minute :::**

Sends out billows of warmth instantly. Draws cold air from floor, heats it and fan-forces it all throughout the room.

A necessity for bathrooms, especially where there's a baby to bathe. Three handsome fan-forced models priced as low as . . .

\$900*
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**FAN-FORCED
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Chases Chills from bathrooms, bedrooms and breakfast rooms. Ideal for trailers, camp cottages, offices—anywhere that quick, convenient warmth is needed.

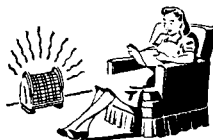
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Safe with Children because heating element and fan are fully enclosed. Easily carried to any room or chilly corner. Plugs in at any 110 AC wall outlet—for anyone to enjoy instantly.

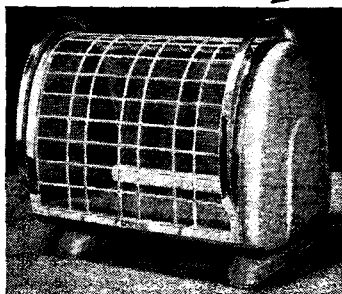
ANOTHER ARVIN! Serves as a portable electric fireplace. Radiates lots of heat. Reflects a cheerful fireplace glow. Price only . . . **\$8.50*** Including tax
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a ladder to take the tester down so Ma could dust it. Want to see?"

"All right," Lulie said. "But wait a minute." Carefully, she lowered each blind. "Don't want to fade the rug, do you?"

Bill smiled, watching her, and waited in the doorway.

They walked down the narrow hall. Bill paused.

"Comp'ny room," he said indicating a closed door. "Here's Ma's room."

The room was across the hall from the kitchen. They went in. Lulie waited by the door while Bill raised the shades. The winter sunshine flooded the room, highlighting the multicolored rag rug that covered the floor, the pattern of the quilt on the big four-poster bed.

"Oh," Lulie said, walking at once to the bed, touching the quilt with knowing fingers, "it's the Double Wedding Ring! It's Ma's favorite pattern."

"Ma's, too," Bill said. "She made it before she and Pa were married—to bring with her." He came over and stood beside her.

Lulie said wonderingly, "She made the rings two solid colors—blue and red. It's real different. She must have bought the goods she worked it with, instead of using scraps."

"I guess she did," Bill said. "Well, it was for her wedding bed and I reckon she wanted it extra nice." He laid a hand on the high rising mound of the bed and pushed softly. His hand sank easily with the pressure. "Goose feathers," he said. "All down. So soft . . . you know, you can just about lose yourself in this mattress." He grinned. "I remember when I was a kid and had hit my head bad or run a fever Ma would let me climb in here. I got well right off. It made you feel good all over. Pa used to say that Ma and a feather bed was a combine guaranteed—" He broke off, slanting eyes full of laughter at Lulie.

Lulie looked at him, waiting.

"What?" she asked, when he didn't go on.

He gave a short laugh. "Pa used to like to tease her, even when they had some age on them." He turned away then and went to the windows to pull down the shades.

Lulie still stood by the bed. She could feel that hand on her head again, feel again the queer spell that had held her unmoving, unthinking by the cold hearth. What was it, this heaviness, this power on her? She lifted her hand, and her finger went to the entwined rings of the quilt pattern; she began to trace the circles slowly, her head low.

The room grew dark as the blinds came down. Still, Lulie didn't move. When Bill came up to her, she didn't lift her head; she was seeing her finger make the circles, one within the other, unbroken.

Bill stood behind her quietly. But he felt tense and excited; he didn't know why she was standing there, like she was half asleep, but he knew he was meant to wake her.

"Lulie . . ." He spoke softly, looking down into her face.

She lifted her head then, slowly, and slowly she lifted her face to him, a dim, small blur in the darkness; but he could see her eyes, enormous, waiting, unquestioning.

His arms went around her and he brought her close against him.

"Lulie. Lulie, baby . . ." He was trembling. He held her tight and found that she was trembling, too. Her head had gone down tight against his shoulder; he lifted her face to his with one hand. Kissing her, he whispered, "You're not afraid now, Lulie. You're not afraid." And he knew she didn't answer because she couldn't speak. . . .

AFTERWARD, he thought about the Bible and now he understood; he knew what it meant by one flesh. Never again could he and Lulie be separate and apart. And because he had never felt that way before, he knew that they belonged together and that their coming together was foreordained and right.

He turned his head. Lulie had shoved her face deep into the feather mattress. Her shoulders were shaking. She was crying. He laid an arm across her shoulders and his hand gripped her arm.

"Honey," he said softly. "Honey, don't cry. It's all wonderful. You mustn't worry.

We'll get married as quick as I can get the license."

She went on crying; he soothed her, stroking her back when she turned away from him. He leaned over her and smoothed the dark curls back from her face; she buried her face deeper but her breathing quieted. Now and then he heard the convulsive little gasp of gradual relaxation that a child gives after a sobbing spell. She was asleep.

Bill got up and folded the quilt over her and it was warm from where he'd lain. His eyes were tender on her face, on the dark lashes lying wet and heavy on pale cheeks.

He went into the kitchen and built up the fire and then he stood before it and looked across the kitchen, across the hall, to the other room where Lulie lay in the four-poster. . . . It wasn't Ma's bed any more; it was theirs—his and Lulie's—and Ma would be the first to tell him so. He knew what she'd say: "Take a hold, Son. You've got a woman now. Be strong and cherish her. . . ."

Bill felt the sting of tears in his eyes. He swallowed hard. God help him, he breathed, he would cherish her and keep her from all harm. His hands opened and closed hard on the vow.

HE DREAMED of the future, standing there on the hearth, his back growing warm. He wished spring was near so that he could clear the new plant bed, sow his seed. He was figuring out a good place for the plant bed, down there in the rich woods, when he saw Lulie standing in the doorway.

"Lulie . . ." he said and crossed to her quickly. But she didn't come to meet him. She said lightly:

"Have you a comb, Bill?" Her eyes were bright but they were not tender. She had her strength back. She had broken the spell.

Bill reached in his back pocket and handed her the comb. He watched her, without speaking, while she ran the comb lightly through her curls, fluffing them out around her face. She didn't need a mirror; she had done it so often. She handed the comb back.

"Thanks," she said. And then, "Gee, it must be late. We won't have time to eat, will we? Aunt Bet'll have a fit if I'm not home when I said I'd be."

Bill said, his words strong, his look direct, "I'll have a fit if you don't stop talking like that. What's the matter with you, Lulie?"

Lulie lifted her brows at him. "There's nothing the matter with me. I just said we had to go home."

"We are home," Bill said. "Don't you know that? Do you think after . . . hell, Lulie, we want to get married!"

Lulie spoke in a high voice, her eyes hard and bright: "And live here on the farm? Honestly, Bill, just because we . . . There's no reason to get all excited, is there? I mean, just because—" She turned away quickly, picked up her bag from the table and began to rummage in it for her compact.

"Lulie," Bill said in a grave way, refusing the hurt her words did him, "Lulie, it was the first time for you."

Lulie's head came up quickly, the dark curls were tossed back, and her cheeks grew pink.

"Well, what if it was?" she cried at him. "That don't mean anything—unless I want it to. And I don't! I don't want to live on an old farm. . . ." Seeing his mouth get tight, his face flush, she said quickly, impulsively, "Oh, Bill, I'm crazy about you. Honest, I am. But I just can't live on a farm. Never have any fun and get old and wrinkly before my time." That picture took all the softness from her voice. "I won't do it," she said heavily. "I told you—the first time we went out—I won't do it."

Bill just stood there, looking at her. She tried to stare back at him and keep her mouth tight but she could feel her lips quivering, feel her eyes filling with tears beneath his gaze. She raised a small white fist to her mouth and held it there, hard.

"Bill," she said unsteadily, and the softness was there again, and the pleading, "Bill, I know it's your home place. I know you're proud of it and you love it. But you've got a good job in town." Her hand came down and her eyes were big and growing bright with her words. "We could find us a real nice place in town, close to the factory—"

Collier's for December 15, 1945

Bill cut her off short; what she said made him feel sick at his stomach.

"A nice place," he said, his voice grim. "I know what you mean. Two rooms and a kitchenette. On my pay! Two rooms lying an inch deep in factory soot; two rooms so lousy you never stay in 'em except to sleep; two rooms to get out of to go to the movies, the juke joints, the bowling alleys. . . . Your money going down a drain with no bottom to it—just one long sewer, if you ask me."

She had never seen him like this, harsh and bitter. He had never spoken to her like this, making her feel cheap. She laughed, bringing her head high.

"Two rooms with a john that flushes, with a sink in the kitchen, with electric light!" And her eyes went round the big room, full of scorn, to show him what she meant.

He looked her up and down.

"You couldn't do a real job," he said coldly.

Her cheeks flared and she yelled at him, "I won't do one for you on a lousy farm!" She reached for her red tam and shoved it down over her curls.

"I've a good mind not to ride you home," he said, his face set with anger.

She laughed again, high and sharp. "I'll bum a ride," she said, "and do better."

He walked back to the hearth and stood there.

"Go ahead," he said. "I don't want to see you again."

"Ditto," she said, and picked up her bag and marched down the hall, down the front steps and toward the highway.

Bill stood there in front of the fire for a long time; then he kicked the flame apart and set up the screen. He took a drink from the vinegar jug, shoved the cork in, and put it back in the wardrobe. He called Sooner around to the car and took him back to Hadgepatch's. Then he went on back to the rooming house and went to bed. It was all over; he was through—and he didn't have to get drunk to forget it.

BILL had made up his mind not to think of Lulie, but it was hard not to because he kept dreaming about her. In the dreams she was always sweet and willing; they were always in the country. When he woke from the dreams he would close his eyes quickly against the misery of waking and try to get back in the dream but it didn't work. . . . When he was fully awake, although still fresh from the dream, his strength came back; he never thought of seeking her out, asking her to change her mind. He knew he didn't want a wife less willing than he was to work for and share his home place. He often thought of Edna's shrewd black eyes,

their quick summary of Lulie—a flibbertigibbet. She was right. The great purpose that he had found in their loving hadn't been there for Lulie; it was too big for her. The strength of their love had washed over her, not through her—the way a flooding stream carves no lasting bed when it overruns the shallow banks.

Bill worked doggedly at his job for weeks after that; the picking line made money in spite of itself. He drove himself day after day toward the mercy of fatigue at night; and each night he fell into bed dreading, yet powerless against hoping that the dreams would come and make his sleep more important, infinitely happier, than daytime living.

He ate lunch by himself, staying away from the crowded sidewalks and doorways. After work he went straight to his room—or to the pool parlor. He didn't want to see Lulie. If by any chance he glimpsed the shock of dark curls, that turn of the head, or the quick graceful movement of the small body, he moved away at once. He wasn't afraid of her; he had no use for her. He couldn't help the dreams, but he was ashamed of them. She was unworthy of the part she played in them.

Then, one day after work, he saw her coming toward him. He was just leaving. He quickened his steps to avoid her and made his way to the parking lot where he kept his car. He didn't look back once. When he reached the lot and turned in, he heard foot-steps behind, light and half running, and he knew she had followed him. He kept his back turned, unlocking the car. He was in the car and had slammed the door when she came up and stood there, looking at him. She was trying to smile, but her eyes were big and all the brown flecks had run together so they looked dark, almost black. They did that, he remembered well, whenever a deep feeling took her.

"Bill," she said, her lips stiff on the words.

He kept his eyes on the steering wheel.

"Yeah?"

"Bill. I . . . I've changed my mind." She tried to smile.

He gave her a side glance, seeing her lips twist and tremble. He looked away quickly, and got out a cigarette. He lit it, holding on to the match, watching the flame come close to his fingers.

"How come?" he asked. He faced her. She looked funny—white, her nose pinched, the pulse in her throat going bam-bam-bam.

"Oh, I dunno," she tried to speak lightly but she sounded breathless. She dropped her eyes to her hand, resting on the lowered window of the car. "I reckon I'd grow to like the country—if it was your place."

She raised her eyes to his. She meant them



"Hardly any of Cyril's clothes fitted him, but he was so anxious to get into civvies!"

COLLIER'S

JEFF KEATE

Collier's for December 15, 1945



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ALL THROUGH YOUR CAR



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ARVIN Big Flo MEANS
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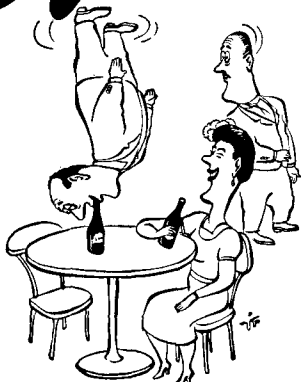
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to be inviting, he knew, but he saw only fear there, dark behind the false gaiety. Fear and something else he didn't know—sullen shame, or hate. Maybe both. It made him mad, her thinking she could fool him.

"Who do you think you're kidding?" he asked.

His voice was like a knife laid on her; she winced and drew back.

"Come clean," Bill said, his hands on the wheel, "or leave me alone."

She was trembling but she drew closer again and put her hand back on the car window. She tilted her head up, the way she used to do, getting ready to speak. Bill didn't look up. He was seeing her hand, small and white and unmarked by labor; the nails were bright red, long, not a one chipped. She was gripping the window; the smooth knuckles were sharp with the effort.

"Honest, Bill," she said, "I thought it over and—and—" She felt his eyes, demanding hers. She swallowed and the pulse in her throat beat faster. When she looked at him she couldn't go on talking; she was frightened.

Bill said slowly, watching her, "Six weeks is a good long spell to think something over. You can find out a lot in six weeks." He took a drag on the cigarette but his eyes never left her. "You're going to have a baby—is that right?"

She shuddered, her face went to pieces and her hands came up wildly to cover it. Her head went down hard against the car door. But she couldn't muffle the hard, dry sound of her sobbing.

Bill got out of the car quickly and shoved her in. He was ashamed of her, making all that noise in public.

"Move over," he said, and when she did, her face still hidden, he got in beside her and drove out of the lot and out of town.

She went on crying and he didn't speak to her until they were well out on the highway. Then he pulled off the road and stopped the car. He didn't want to look at her. She had stopped sobbing, but she was drawing quick little shuddering breaths. Looking straight ahead, he asked, "What do you want to do about it?"

She wouldn't uncover her face and answer.

Bill took a quick look at her. She was bent forward, her elbows resting on her knees, her hands still hiding her face. Seeing her like that, worn out with crying, ashamed of crying, and like a child, stubbornly refusing to show her tears, he couldn't stay mad with her. Hell, he told himself wearily, she is just a kid. She can't help acting like one, and she's got to be treated like one.

"It's all right, Lulie," he said, trying to sound softer. "You don't have to worry. You know I won't let you down. It was my fault."

SHE shook her head but she kept it low, still covered. She said something but he couldn't hear.

He spoke to her sharply, as you would speak to a child to make it behave. "Lulie! Take your hands down. I can't hear you when you have them shoved half in your mouth."

She lowered her hands slowly but she wouldn't turn her head and face him. She looked straight down the road.

"I said it was my fault." Her voice was low but steady.

He was surprised. Suddenly, she wasn't a kid any more.

"It wouldn't have happened," she went on, "if I hadn't let it happen, if I hadn't..." Her voice trailed while she thought back, honestly puzzling over how it had happened.

Bill was thinking back, too. It wouldn't have happened if she hadn't gone on standing there by the bed, like somebody in a trance, waiting to be brought out of it. It wouldn't have happened if, when he spoke her name, she hadn't raised her face and shown him her eyes, her mouth, waiting...

"I could have stopped it," Lulie said, then, slowly. "But it was like I couldn't help myself, like I was under a spell. It was like something in the house, in the room, telling me what to do."

"And it was just happenstance," Bill said shortly, "that I was there."

"It was your home place," Lulie said shortly, turning to him. "The spell of it was strong on you, too."

Bill stared at her. He didn't get it. She talked like she was sure of what she said. But there hadn't been any spell, strong on him; only his love for Lulie had been strong. But maybe being home had made it strong, made him sure of what he wanted and needed. A woman. And maybe he hadn't wanted and needed just for himself, but for his home, too.

SEEING it clear now, through Lulie, his Sanger died. His voice was soft on the question he asked. "Lulie, you're sure that what you think is so?"

Lulie flushed and looked down at her hands, knotting and unknotting in her lap.

"Yes. I've been sick and fainty. I knew right away." Her eyes filled with tears, remembering her terror in knowing.

"You shouldn't have tried to fool me back there," Bill said, but gently.

She said swiftly, "I was scared—scared, after what I said about your farm—"

"Scared I wouldn't want to marry you?"

She nodded. Her eyes were dark with another fear. "If Pa found out I don't know what he'd do to me. But first off he'd fetch

say with a heart full and willing, "This is what we want."

Bill said, "We'll go see your folks on Sunday. I'll give 'em two weeks notice at the factory. We can get married the last of next week and go on out to the farm. It won't hurt to be a little previous getting there. There's plenty to do. I've got to clear a new plant bed."

He made the plans without emotion, reluctant to call up any false enthusiasm she might feel she had to show. He didn't look at her while he talked.

"Bill..." She said his name softly. He knew she wanted him to face her. He turned slowly. Her eyes were wide and soft; he couldn't tell whether it was tenderness or gratitude and it hurt him not to know. It would go on being like that...

"Bill—" she spoke in a sweet and solemn way—"Bill, I'll do the best I know how." She searched his face but it told her nothing. She went on hesitantly, "I'm sorry for what I said about your farm. It's a pretty place. But I can't help it—about the country, I mean—and it wouldn't be honest if I took it back." Still, he made no response. Her cheeks grew pink and she looked away. "I reckon I do love you, Bill, just the same."

Bill dropped his eyes, too—but for an instant, only. He looked at her directly. His voice was grave:



"I Forgot to Buy an Extra Victory Bond!"

me back to the farm and lock me up to keep me there—and never let me go!"

"If you go with me," Bill said steadily, "you'll be living on a farm, working harder than you'd have to on your Pa's place, I guess."

"I know, I know," Lulie said, and the words tumbled out, "but it would be different. I wouldn't be scared." Her face was close, white with anxiety. "I'd work for you, Bill. I know how. I'm little but I'm strong. I'd do everything you asked me to. Honest."

Bill was white, too; it wasn't fitting for anybody to have to humble themselves, to beg. He couldn't stand seeing Lulie do it. She didn't have to. She had a right to be free like everybody else.

"Listen, Lulie," he said, "you don't have to marry me to get out of trouble. There are other ways..."

In a swift gesture her hand flew up to her body, as if to protect it. She shivered. She turned to him slowly.

"That would be wrong," she said, so softly it was almost a whisper. "Because it's somebody—even now. It's already started."

Bill drew a deep breath. "It's up to you, Lulie. You've got to be sure."

Lulie said, as simply and surely as a child, "I am. We couldn't do that. It would be wrong."

She said "we," Bill thought. She said "we." She knows, even if she is a kid and a cry-baby, that we've got to take this together, bear with it together; or maybe she didn't really know or figure it out exactly. Maybe it was the stuff in her and back of her, good honest folks, speaking through her. Speaking for her, because she didn't yet have sense enough to speak for herself. God willing, the day would come when she could speak for herself, knowing herself; when she would

"Don't ever lie to me, Lulie. There's no call to. This isn't the way you wanted things, or the way I would have had them."

Lulie's voice was as grave as his: "It's no lie, Bill. Leastways, I don't mean it to be. I know I was all mixed up. I wanted to be with you, but not on a farm."

He should have let it go at that and he knew it, but he couldn't stop himself from asking, knowing the pain her answer would give, "You wouldn't be going with me now to live on the place—if this hadn't happened, would you?"

Lulie answered slowly, "I don't know, Bill. Honest, I don't. After we had that fight I was mad. But I missed you; I was mighty blue. I felt that there was things clawing at each other inside me. I wanted to make up but I hated you, too." She raised her eyes to his and they were big with her effort to think and speak honestly. "But when I found out—about me—then I was so scared there wasn't room for anything else."

He knew she had given him all she could, all she had to give, in her answer. When he spoke he sounded tired.

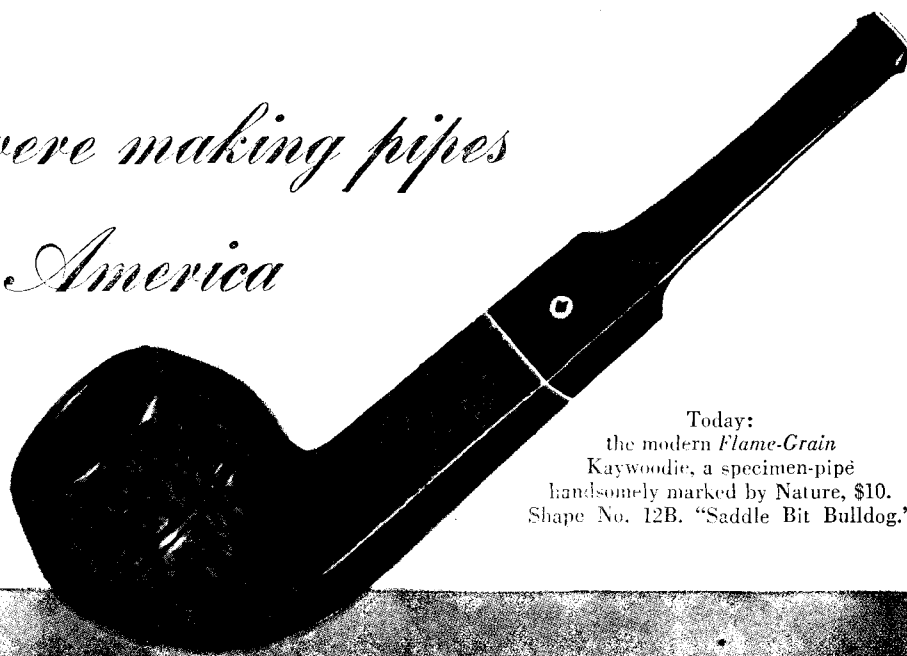
"You don't have to be scared any more, Lulie." He paused, getting his words set, and then he went on deliberately, heavily, "And afterwards—when you're well again—you can go if you want to. I'll keep the boy, and you can go back to town."

He switched on the ignition and stepped on the starter. "I had a pet squirrel once," he said evenly. "I was mighty fond of it. But it kept biting me—so I turned it loose." He glanced around at her once, making the turn in the road. "Wasn't any use having it around."

Lulie looked at him as if she hadn't heard. "You'd let me go—if I had a mind to?"

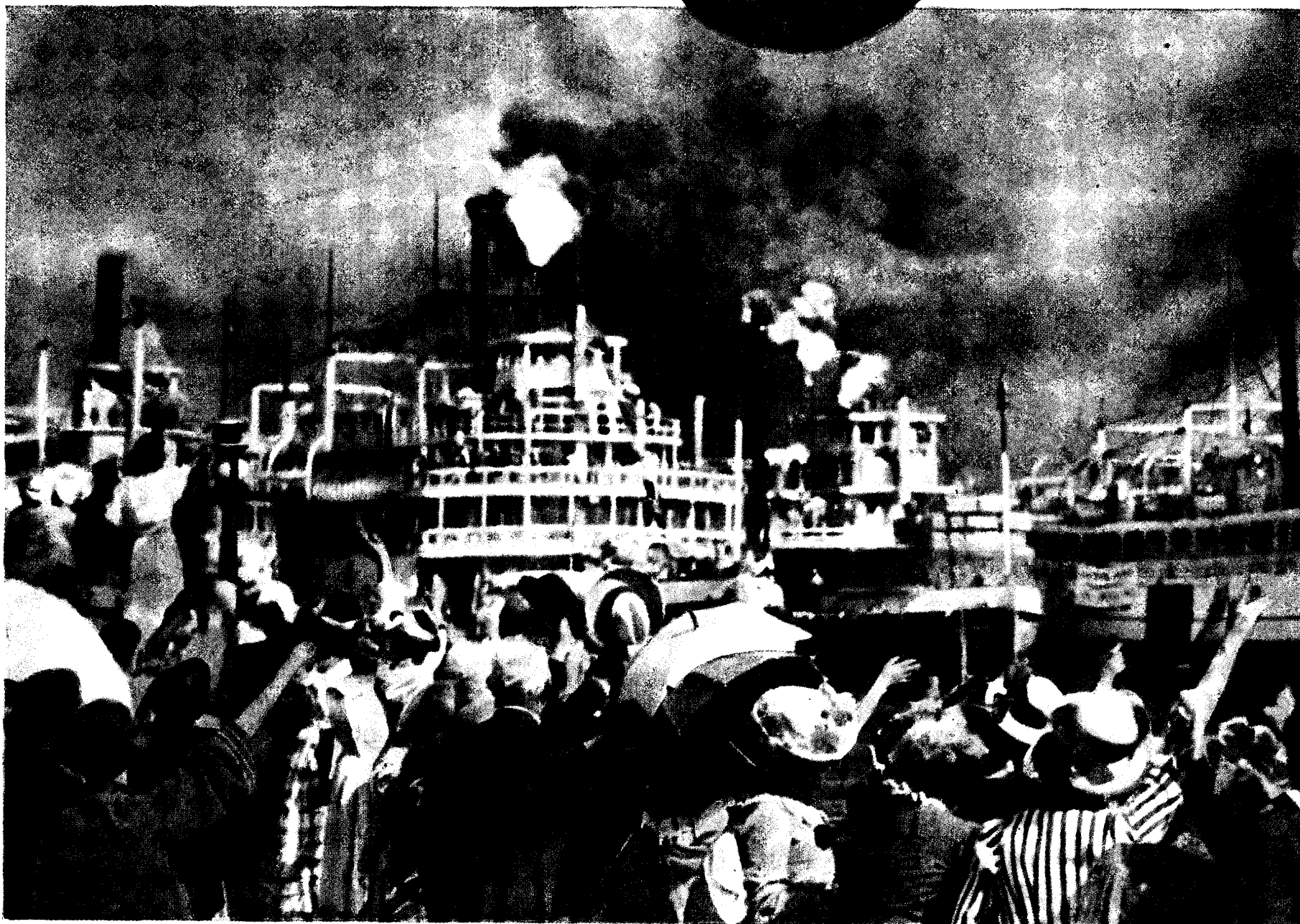
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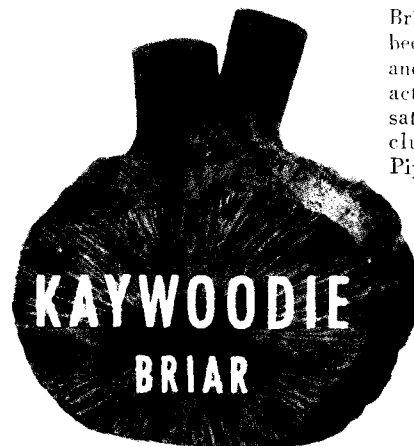
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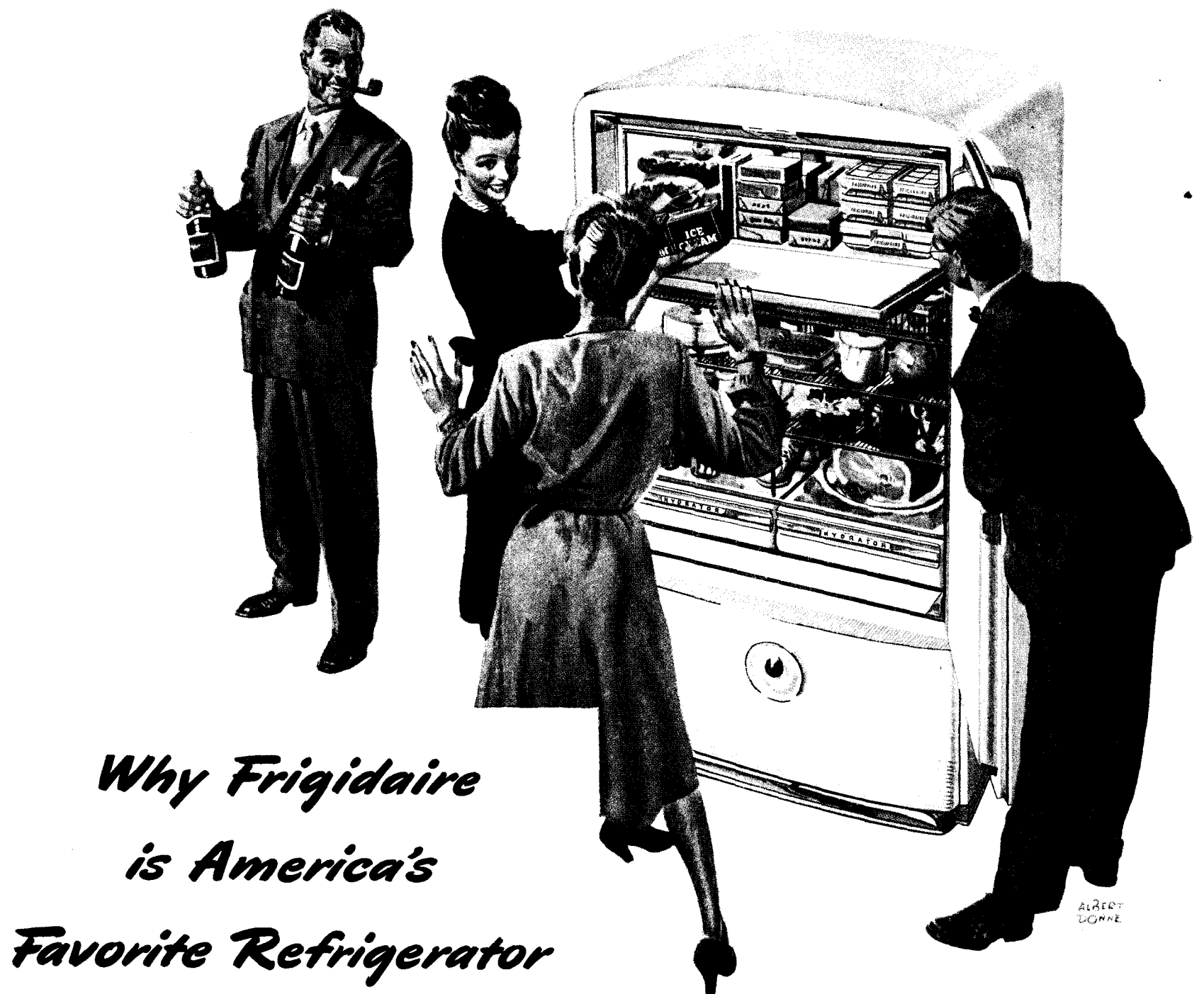
*Steamboats plied the Mississippi, and one of the founders of our business travelled on the River, and by stage coach, on his way to answer requests for pipes from the gold-hungry West and South. He took pipes to the newly discovered gold fields of California in 1851. A reproduction of the Scripps illustration in colors, together with booklet *Illustrations of Kaywoodie Pipes*, all available for 10¢ to cover costs.*

Ninety-four years devoted to producing satisfying pipes have culminated in the Kaywoodie Pipe which you buy today. In it are incorporated the best qualities garnered from those years of experience with pipe-smokers' habits and preferences. From the new Kaywoodie Pipes you will get everything that enhances the pleasure of pipe-smoking. Kaywoodies may be had at your dealer's, \$3.50 to \$1.25. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London—In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20.



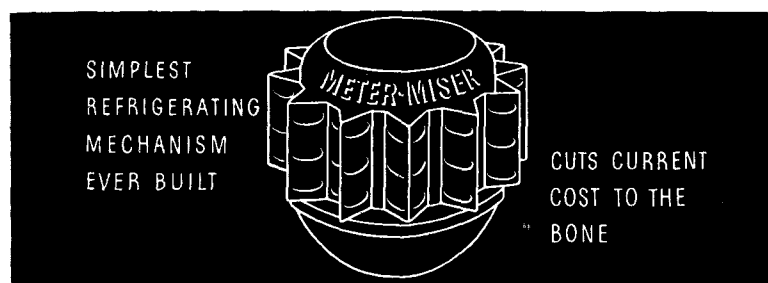
The term "Kaywoodie Briar" means briar that has been IMPORTED, inspected and graded to meet our exacting requirements, and satisfactorily seasoned exclusively for Kaywoodie Pipes.

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Why Frigidaire is America's Favorite Refrigerator

7 Million Frigidaires built and sold! Keep this fact in mind when you choose your next refrigerator. Remember that back of every one of the great refrigeration principles pioneered by Frigidaire . . . back of every exclusive Frigidaire convenience . . . back of every exciting new Frigidaire feature stands Frigidaire's proved dependability . . . a record for lasting satisfaction that has been established in *millions* of American kitchens!



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GENERAL MOTORS

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HOME FREEZERS • WATER COOLERS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION • AIR CONDITIONERS

The Case Against Franco

Continued from page 23

the European Continent whatever, from Norway to Spain to Portugal."

Suñer interrupted Der Fuehrer long enough to mention the fact that an English landing on the Cantabrian coast of the province of Asturias would very much complicate Spain's position. There were "Communist elements" in the population of Asturias, Suñer said, which would support the British.

"I can set your mind at rest," Hitler answered, "on the basis of our experience in Norway where the entire population was aiding the British. Incidentally in Norway it was also revealed that coastal guns are not suited for repelling an attack but that only air defense can bring the most favorable results. If a group of Stukas and a group of heavy pursuit ships are made available for the taking of Gibraltar, in eight days no enemy ship would dare to come within 250 miles of this Spanish zone. In Norway we drove the English back by using only Stukas.

"A heavy artillery attack against a position like Gibraltar would not be as effective as an operation employing the special weapons used in overwhelming the Maginot Line and the Belgian forts at Eben Emael. When the time comes Spain will have the planes and men and special weapons for the task."

A Plea for More Territory

Again Suñer interrupted, this time to bring to Der Fuehrer's attention Spanish claims to French Morocco. Spain needed territorial conquests, he said, to strengthen the government domestically as well as for external security. Hitler agreed.

"That's an old lesson of history," he answered. "But . . . there is danger in North Africa for us. It is not out of the question that England and France will try to inveigle America into the Azores and find support for these efforts in North Africa.

"To guarantee the safety to us of Africa and the Continent, Germany must have bases in the Canaries and on the North African coast."

Then Hitler let drop a remark of historic importance. He had signed a nonaggression

pact with Stalin but it is evident that this was an expedient and that he regarded the Soviet Union as an enemy nation.

"There is danger in the East," he said, "there is always danger in the East, and Germany is playing a most useful role as the eastern bulwark of Europe and the New Order."

Hitler wrote directly to Franco on the following day saying substantially what he had said to Suñer but adding that Spain's participation would "chase the English out of the Mediterranean and so provide nearly a complete solution of Spain's provisioning problems."

Franco replied almost immediately. He wrote Hitler on September 22d that Germany could count "on all that Spain possesses, since our friendship is to be sealed firmly for the future as well." He objected only to Herr von Ribbentrop's and Hitler's desire for the establishment of "German military bases by the occupation of the two harbors, Agadir and Mogador, in the south zone" of Spanish Morocco.

"These are," Franco said, "unnecessary in peacetime and superfluous in wartime. The advantages that these bases could offer would neither be worth the difficulties which this type of base always produces nor the harm which they cause to the adjoining areas, whose outlet to the sea they constitute."

The two ports named are in rich iron and manganese ore-producing areas. German "occupation" of the ports would not only give the Nazis the harbors, but domination of the whole region. The economic value of most of Morocco would be lost to Spain, Franco saw.

In the same letter, Franco disclosed that he'd planned to grab Gibraltar for years: "I agree with you that driving the English out of the Mediterranean Sea will improve the situation of our transports, although it is self-evident that not all questions of the provisioning of Spain will be solved since there are many products and raw materials which the Spanish lack, and which are not to be found in the Mediterranean Basin.

"I am also of the opinion that our first act on entering the war must consist in the occupation of Gibraltar. Our military policy in the Straits has been conducted with this in mind since 1936, in that we (word obliterated but it was probably 'anticipated') the English intentions of expanding and fortifying their bases.

"The fall of Gibraltar would actually in-

sure the western Mediterranean and rule out any danger, except possibly the dangers which might arise from time to time if De Gaulle should succeed with his plan of rebellion in Algiers and Tunis. A concentration of our troops in Morocco will lessen this danger. . . .

"The possibility of a surprise attack by the English on the Canary Islands in order to build themselves a naval base to protect their overseas routes has always been a worry of mine. With this possibility in mind we are in the process of sending stocks of food, munitions and limited artillery matériel which we have drawn out of less threatened regions. We had ordered a partial mobilization several months ago, and also have sent arms for the entire archipelago.

"I would like to thank you, dear Fuehrer, once again for the offer of solidarity. I answer it with the assurance of my unchanging adherence to you personally, to the German people and to the cause for which you fight. I hope, in defense of this cause, to be able to renew the old bonds of comradeship between our armies."

Two Sharp-Witted Traders

But Franco was bargaining shrewdly, taking no chances. He believed he had plenty of time in which to obtain the most and yield the least. He wanted not only territories, but also wheat and raw materials. Hitler, too, thought he had plenty of time in which to whittle down the Spaniard's demands.

Thus the failure of German diplomacy, rather than Allied appeasement, was one of the principal reasons for Spain's ultimate "neutrality." Hitler's and Von Ribbentrop's insistence on German footholds in Morocco and the Canaries had become the chief obstacle to Spain's entry into the war.

The German-Spanish bargaining continued during a long conversation between Franco and Hitler personally at a secret meeting at Hendaye, France, in a railroad car, on October 23, 1940. The two had never met before and El Caudillo hastened, according to a transcript of their conversation, to say that "Spain was spiritually united with the German people, without reservation, and felt herself one with the Axis, particularly since soldiers of the three powers had fought side by side in the civil war.

"In the future," Franco told Hitler, "Spain will always cling closely to Germany."

Then they got down to brass tacks. Franco wanted to know about the "economic, military and political assistance" which Germany had promised. Hitler sat back and listened, and when Franco had finished, he did not answer directly, but he launched into one of his lectures on strategy and politics.

The fear of America, never publicly admitted, obviously gnawed at his self-confidence. He feared Russia, too, and displayed to Franco a complete cynicism about his "nonaggression pact" with Stalin.

"The war has really been decided," Hitler reiterated in familiar vein. "The German front from the North Pole to Spain will keep any English landing out. England's only hopes are Russia and America. Germany has a pact with Russia but I am bringing my army of the East up to a strength of 186 attack divisions.

"America won't attack in winter and it will take from 18 months to two years for her to mobilize."

Hitler admitted there was a "certain danger" of future Anglo-American landings on the islands off Africa, a doubt enhanced by the possibility of disloyalty to Marshal Pétain on the part of French troops in Africa.

"The worst danger," Hitler confessed, "is that the rich French colonies will pass into the hands of De Gaulle, England or America."

What Hitler had to say on the subject of General Charles de Gaulle and his Free French provides one of the most heart-warming passages in the entire file. Hitler's words offer, too, grounds for criticism of America's appeasement policy toward Vichy and for the high-handed treatment accorded De Gaulle in those days.

"Our biggest task now," Hitler told Franco, "is to see that De Gaulle doesn't expand and thus provide openings for English and Ameri-



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This Handy Inhaler Gives Greater
Breathing Comfort In Seconds

Now whenever a cold, dust or bad air stuffs up your nose, a few quick whiffs of the handy Vicks Inhaler will bring you a wonderful feeling of relief. This Inhaler—so easy to carry in pocket or purse—is packed with volatile medication that gives honest-to-goodness breathing comfort. Keep it handy.



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VanRoy Ajustomatic is more than just another screw-stem. It is a totally new kind of pipe. New—because the patented stem is "float-mounted"—always lines up with the bowl as straight as a die. No matter how often it is turned the stem will never lock at an off angle. Discover VanRoy for complete smoking satisfaction.

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A lifetime of shaving pleasure in ONE blade!

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Poor Digestion? Headachy? Sour or Upset? Tired-Listless?

YES NO

Do you feel headachy and upset due to poorly digested food? To feel cheerful and happy again your food must be digested properly.

Each day, Nature must produce about two pints of a vital digestive juice to help digest your food. If Nature fails, your food may remain undigested—leaving you headachy and irritable.

Therefore, you must increase the flow of this digestive juice. Carter's Little Liver Pills increase this flow quickly—often in as little as 30 minutes. And, you're on the road to feeling better.

Don't depend on artificial aids to counteract indigestion—when Carter's Little Liver Pills aid digestion after Nature's own order. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills as directed. Get them at any drugstore. Only 25¢.

can bases on the African coast. De Gaulle must be prevented from exploiting the dissatisfaction within France with Pétain's regime. France (Vichy) must be made to take a definite attitude toward England. This is hard, since, besides the Fascist orientation of Laval and Pétain, there are those in France who want to play a double game with England."

Hitler blamed the "lack of German sea power" and the bad flying weather over the Channel for not having begun "the great attack" against England.

Curiously enough, even at that early date, the eventual Japanese entry into the war was foreshadowed in Hitler's remarks to Franco, although there was nothing in what Der Fuehrer said to indicate a foreknowledge on his part that the Japs would attack.

"In order to compel the United States to keep its navy in the Pacific," he said, "I have concluded the Three-Power Pact. Confidentially, many other European nations have announced their intention of joining this pact. . . ."

The rest of the transcript was garbled and incomplete but Franco was both reassured and impressed by what Hitler told him. The wires between Madrid and Berlin sizzled for days with drafts and substitute drafts of a new Hispano-German alliance which would have brought Spain into the war.

Finally, on November 11, 1940, Von Stohrer cabled Berlin: "Foreign Minister has signed (the Spanish-German terms for entering the war) stop Courier leaves tomorrow with copies other than the Spanish one."

But again events—and not appeasement—intervened to oblige Franco to restrain his imperial ambitions. Italy had invaded Greece. The Fascists thought they'd take Greece easily. They had bribed members of the Greek General Staff. But they failed to take the freedom-loving Greeks into account. The Greeks rose and fought. Within a month the Black Shirt campaign bogged down. Later, Nazi divisions salvaged the Greek campaign, but in mid-November, 1940, the Axis cause in Greece seemed lost. Franco became alarmed and his ardor to enter the war cooled noticeably. Hitler became angry.

Hitler summoned Suñer to Obersalzberg on November 18th. For hours, in the presence of Von Ribbentrop, Der Fuehrer sought to reassure the Spaniard. He shouted. He pounded the map-strewn table of his study. Summarily he told Suñer, who again held out for wheat and supplies, that he'd get the requested food and weapons only if Spain came in.

Three days later Von Ribbentrop met Suñer at the Berchtesgaden Hotel. He bragged of the imminence of a rupture of relations between Turkey and Britain, of Italian successes in Libya and Egypt and assured Suñer that Germany would invade England during the winter, "weather permitting."

Von Ribbentrop went through what had by now become a routine speech on the hopelessness of Britain's cause without help from Russia or America. He gave, however, an even more significant clue to the state of tension between Germany and Russia despite their "pact," than Hitler had.

"Russia cannot withstand the military power of Germany," Von Ribbentrop said.

Suñer then mentioned news from America of large-scale preparations for war.

"America's entry into the war," the Nazi replied, "won't change things in any way."

The rhythm of German pressures upon Spain to come in quickly increased throughout 1941. On February 6th, Hitler sent a long, almost pleading letter to Franco stressing that time was running short. Solemnly he warned the Caudillo:

"The war which we Germans and Italians are fighting is deciding the fate of Spain, of your government today, and a nationalist and independent (sic) Spain will never exist if we do not win."

Franco admitted this, somewhat pathetically, in his reply of February 26th.

"I believe as you do yourself," he wrote, "that the destiny of history has indissolubly united you with me and with the Duce."

Moscow Serves As a Warning

Whatever efforts Hitler and Mussolini made thereafter to swing Franco and Spain into the war were fruitless. History was now unreeling rapidly the doom of the Axis. On June 21, 1941, Germany attacked Russia. After early successes, Hitler's armies, comprising nearly 200 of his best divisions, were bogged in the mud and snow and cold of the Russian steppes. They failed to take Moscow.

Franco said no more about keeping his word to enter the war and limited Spanish participation to sending a division of Spaniards under General Muñoz Grande to the Russian front.

Meanwhile America entered the conflict when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor. Then Franco really jittered. By November, 1942, General Ike Eisenhower and a powerful American Army had settled forever Franco's hopes of becoming a Spanish Napoleon. Oran and subsequently all of North Africa was ours, and the invasion of Europe had, in effect, begun just as Hitler himself had sensed it would.

On February 10, 1943, General von Moltke and the then Spanish Foreign Minister, Gomez de Jordana, signed a secret protocol wherein Spain promised to fight if Anglo-American forces invaded Spanish territory anywhere. British and American forces, however, took good care not to violate Spanish "neutrality."

"Imperial Spain" died on the vine.

THE END

"For a minute I thought you had been playing poker again"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

Collier's for December 15, 1945



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And here his genius came upon your *Unseen Friend* — NICKEL. For it is the chemical changes of nickel oxides and iron in an alkaline solution that make possible these long-lived batteries which are free from acid, from danger of deterioration in stand-by service and from injury when discharged. Built of steel plated with Nickel, they stand up under the roughest use.

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In these and countless other ways . . . from the pure Nickel in your radio tubes to the Nickel in your stainless steel cutlery . . . this versatile metal is your *Unseen Friend* . . . as much a part of your life as your daily paper.

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THEY CARRIED THE LOAD *for Victory*

When a list is finally drawn on the Nation's Roll of Honor of those who helped win the war, a special tribute should be paid the unsung airlines. With courage, energy and enterprise unmatched in the history of transportation, they carried a vast stream of vital cargo and personnel to turn the tide of a thousand combat and production battles. They crossed and re-crossed continents and oceans night and day with unprecedented frequency and regularity. And they did it without medals or publicity, without public praise or fame. They were indeed the faithful load carriers for Victory.

GREATEST NAME IN AVIATION

DOUGLAS DC-6

Sister Ship of the Famous C-54 Combat Air Transport

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

in the German V-1 bomb, and it also carried black powder rocket charges beneath its wings to give it added push when it went into its suicide dive.

In its first flight test in July the rocket booster on one wing went off prematurely as Ginga released the suicide ship, and Oka nosed up, flipped over, and dived into the sea.

THERE were other variations of the Oka which could be fired from catapults, towed into the air by a parent plane, or launched from the ground assisted by jet propulsion. Oka's life also was designed to be brief but busy. We estimate she could stay in the air only fifteen minutes on the amount of fuel she could carry.

The Japs, we found, were working on four types of jet and rocket engines—a liquid jet, used in Shusui, burning hydrogen peroxide and methanol; an Italian Campini design used in Oka 22, in which benzol was injected into a compression chamber at high temperature; a coaxial turbojet fueled by benzol, and a ram-type jet engine which was still in the bench-test stage. Nothing they had could approach the Whittle-type power plant in the British Gloster Meteor, or the General Electric jet engine in the Lockheed Shooting Star, but they were further along in their development of heat-resistant metals than we thought they were. As for engineering, they had worked out some interesting applications of known principles, but had made no radical new discoveries.

Most of their information came from their friends, the Germans, but the hazards of war made this help sometimes difficult to receive. The engine which powered Shusui, for example, was built from pictures in technical magazines, after detailed drawings which the Germans were sending by submarine were lost when the sub was sunk en route.

Two factors drove the Japs to their frenzied research into the jet and rocket propulsion principles. The first was combat needs. Despite their justly famed maneuverability, their best fighters could not stay in the air with our Marine Corsairs, Navy Hellcats, and Army Mustangs and Thunderbolts. Therefore they could not get enough of their suicides through our combat air patrols to strike a decisive blow at our fleet. Being firmly committed to the suicide attack, they had to develop a jet and rocket propelled craft which by reason of its terrific speed became actually a piloted flying bomb, too fast for our fighters to intercept. Their answer was Shusui, and the various developments of Oka.

Also, they were out of gas. Our nameless

sharpshooters of the submarine service had torpedoed their tankers mercilessly for three years. Their gasoline stocks were so low their trainer planes were flying on alcohol, and nearly every vehicle on the ground was powered either with alcohol or charcoal. The cheap fuels which jet engines burn were their only solution.

They also had the problem of staying alive to complete their research, with B-29s, carrier fighters, and Okinawa and Iwo-based fighters thick as sea gulls over the home islands day and night. They knew that their great air arsenal and experimental laboratory here at Yokosuka would eventually become a primary target, and they already had taken a mild, preliminary bombing. So, nearly a year ago they began to go underground.

Into the soft gray volcanic ash of Mount Natagiri and Mount Hinati which overlook Yokosuka airstrip, they cut a labyrinth of tunnels and galleries. In this underground warren, 15,000 workers, 450 naval officers, and 550 civilian technical experts worked, and many of them lived there, in pine-paneled subterranean barracks complete with playrooms and little shrines. One tunnel was a factory containing 800 huge lathes, drills and presses of German, Swiss and American make. Some of them looked so new that we wondered if some of our neutral friends had not served as a middleman for Japan during the war, though the Japs stoutly maintained that these machines were bought eight to ten years ago.

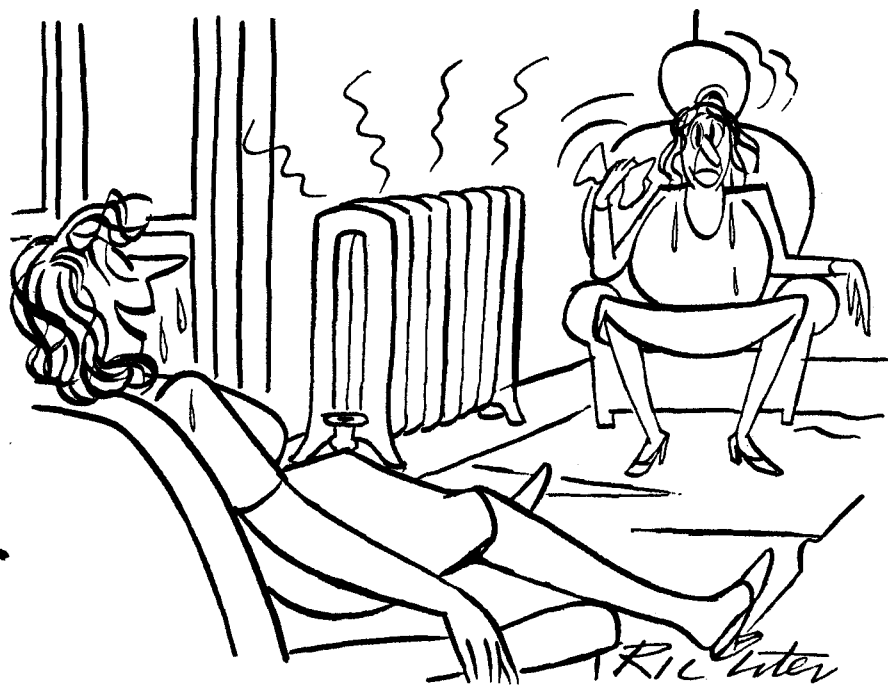
So completely had the Japs holed up that the area, from the air and at first glance from the ground, looked to be an abandoned installation. When our troops came ashore at Yokosuka, aboveground revetments were empty, hangars were in the process of being torn down, and the only aircraft visible were wrecks. Everything was underground except a few barracks.

FROM Onishi, the Kamikaze Kid, and other Japs, we got information that should be of interest to every American who had been bombed by a Jap twin-engine bomber. We always wondered why they ran their engines out of synchronization so that they sounded like a washing machine with a burned-out bearing.

That, the Japs explained blandly, was to foul up our sound-detecting gear.

We didn't bother to tell them that we had stopped using that type of gear right after Pearl Harbor. Radar was our first line of detection throughout the Pacific.

Lt. Harold H. Martin,
USMC



"Harvey says he had three years of fuel rationing and now there's no holding him"

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER

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Edgeworth
READY-RUBBED

America's Finest Pipe Tobacco

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AMERICA'S FINEST PIPE TOBACCO

Famous Edgeworth comes in Edgeworth's own "Seal Pak", a handy, wrap-around pocket pouch, heat-sealed, airtight. Easier to fill pipe. No pocket bulge. Moisture-guard lining guarantees freshness to last satisfying pipeful.

GUY LOMBARDO America's No. 1 Band
TUESDAY 9 P.M. E.S.T., American Broadcasting Co.

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The cans of tomatoes which this patient is holding were grown and processed on the hospital farm

UP ON COTICS

WARD WHITMAN



This patient is at work in the garment shop, one of the several industries operated by the hospital



Tractors and other machinery on the farm, with 117 acres under cultivation, are run by patients. Work is an important part of the treatment of narcotic addicts



Patients handling the calves of the dairy herd. The hospital has 200 dairy cattle, with 350 acres of pasturage, as well as a piggery and an abattoir

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE-FIX

By discarding old methods and using a new approach to the problem, the Public Health Service has proved that addiction can be cured—in many cases permanently

THE fight against narcotic addiction is not hopeless, though for centuries our best medical brains thought you could do as little about it as you could about a Pacific typhoon. The United States government has done something about it. On a quiet reservation of 1,050 acres, in the heart of the Kentucky bluegrass region, we have scored our first victories over the plague of the pernicious poppy.

Congress undertook the battle in 1929, appropriating funds for a government narcotic farm at Lexington, Ky. It commenced

functioning in 1935. From that day to this, a dogged decade of experimentation and hard work, more has been added to the knowledge of opium, morphine, heroin, cocaine and marijuana than man had learned in a dozen centuries.

The "cure" has been offered, as of July 1, 1945, to 7,446 sorry, hapless individuals trapped in the slavery to narcotics. It has not always been successful. Many questions remain unanswered. But Lexington has stripped away the grotesque garb of ignorance that made many of us witch burners where addicts were concerned. It has evolved an effective method of treatment. It has learned much of the properties of narcotics and the secrets of addiction.

All this has been significant enough to bring visitors from governments around the world to learn our know-how, as far as it goes, and to make this grassy, elm-treed spot our own white hope for licking the upswing in narcotic addiction that is expected to follow war. Doctor J. D. Reichard, medi-

cal officer in charge at Lexington, lists the following as the most important gains that have been made through the treatment of addicts and the work of the hospital's research laboratory, in the fight against narcotic addiction:

1. Methods of measuring physical dependence have been developed.
2. A clear distinction has been established between physical dependence upon opiates and emotional need for them.
3. Development of the *rapid withdrawal* method of breaking the narcotic habit. Ineffectual methods formerly used have been abandoned.
4. Proof has been obtained that narcotics *per se* do not impel the addict to commit crimes of violence or sexual excesses.
5. Case histories have proved that narcotic addiction is not exclusive with underprivileged or antisocial groups.
6. Evolution of a cure which successfully integrates physical withdrawal, psychotherapy and occupational.

7. Proof has been obtained that narcotic addiction can be and is being cured.

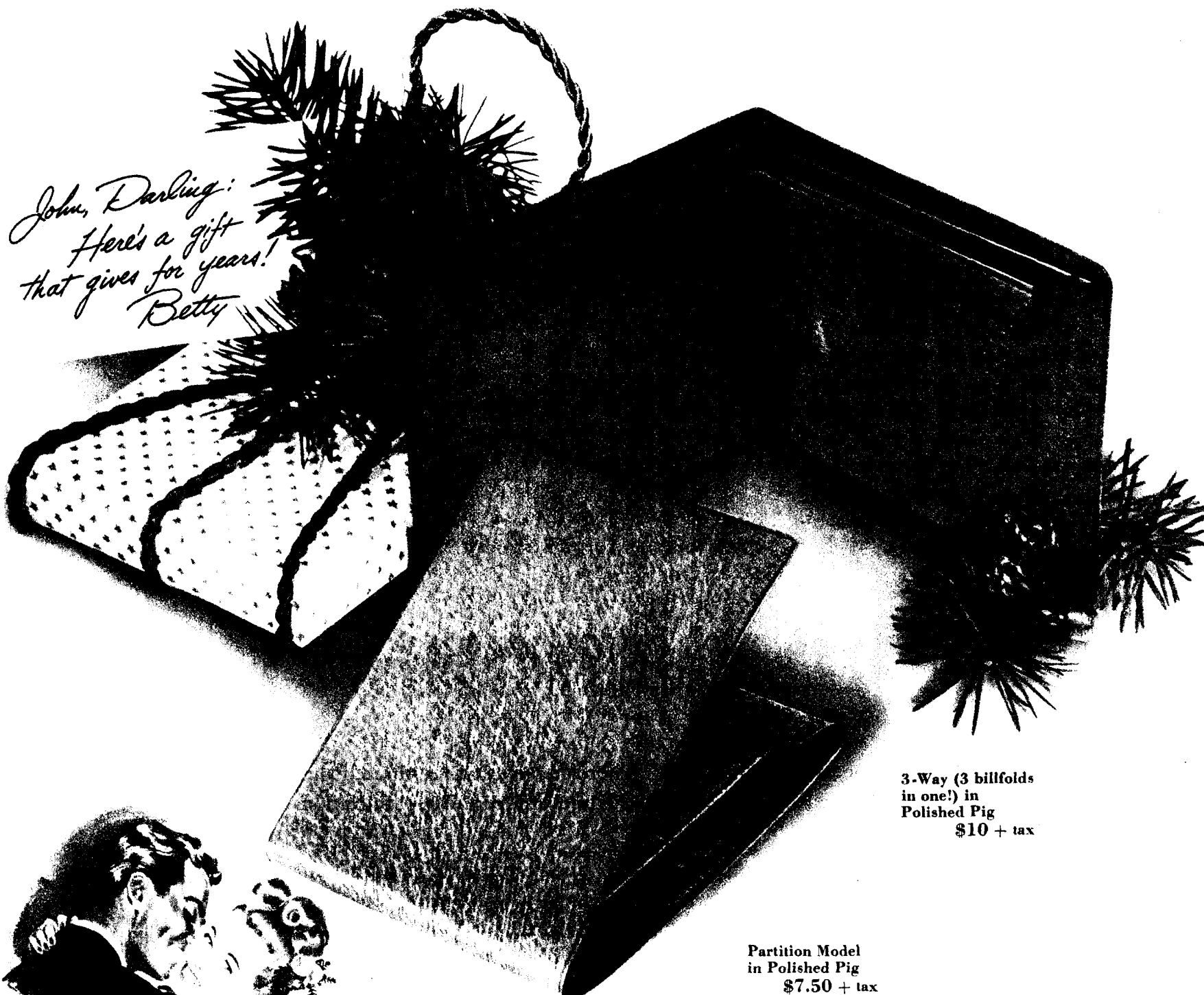
The narcotic farm, officially called U.S. Public Health Service Hospital, is seven miles outside the quiet red-bricked town of Lexington, in a countryside of rolling hills, bluegrass, sunshine and tobacco fields. There is a main hospital building now housing 795 male addicts, a separate building housing 80 female addicts and separate quarters for 300 psychotic patients from the armed forces. These 300 are temporarily assigned to Lexington because of the shortage of military accommodations. None of them is an addict.

The hospital also operates a farm with 117 acres under cultivation, 350 acres of pasturage with 200 dairy cattle, an abattoir, a piggery, a cannery, a garment factory, a furniture factory, a carpenter shop and machine shops. The work in all of these facilities is done by patients. For them, work is part of getting well.

Three types of addicts form the population
(Continued on page 86)

Collier's for December 15, 1945

ONE PIECE OF FINEST PIGSKIN SELF-INTERLOCKED TO MAKE THE WORLD'S FINEST BILLFOLD



GIVE A BILLFOLD—AND GIVE ONE
THAT KEEPS YOUNG LONGER...

*The Stitchless
Buxton*

THIS CHRISTMAS let your gift become a companion that will go through the years with him—become more highly prized as time goes by... Give him a new Buxton in Polished Pig!

That means the finest pigskin money can buy... finished beautifully by methods developed from long specialized research... self-interlocked by a patented ONE-PIECE construction into the world's finest billfold! In other words, a stitchless billfold that has not a single thread to

rip or rot... a billfold that can "live" out the full life-span of the durable leather itself! It's guaranteed in normal use to do it!

Buxton is the only billfold anywhere that combines beauty and strength this way. Ask for it at better leather goods counters in your city. Buxton, Inc., Springfield 1, Mass.

* * *

If he has many passes or pictures to carry, no need to fall back on a stitched billfold. You can buy any Buxton Stitchless equipped with a removable eight-pass case for 50¢ extra.

BUXTON

Our Guarantee... If any Stitchless Buxton gives out in normal use before the leather wears out—it will be replaced FREE!



and he

you'
and you know



WHY OUR ARMED FORCES STILL NEED ONE-SHOT ANTI-FREEZE

Vast numbers of our tanks, trucks, planes, warships, etc. remain at various points throughout the world. This tremendous investment of the American people must be protected — and protected properly. That is why our armed forces still require quantities of one-shot anti-freeze.

Time Too Short

Even though the requirements of the services have been reduced, not enough "Prestone" anti-freeze can be made to meet both military and civilian needs this Winter.

Your dealer may not be able to say "Sure." There's an even more limited supply available than last year, because the Armed Forces still require so much non-boil-away anti-freeze.

But if he *can* supply you with "Prestone" anti-freeze, you're all set for the cold weather. "Prestone" anti-freeze can't boil away, evaporate or foam off. It protects against rust and corrosion. One shot lasts all winter — you're safe and you know it!

Here's how anti-freeze is being distributed this year

To assure anti-freeze protection of the nation's motor vehicles, the War Production Board, with the cooperation of the Anti-Freeze Industry Advisory Committee, set up a state allocation plan for the distribution of all anti-freezes. This plan is intended to assure motorists of some kind of anti-freeze protection. Some "Prestone" brand anti-freeze will be available in all communities.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



The registered trade-marks "Eveready" and "Prestone" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

PRESTONE
TRADE MARK
ANTI-FREEZE



O.P.A.
Retail Ceiling Price
\$2.65
per gallon
SAME PRODUCT
SAME PRICE

BY GEORGE H. FREITAG



THE morning of the first day of the season was, conversely, a day when my father did not go to the mill. The snow came down quietly, and then once in a while in swirls, as if a word somewhere in the snow's way down, had been spoken.

My father was the first one out of bed, and he pulled on his socks. He seemed to want to go to his Saturday off a great deal more than he gave, through the rest of the week to the mill; he wanted a full day, a day of merriment and laughter, a day set aside for sleeping and playing. Lying now in my bed, I heard the first screeching of the bed in the next room and, a moment after, my father's morning groans as he pulled on his socks.

Calling with my hands cupped over my mouth, focusing the horn of my hands toward my father's room, I yelled at the top of my lungs: "Where are we going today?"

There was no answer. This was all right; it was his day. If he did not wish to speak, he did not have to, and I lay in the snow-brightened room, waiting and waiting.

My mother was already busy downstairs. I heard the first poker thrusts into the still warm ashes of the kitchen stove, heard the shaking of the grate and then the hungry, scurrying shovel, and finally the smacking tongues of flame devouring the new coal.

"Father!"

MY FATHER came into the room, fully dressed now, pulling his green suspenders out with his thumbs. "Where are we going today?" I asked again. "There is snow wherever you look, as far as you can see."

My father went to the window. "It's a first snow; it'll melt before noon. A first snow dies before it is really looked upon."

"But where are we to go today?" I asked.

"A first snow is a sad snow; the best thing to do is to remain in the house. The second snow is sturdier and that is the snow to romp in, not this one, not the first." He walked over to where I was sitting upon the bed and gave my cheek a pinch, and then, laughing, he walked toward the stair well, where the echo of his laughter had already touched the downstairs room and now returned to meet him going down.

By the time I was dressed and downstairs, my father had gone. At first I thought he was playing a joke on me and that I would find him hiding behind a chair or the piano in the parlor; but he was nowhere to be found.

"If you are hunting for your father," my mother said, "he went out; he went to the barbershop. This is his hair day, you know, the last Saturday of the month." And she went on busying herself about the kitchen.

I went to the big window facing the alley and looked out; the snow had almost stopped,

but the sun remained hidden. I went to the back door and opened it, whiffing in some of the new winter air, smelling the snow, smelling the day winter came. I stood there remembering other winter days; I remembered the darkness of the city streets, walking close by my father, seeing the snow fall faster past the street lights, remembering the stained-glass windows of the church with the lights showing through, with Jesus standing in a garden of green grass while the snow of my own time, my own special year, lay directly beneath the wide sill. . . .

Suddenly, coming through the alley, we heard a clatter of bells which rang in muffled tones against the snow, and my mother and I ran to the door to see what it could be. It was a beautiful red sleigh pulled by a horse as white as the snow, and in the driver's seat, sitting proudly up, holding fast to the reins with gloved hands, was my father.

We rushed out to the curb, my mother with her hands to her mouth, frightened by the sight, and my father, uncovering himself of the green and red blanket, jumped down with a little wheeze onto the patted snow.

"Land alive!" my mother finally said, standing back a little way. "Where in the name of heaven did you get that?"

The white horse stood waiting to be going again, holding its head high.

"In the barbershop they had a punchboard," my father said. "I won it on the punchboard for a dollar eighty-eight; also this fine cigar." He pulled a cigar out of his vest pocket and held it up to my mother's nose. "Whiff it, woman," he said. "A twenty-center, all for a dollar eighty-eight!"

He turned to stroke the horse again. "Go get your coat and hat on, my boy," my father said, "and we'll take ourselves a ride. Go, woman," he said to my mother; "get your coat." He paused to light his twenty-center cigar. He took a great puff on it, a man-sized puff. "Hurry, hurry, or the snow will be over!"

My father and the white horse stood waiting in the alley.

There was a picture of another white horse pulling a red sleigh over a moonlit field, the horse with its head high in the air, with bells on its feet and fire coming out of its nostrils. The picture was on the front of the red sleigh belonging now to my father, and in a moment all of us would be riding across the fields in the country, speeding with the wind.

We ran out of the house, my mother and I; we didn't even wait to lock the doors, and our coats flew behind us as we hurried toward the sleigh in the alley. The neighbors in their snug houses ran to their doors and everyone shouted at us, wishing us Godspeed, their shouts ringing in the air of the first day of winter, the first snow of the long winter.

We all got into the sleigh, my father help-

ing my mother, holding her arm politely while my mother took the high step with exquisite grace. My father bundled her up in the beautiful blanket, and I sat close by, as close to my mother as I could manage, and then my father crawled up on the seat, and between my parents, I felt the warmth of both, felt the pleasure of their lives together.

My father clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth, and the white horse started. We went out of the alley at a great speed; we rounded the corner even faster and were down by the drugstore at the railroad tracks in the swiftest of moments, and for a time, a dog or two followed and barked, the horse going the faster. My father had his twenty-cent cigar in his mouth and was waving now to a man he knew standing under a tree, and the man waved back with a kind of sadness upon his face, as if seeing us go was to see life go in a manner no different, really, from our speed.

We crossed the creek by the mill, and soon we had touched the fringes of the countryside, the farms beginning to appear, the tall trees standing like ancient guards along the way, roots planted firm, deep in the earth under the white snow.

We talked, but our words rolled out the sides of our mouths. The speed was too great for words; we no sooner spoke and felt the growing thought expand upon the tongue than it was whisked away into the air. We sang now and our song filled the space through which we rode; we swayed from side to side in our beautiful red sleigh, each of us singing, perhaps, a different tune but it made no difference; our voices were happy, our hearts gay; there was no ugliness anywhere—not anywhere in the world.

FINALLY, in the country now, my father pulled on the reins. He jumped down from the high sleigh and walked around it, rubbing his hands together in excitement. "We were just like the picture, riding out," he said. "Exactly like the one on the sleigh, except that it is not moonlight." We could tell he wanted to ride in the moonlight, but my mother began to worry.

"It is high time we went home," she said, still breathless. "Remember this is but a first snow; it will soon melt away. In a few hours it will leave."

"We are the rich with a red sleigh," my father said.

"If we don't go home now we shall have to drag it back over the bare red bricks of the street," my mother said. "Think of what the neighbors will say."

Immediately my father turned around and we started back toward the city and toward our house. The snow was melting fast. Once in a while we had to choose the shade where the snow had not yet melted. The white

horse, sensing the need for speed and the possibility of having to pull the red sleigh over the bare bricks of the street, went as fast as it could; its mane became more beautiful, and sometimes a spark flew from the bricks where the white horse ran. The ride was like something dreamed in the night.

We arrived home in the middle of the day; the town clock was striking twelve. A man dressed in a brown overcoat came down from the shelter of our back porch and walked over to the sleigh. He was very excited.

"I am afraid," he said, "that there has been a grave and unintentional error."

"Yes, yes?" my father said, jumping down from the sleigh and reaching for my mother, both his arms outstretched and the cigar just a little brown unlighted stub in his mouth.

"I was worried," the man said, "for fear you thought that you had won the horse and the sleigh themselves. I am sorry to have to say it, but the prize was a ride in the sleigh for one hour only. But now that you are back, I shall say nothing more." Then he reached in his overcoat pocket and handed my father a small package wrapped in silver paper with a red ribbon tied around it, like a Christmas package. "This," he said, "is a little souvenir of your ride in the sleigh."

My father untied the ribbon and opened the package and it was a little china horse and sleigh, tipped in gold and red, and in it were three little china figures, a man, a woman and a small child.

"Gracious day!" cried my father, holding the trinket in the air for everyone to see. "Look what I've won on the punchboard. Isn't it the most beautiful piece of ornamentation you ever saw?" He danced about in the skimpy snow, while his plight was made the more ridiculous when the man tipped his hat and jumped into the sleigh and wrapped himself in the heavy blanket.

"It was simply a slight mistake," the man said. He whistled to the horse, and what my father had won and lost went hurrying down the alley to the main street.

"Hurry before the snow melts away!" everybody in the neighborhood heard my father call after the man in the sleigh. "Hurry, hurry!" And the man, heeding my father's words, hurried.

After the sleigh with the man in it had gone and only the thin little tracks it made were left in the dirty snow, my father slowly turned and walked toward the house. He didn't bother to relight the little cigar; he threw it away, into the melting snow. But on the porch he turned once more to look in the direction the sleigh had gone and, putting his arms about my mother and me, he smiled for the first time.

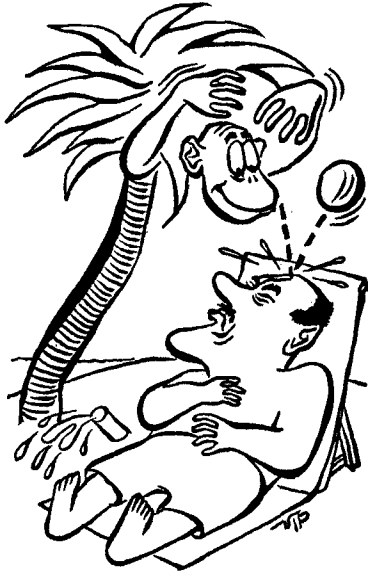
"Oh, well," he said, "we didn't have the room for it anyhow, and the trinket we can keep on the sideboard winter and summer."

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

2 Ways to Check a Cough

(DUE TO A COLD)

1—CHASE OFF to a sunny desert island. But you may encounter worse trouble than coughs.



2—STAY PUT and chase your cough with Smith Brothers Cough Drops. Quick-acting and fine-tasting. Black or Menthol. Still only 5¢.



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for finer flavor
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SOMETIMES SCARCE
ALWAYS ENJOYABLE

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One up on Narcotics

Continued from page 82

—prisoner addicts, sentenced by a federal court and sent to Lexington to be cured rather than punished; probationers, convicted and placed on probation on condition that they go to Lexington; voluntary patients, so desirous of "kicking the habit" that they present themselves at Lexington's gates and beg freedom from addiction.

The members of the staff try to give them this freedom. The patients, in turn, provide Lexington's research scientists with a continuous opportunity to study addicts at firsthand and, through them, to check and recheck methods of treatment.

"We're working on two big problems," explains Doctor Harris Isbell, director of research. "First, why do people become addicts? That's largely the psychological problem. Second, why do the opiates set up a physical dependence? Why does the human body actually need and require narcotics once a man has become addicted? That's the neurophysiological problem. Neither is wholly solved."

Study of patients at Lexington has shown that narcotic addiction is a personality problem, that addicts are usually emotionally unstable men and women who, unable to cope with the problems of living, try to escape from reality through drugs. In this sense they are no different from others who try to escape through alcoholism, criminality, sexual excesses or such everyday avenues as overdependence upon or tyrannization of others.

But the escape via narcotics is a hazardous, deceptive one. The research staff has carefully charted the hold of narcotics over their users. This is no mere psychological grip, as some doctors still believe. It is an actual physical dependence.

Here is a marked difference from alcohol. A habitual drinker may be bound psychologically to alcohol, but apparently he never develops a physical dependence. At least it doesn't seem to be as clear-cut or as strong. Take away the drinker's liquor and he does not become violently ill, nor does he cease to function. Allow long lapses between sprees and he does not suffer physical pain. But the narcotic addict is physically tied. He must have his drug regularly, usually four times a day, or else what the addicts call "the tortures of the damned" await him.

The research staff also charted the course of tolerance in addiction. The mind and body are never satisfied with a steady diet of opi-

ates. Imagine your predicament if your appetite for food grew at every meal. You'd soon require five chickens, six halibut, seven steaks, and you'd be hungrier still at the next meal. That is another of the damnations of opium. The mind keeps craving, and the body keeps demanding more and more—and more.

In the quiet of Lexington's laboratories hundreds of human studies have been conducted. Addict patients, more keen than you can imagine on helping in the war against narcotics, get a chance to offer themselves as guinea pigs—"study volunteers."

I saw one addict walking around with 25 grains of morphine in him. He had been built up to 20 grains a day over a period of five months; 20 grains shot right in the "main line," as they say—the main vein of the forearm. Dozens of tests were being made upon this man daily in the endless study of just what morphine does, how it acts and why. Doctors Isbell and Williams had one study volunteer up to 72 grains a day, nine times the amount taken by an addict with a heavy habit.

Appearances Are Deceiving

The strange thing about these morphine-saturated volunteers is that they do not look any different from anyone else. They might just as well have been drinking strawberry sodas. One of the first myths to be exploded in these Lexington labs was the popular misconception that a narcotic addict looks like some bedeviled wreck of a human with his eyeballs sunken into his cerebrum, his jaw dangling down to his knees, and his limbs jerking and twitching like a robot with a short circuit.

An addict looks as normal as anyone. A heavy increase in dosage might contract the pupils of his eyes, but even this is hardly perceptible. Doctors at Lexington say that the only way they can tell a drug addict is by looking for the needle scars on his arm.

Not long ago two representatives of an international narcotic control organization came to Lexington volubly spouting their knowledge of traffic in the opiates, the marijuana menace and the devilry of the coca leaf. The only gap in their knowledge was that neither of them had ever seen an addict.

"Mon Dieu, are these dope fiends!" one of them exclaimed as they walked through a corridor of the hospital and saw a dozen patients in blue denim dusting the furniture,

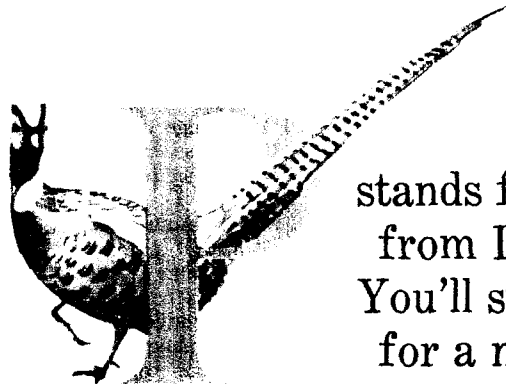


Collier's for December 15, 1945

stands for mother's
swell Apple Pie
Bake it in March
and serve in July.



stands for Oodles
of frozen food space
For every last item
there's just the right place.



stands for Pheasant
from Dad's hunting trip
You'll store it away
for a meal that's a pip.

stands for Raspberries
picked at their prime
You'll serve 'em in winter
and have a gay time.



stands for Beef
at its tenderest best
You'll keep it for months
and eat it with zest.



stands for "Upright"
this new trend design
With "Reach-in Convenience"
you'll like mighty fine.

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Yes, you can see these new Refrigerators and Home Freezers at your Westinghouse retailer's . . . if not today, very shortly now. Then, you'll agree these Westinghouse Refrigerators and Home Freezers really are "like something out of a Story Book".

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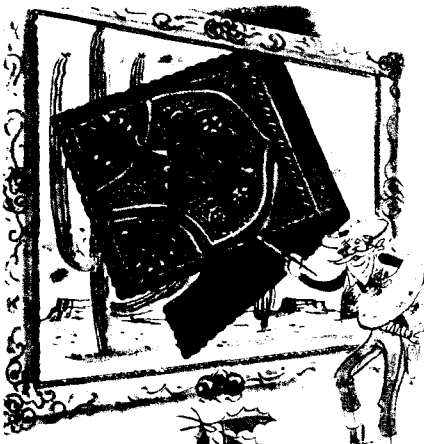
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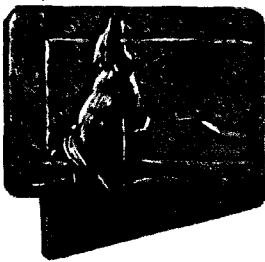
Tune in: John Charles Thomas, Sunday, 2:30 EST., N.B.C. • Hear Ted Malone, Monday through Friday, 11:45 A.M., American Broadcasting Company Network



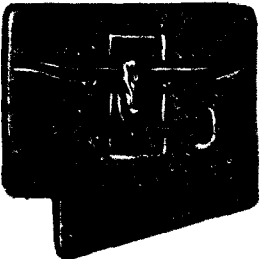
Originals

Gifts IN FINE LEATHER
FROM YOAKUM, TEXAS

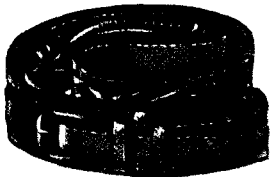
Whether carved by hand, embossed or unadorned, each TexTan belt and billfold is a striking example of original art by masters of the traditional leathercraft practiced in Texas since its introduction by the Spanish Padres over four centuries ago. Ask your dealer to show you TexTan belts and billfolds.



The "COYOTE." TexTan pigskin, embossed cover, snap coin purse, business card pocket, celo envelopes, \$5.00 (plus tax)

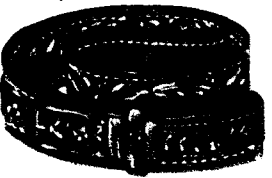


The "LONGHORN." TexTan embossed pigskin, double longhorn on cover, 4 pockets and "hide-away" pocket, \$6.00 (plus tax)



(Top) The "DON PEDRO." A Texas Ranger Belt with the popular 1 1/2-inch width. Hand-tooled floral design in pigskin. The removable buckle is a patented TexTan feature. \$5.00

(Below) Embossed Texas Ranger Belt of fine pigskin in smart Western floral design. \$2.00



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swabbing the floor and working at desks. "They are addicts, if that's what you mean," the visitors were told quietly.

They sat down to a meal in the mess hall. "Ah, but where do you keep your bad ones?" one of them said.

"There's a bad one right there, bringing your soup to the table," came the reply. "Very good waiter, too."

What is the basis, then, for the horrible mental images the public conjures up at the mention of "dope fiend?" The answer, in medical terms, is the withdrawal syndrome. Withdrawal means withdrawing the drug from the body, going without it, or as the addicts say, "kicking the habit." This produces the symptoms and sufferings that make the addict look like a human wreck. As long as he has his drug, an addict might work at the desk next to yours all day long and you might never know the difference. But when he is deprived of narcotics, the withdrawal syndrome begins.

"But of course the dope fiend is a sex maniac and a vicious criminal," the visitors persist.

Wrong again.

As for sex mania, Lexington has established that the sex urges of a drug addict are less than those of a normal person. Researchers have stated in the U.S. Public Health Service reports that narcotics "curb sexual desires."

As for criminality, they have said in these reports, "All preparations of opium capable of producing addiction inhibit aggressive impulses and make psychopaths less likely to commit crimes of violence. . . . Both heroin and morphine in large doses change drunken, fighting psychopaths into sober, cowardly, nonaggressive idlers."

In seeming contradiction, 85 per cent of Lexington's current population are convicts. Such figures as this have sent impetuous prosecutors into court to dilate upon the Mephistophelean link between narcotics and crime. Fortunately for society, Lexington's researchers know better. The facts, as they have established them, are that narcotics *per se* do not cause the addict to go out and commit crimes. But our Harrison Narcotic Law of 1914 and our Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 make the unauthorized possession of narcotics a crime in itself. It is this crime, and no other, that has made criminals of nearly two thirds of the addicts at Lexington. Of the others with criminal records, most had committed larceny for the sole purpose of obtaining drugs.

An Impartial Addiction

Look at Lexington's addict population since 1935. You will find confidence men, habitual criminals, gamblers and pimps; but you will also find a college president, three prosecuting attorneys, a member of a state legislature, several sons of prominent families, many highly trained physicians and surgeons and one evangelist preacher.

In the women's building, along with prostitutes, torch singers, strip teasers and carnival girls, you will find housewives, waitresses, secretaries, women doctors, nurses and school teachers. The poppy is not discriminating.

The late Congressman Stephen Geyer Porter, of Pennsylvania, apparently understood this when he framed the Congressional act creating Lexington as a hospital, not a prison. Around the reservation is a mesh wire fence instead of a prison wall. The guards are unarmed except for two mounted patrolmen and two gate guards. It is easy to escape. Eight addicts escaped last year.

In Washington, Doctor Robert H. Felix, who guides Lexington's policy as chief of the Mental Hygiene Division of the U.S. Public Health Service, states his belief succinctly: "Punishment will do addicts no good, but help can return them to productive roles in society."

Approaching narcotic addiction as an illness, not a crime, Doctor Abraham Wikler, of the Lexington research staff, has unearthed priceless knowledge on the effects of opiates on the brain and nervous system. In his neurosurgery laboratory he has performed delicate brain and spinal operations on cats and dogs, working with anesthesia or with the cerebral cortex removed so that the ani-

mals feel no pain. He has addicted cats and dogs to morphine, charted their behavior; then withdrawn them and charted their symptoms.

One of the first myths exploded in the Lexington labs was the myth that morphine induces sleep. Tests were made on a bed carefully balanced on a scale with a needle to record every movement of the sleeper. Patients given morphine at night slept less soundly and more fitfully than they did without morphine. The myth stems from faulty reasoning on the use of morphine for pain sufferers. It doesn't put them to sleep. It relieves their pain. They are then able to go to sleep on their own.

In ten years, Lexington has evolved a course of treatment for narcotic addiction in which all the proved knowledge of the laboratories is applied. It is a six-months cure, certainly not infallible, but effective and promising.

Let's follow a typical addict through the institution:

Call him Doctor Brown. His name is not actually Brown and his case history has been sufficiently disguised to prevent identification. But he is a doctor. (Among drug addicts, the proportion of doctors is eight times what it should be. Drug addiction has been called an "occupational hazard" among doctors. They know the powers of drugs; they can write prescriptions.)

Doctor Brown is 52, a mild-mannered physician from a town in Ohio. Gold-rimmed spectacles. Slow, pleasant speech with a reassuring timbre acquired in years of bedside healing. A \$15,000-a-year practice.

Probation Preferable to Jail

FIRST DAY—A United States marshal brings Doctor Brown to Lexington's front gate and turns him over to a custodial guard, with papers showing that he is a probationer. He has been convicted of writing false morphine prescriptions, and though his jail sentence has been suspended the judge has placed him on probation with the requirement that he take the cure at Lexington.

In the admission section Doctor Brown undresses and leaves his clothes in a pile, to be sent home. His fountain pen is checked in the safe, because it is the rubber-bulb type and could be converted into a hypodermic needle. He is weighed. He is handed an admission bundle consisting of a pale blue bathrobe, pajamas, white socks, a toothbrush, a towel. He takes a shower.

In the medical officer's admission room he answers questions while undergoing a physical examination. "What's your story, Doctor Brown? When did you get the habit? How much of a habit do you have?"

Doctor Brown's story:

He was going along, doing his work, seeing scores of patients at his office during the day and more patients after dinner. Sometimes he didn't get home until midnight. Many nights he'd be routed out of bed at least once for a rush call, a baby usually. There was a shortage of doctors in Doctor Brown's town. Doctor Brown was doing the work of five doctors.

Two years ago a kidney ailment started. The pain all but knocked him out. He had to carry on with his work; there were calls to make. So he took a shot of morphine—just an eighth of a grain.

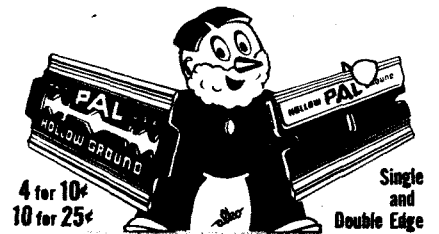
Why trace the thing through every grim stage, up to the quarter grain, the half grain, the half grain three times a day and finally the full grain four times a day? The attempt to use aspirin to put off the doses of morphine, the vain hope that he could put them off. The dreadful hiding of the needle every night; the dreams that his wife or his daughter had discovered it. The way he'd lock the office door and steal a shot when the going got tough. The time he had to deliver a baby and was helpless and panicky until he slipped into the kitchen and plunged the morphine needle into his forearm.

Why not just say that Doctor Brown "got hooked"? Hooked on morphine. That's the language of the trade, and that's what happened. His body began to need morphine so badly that he couldn't function without it; and he had to keep increasing the dosage as his body developed a tolerance.



James Gould Cutler designed the first mail chute for office buildings, hotels, etc. The first one was installed in the Elwood Building in Rochester, N. Y.

Pal pioneered, perfected and patented the Hollow Ground Blade, the blade that's flexible in your razor. This different, modern blade shaves with just a "Feather Touch" . . . never irritates tender skins because you don't "bear down" . . . blades last longer, too. Try a pack today!



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GRAVY MASTER

MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE!

Room with Bath \$2.00 up
HOTEL LOWRY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
GARAGE • COFFEE SHOP

A winner with women!

QUEST

All-purpose

DEODORANT

On sanitary napkins,
Quest powder deodorizes
completely

Finally narcotic agents caught up with the many prescriptions Doctor Brown wrote—morphine for nonexistent people. The trial was speedy. And now the faded blue bathrobe, the toothbrush and towel.

"No contraband, I suppose?" the examining doctor asks.

"Contraband? Oh, drugs. No, none," Doctor Brown answers. But there is a routine checkup anyway. Some addicts have tried to smuggle in drugs under their toenails, in their hair, ears or pasted beneath a bandage. One had a cache of heroin in a hollow of his jawbone.

But Doctor Brown didn't bring any contraband. He's at Lexington to free himself from the slavery to narcotics.

SECOND DAY—The withdrawal ward has yellow walls, a long yellow-walled corridor with cubicles on each side. Thirty-one beds in all.

Doctor Edward Dean, in charge of the ward, has decided to stabilize Doctor Brown on one-quarter grain of morphine four times a day. They call this "rapid withdrawal." By cutting the dose gradually and introducing a little codeine toward the end, Doctor Brown will be completely off narcotics in ten days. Ten miserable days. But not half so bad as the old abrupt withdrawal or cold-turkey method in which you just say, "No more drugs." If you cut an addict off clean that way, the torture is almost unbearable. The cold-turkey method has driven some addicts to suicide and has also killed some more directly.

THIRD DAY—On a dosage which is one fourth of his habit, Doctor Brown begins to feel restless. He walks around. He can't sleep. He would like to smoke a cigarette, but the taste of a cigarette revolts him. He feels cold, climbs into bed and piles on blankets and calls out for more blankets. At night a male nurse gives him a sedative. All this is what the doctors call "a mild abstinence syndrome," after reduction is well on its way.

FOURTH DAY—The morphine is cut to one-eighth grain four times a day. Doctor Brown can hardly see out of his spectacles for his eyes are tearing uncontrollably. His nose runs. His mouth is watery.

He stops sleeping in his bed. He takes his sedative and goes to sleep on the hard floor. Somehow it seems he can sleep better there. At least he thinks so. But in the morning his knees and elbows are skinned from writhing all night long.

SIXTH DAY—He is down to one-eighth grain twice a day and one grain of codeine four times a day. He walks around the withdrawal ward, his head set straight ahead, his back hunched, his face dark and expressionless as if a cloud had come over it. He incessantly wrings his hands in front of him.

"How do you feel?" a male nurse inquires. "Most miserable human being on earth," Doctor Brown manages to say, and he drags

his feet back to his cubicle and falls into the bed sweating, sweating now and turning cold and clammy a moment later. He feels hungry but the smell or taste of food nauseates him. In a painful seesaw he alternates from diarrhea to vomiting. His blood pressure rises, his pupils are dilated and in the midst of this civil war of the body he yawns and sneezes ceaselessly.

The only relief comes—and it comes precipitately—each time he gets his stabilizing dose of morphine.

EIGHTH DAY—Doctor Brown is off morphine entirely and is coasting home on one-half grain of codeine four times a day.

"How do you feel now, Doctor?"

He lifts his eyes with their huge hollow pupils. "O God, my muscles ache. My leg muscles ache so much. My stomach is burning and my head feels as though somebody had tied it with a tight bandage. Very tight. Very tight. My eyeballs hurt. They hurt as if they were too big for their sockets."

Results Worth the Effort

TENTH DAY—The suffering slackens off. Doctor Brown gets warm baths, vitamins, a little intravenous feeding. The muscle pains and the burning stomach slowly simmer down. On the tenth day he has "kicked the habit."

THIRD WEEK—Doctor Brown has a room with three other addicts in one of the dormitories. He feels better now. Fine burgeoning appetite.

The Lexington classification board studies his case. It decides that Doctor Brown needs the good outdoors. He is given an assignment to the truck farm. Meanwhile psychiatrists study his case and he is earmarked for an hour of psychotherapy each week, more than most addicts get for he is a good prospect for rehabilitation. He and the psychiatrists will try to discover why Doctor Brown turned to morphine while other doctors, with equally titanic war burdens, found constructive ways of coping with their problems.

FOURTH WEEK—On the farm Doctor Brown drives a hay wagon. He wears a farmer's straw hat and quickly learns the ropes from Jack Anderson, the farm superintendent. Last year the farm produced \$78,012 worth of food, most of which was consumed by the addicts themselves. The cannery supplies cans of tomatoes, tomato juice and snap beans to Marine Hospitals and federal prisons. These canned goods bear Lexington's own significant label: "Narco Pride."

SEVENTH WEEK—The psychiatrist says Doctor Brown is doing fine. In long talks they have dug up some causes of maladjustment that probably led to his tumble for morphine. He'll be emotionally more stable when he leaves Lexington. Physically better, too. He's gained ten pounds. His teeth have been repaired. There's something not en-



"He's not really loafing. He's making that beautiful grand piano out of spools and he can't work until I empty some more"

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tirely understood about the use of narcotics which makes teeth deteriorate miserably.

TWELFTH WEEK—Doctor Brown's case has been up before the reclassification board and he is transferred to the furniture factory. Here, with 25 other addicts, he is working on warehouse skids for the Army and Navy.

EIGHTEENTH WEEK—Doctor James Lowry, clinical director, arranges through the reclassification board for Doctor Brown's transfer to the research laboratory, the final step in occupational therapy designed to bridge the gap back to medical work in the outside world. Here he avidly works on Doctor Isbell's staff.

TWENTY-SIXTH WEEK—Doctor Brown is ready to go home—well, not exactly home, but back to society. His record at Lexington has been good. His health is fine. The psychiatrist is satisfied that Doctor Brown has a stronger emotional constitution, having unearthed and understood the mechanism that led to his downfall.

But he is not to go back to that town in Ohio and resume private practice. He *could* do it, of course. It is not his fault that he is not going to do it. Society is still a little too prejudiced to accept him. Always society lags in the shadow when new lights of intelligence shine. The witch burning must linger on a while. There would be people in that Ohio town who would gossip, "Don't go to that Doctor Brown. Don't you know he's a dope fiend?"

So the social service department at Lexington has arranged an institutional job for

Doctor Brown. He will go to Kansas and join the medical staff of a hospital there, and his family will go with him.

On his day of discharge Doctor Brown gets a new suit of clothes, made by his fellow addicts in the garment factory. He gets an overcoat, hat, shoes, two shirts, two sets of underwear, two pairs of socks and a tie. He also gets \$25 in cash to tide him over his train trip. He gets a ticket to his new town in Kansas, and a guard drives him down the lane lined with sapling ashes and on through the bluegrass hills to the railroad station.

What are the chances that Doctor Brown has knocked out the narcotic habit for good? Somewhere between 50 per cent and 73 per cent. Follow-up studies among doctor addicts discharged from Lexington show that 50 per cent are definitely cured, while 27 per cent are known to have relapsed. The status of the other 23 per cent is unknown.

To study recidivism, or relapses, Lexington makes periodic checks on every discharged patient. Of the 3,888 patients discharged from 1939 through 1943, 63.8 per cent have not reappeared at Lexington or any other institution. They have apparently made a workable adjustment to society. Of the others, 32.5 per cent have come back to Lexington for another go at the cure, and 3.7 per cent have been sent to other federal and state institutions.

Recidivism remains a knotty problem. In this and other regards, Lexington does not consider that it has fought the final battle.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

we hear, is to have Senator Bilbo, Congressman Rankin and two or three other liberals speak in defense of white rights, their general subject being: What Have We Been Fighting For?

ANOTHER thing on the minds of many readers is an illustration for that Surplus War Materials article in our October twentieth issue. The caption has it that every article in the picture was made from ammunition boxes, tubing and the like. Mr. J. M. O'Reilly, of somewhere not clear to these fading eyes, took a good look at what is in the surplus material chair and wants to know when the Army began selling surplus atomic bombs.

WE CAN'T say that Mr. Porcher Taylor, editor of The Florida (Jacksonville) Tattler, keeps us very well informed. But what he does to our curiosity is awful. In his latest column, We Wonder, we read: "Why does a certain preacher get in jail every time he goes out of town?" And then this: "What old slick woman is up to her tricks since cold weather is here?" And this: "What prominent citizen forgot to return a borrowed bed last week?"

THE latest intelligence we have from our spy at Barksdale Field (Air Force), Shreveport, Louisiana, is that Lieutenant Daniel T. Balmer, Jr., was hay-feverishly inspecting a bit of work being done there by German prisoners of war. The PWs, survivors of Rommel's North Afrika Korps, were diligently plodding and apparently unconscious of the lieutenant's presence when he let go with a magnificent sneeze. At once the PWs stiffened to attention and in unison bellowed "Gesundheit" and bent back to work again.

ANYWAY Christmas will be here in little or no time. We shall probably get a few presents from people who have spent countless hours wondering what on earth they can possibly give us. And we, like Mrs. Leona B. Follansbee of Muncie, Indiana, shall probably sit up late Christmas Eve singing the traditional Noels. "I shall sing loud and low, and urge those about me to sing louder and louder," says Mrs. Follansbee. "Thus I shall shut out the voices of millions in Europe, particularly the small voices of children, who, too, will know it is Christmas Eve. There will be this slight difference between their voices and mine: Mine will be warm and well fed." . . . W. D.

Collier's for December 15, 1945

Yep, here's a "tip from Tom" to you dads and moms of all my Straight-Shooter pals: Don't envy that "cowboy energy" . . . dig in with the kids! These crisp, bite size biscuits pack a powerful lot of whole-wheat nutrition . . . just a small bowlful and you're rarin'-to-go! 'Course, there's no law against having more . . . Shredded Ralston tastes so doggone good!

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BISCUITS

IT'S BITE SIZE

Mr. Peck's Good Boy

Continued from page 27

busting out laughing. You can't make them mad if you try—or unless you try very hard.

Greta was annoyed, it's true, at a party the other day when one of those Hollywood girlies seated herself on the arm of Greg's chair and put her arm around his shoulders and murmured, "Darling, I'm alone tonight. How about you?"

"Well," says Greta, "I was so darn' mad there for a minute I thought I'd hit her, but I shouldn't be mad. I should remember a movie star isn't supposed to have a wife. It isn't tactful."

"It is tactful," says Greg, "and I like it, and if they don't like it, we'll just quit the movie business, Greta, kid."

When Greg has to go out of town on location, he takes Greta with him. She spent weeks with him in New Mexico, where Selznick was filming *Duel In the Sun*, and more weeks in Florida, where M-G-M made *The Yearling* (both, it is alleged, tremendous productions). They don't take the baby along. He's too little.

It's astounding the way producers gambled on Peck after he'd been in only one not-so-good picture, called *Days of Glory*. They cast him opposite their most valuable feminine stars, including the three Academy Award winners, Jennifer Jones (in *Duel*), Ingrid Bergman (in *Spellbound*), and Greer Garson (in *Valley*). They put him in roles requiring him to act as well as look pretty.

A Wide Variety of Characters

They cast him as a cowboy, a priest, a psychiatric case, a pioneer farmer. They called upon him to ski, to speak Chinese and to ride horseback stunt fashion. They've signed him up for fourteen more pictures during the next four years, with Peck retaining the right to decline any role he doesn't care for.

Peck thinks it's astounding, too. It couldn't have happened, he says, if it hadn't been for the war and so many of the male movie stars being away. Peck was turned down by the Army because of an old back injury.

He was born in La Jolla, California, and he grew up to look a lot like his father, Gregory, Sr., who was and is a druggist in San Diego. It never occurred to him any more than it had to his father that long, lean, dark good looks are marketable. Being around the drugstore, Peck got to know some doctors and he thought he'd study medicine. That made his dad proud.

He was more of an athlete than a student, and his high-school grades weren't good enough to get him into the University of California, so he spent a year at San Diego State and then went on to Berkeley. He was good at track and crew until a spinal injury took him out of athletics. Then he tried dramatics. He made a hit in the college production of the play *Anna Christie*. People said, "You ought to go on the stage," and pretty soon he thought that wasn't a bad idea and he shifted from premedical courses to English and drama.

From then on, he just made the right moves, and everything turned out exactly as planned. After graduation in 1939, he came to New York, figuring to work his way through a course in dramatic school. He got a job at the World's Fair as a Barker for one of those dizzy rides. He'd stand out front dressed up in white coveralls and a helmet and goggles ("I guess they wanted me to look like a racing daredevil"), and he'd say, "Have you got any sporting blood in your veins, brother? Give your girl a thrill. Take her for a whirl on the thrilling Thunderway! Ten miles for ten cents!" Then he got a better job as a Radio City guide and, in his ignorance, he gave the customers a lot of bum steers.

Come fall, he asked for and got a scholarship for a two-year course at the Neighborhood Playhouse Dramatic School. You see? A rabbit's-foot character. The next summer, Actress Dorothy Stickney picked him—after a three-minute tryout—for the annual school award: a season at the famous Barter Theater of Abingdon, Virginia. There the cus-

tomers paid for theater tickets in produce, not money, and the actors ate the produce.

"We got tired of spinach and cottage cheese sometimes," says Peck; "but the stage experience was wonderful."

Next, Producer Guthrie McClintic hired him for a tour with Katharine Cornell in *The Doctor's Dilemma*. That's where he met Greta Konen. Studio biographies say Greta was Miss Cornell's secretary.

"But that's wrong," says Peck. "She was her hairdresser, and a darn' good hairdresser, too. She could even reproduce those complicated 18th and 19th century hair-dos."

He and Greta had their first date in Pittsburgh. He says he outwaited two other stage-door Johnnies, and by the time the company got to San Francisco, at Christmas, they were engaged. Peck didn't want his bride to have to support him, so they decided to postpone marriage until he got a Broadway part.

The next fall, after a summer of stock, he got his Broadway part. The minute he was hired for the lead in *Morning Star*, he wired Greta: "Do you hear bells? I don't mean dinner bells." The play flopped. It closed on a Saturday, and on Sunday, Greg and Greta went to a baseball game and dinner with friends and then routed out a preacher and got married.

Life in the fifth-floor walk-up was idyllic except for the bride's propensity for feeding her stalwart husband almost exclusively on salads.

"What's the matter?" she replied to his murmuring. "Don't you like salad?"

"Honey," he said, "I love salad, but, you know, I like it *before* a meal, not *instead* of a meal."

Came two more flops on Broadway. "It feels very strange," Peck says, "to play to an audience of just twenty-two people." But the critics liked Peck even if they didn't like the plays, and Casey Robinson, an independent Hollywood producer, made Peck a movie offer. This was January, 1943. The first picture, *Days of Glory*, was Robinson's, and after that came the deluge. Peck's new agent, Leland Hayward, was a harried auctioneer presiding over the wildest bidding Hollywood had ever seen. Everybody wanted a piece of the boy wonder. Peck ended up committed to make fourteen pictures and a pile of dough.

"It was grand," says Greta, "I bought clothes like crazy. I'm the saving kind by nature. It's the Finn in me, I guess. But Greg said I had to get clothes and he gave me the nicest mink coat."

A house, two cars, a gardener, a housekeeper—and then a baby. "Greg and I would like to have ten children."

Greg was silly about the baby. Before they brought the child home from the hospital, he saw to it that every inch of the nursery was scrubbed with an antiseptic solution.

"And," says Greta, laughing, "the housekeeper told me that Greg made his father take his shoes off before he'd let him set foot in the nursery."

For all these blessings, Greg works at his job of acting, as conscientiously as any man could. He's there on time, he does what he's told to do, he's never impatient.

"I never saw him riled once—not once," says Len Smith, a director of photography, who admits he hates practically all actors, but not Peck.

On location with *The Yearling* company in Florida, Peck and a bunch of the men—gripmen and technicians of one sort and another—would relax at the end of an exhausting day by playing poker. When it came time for Peck to go back to Hollywood, one of the grips came up to him and shook hands.

"Well, boy, we're going to miss you playing poker," he said. "You know how it is, Greg? I feel about you just the same as if you was a grip. Yes, sir, just the same!"

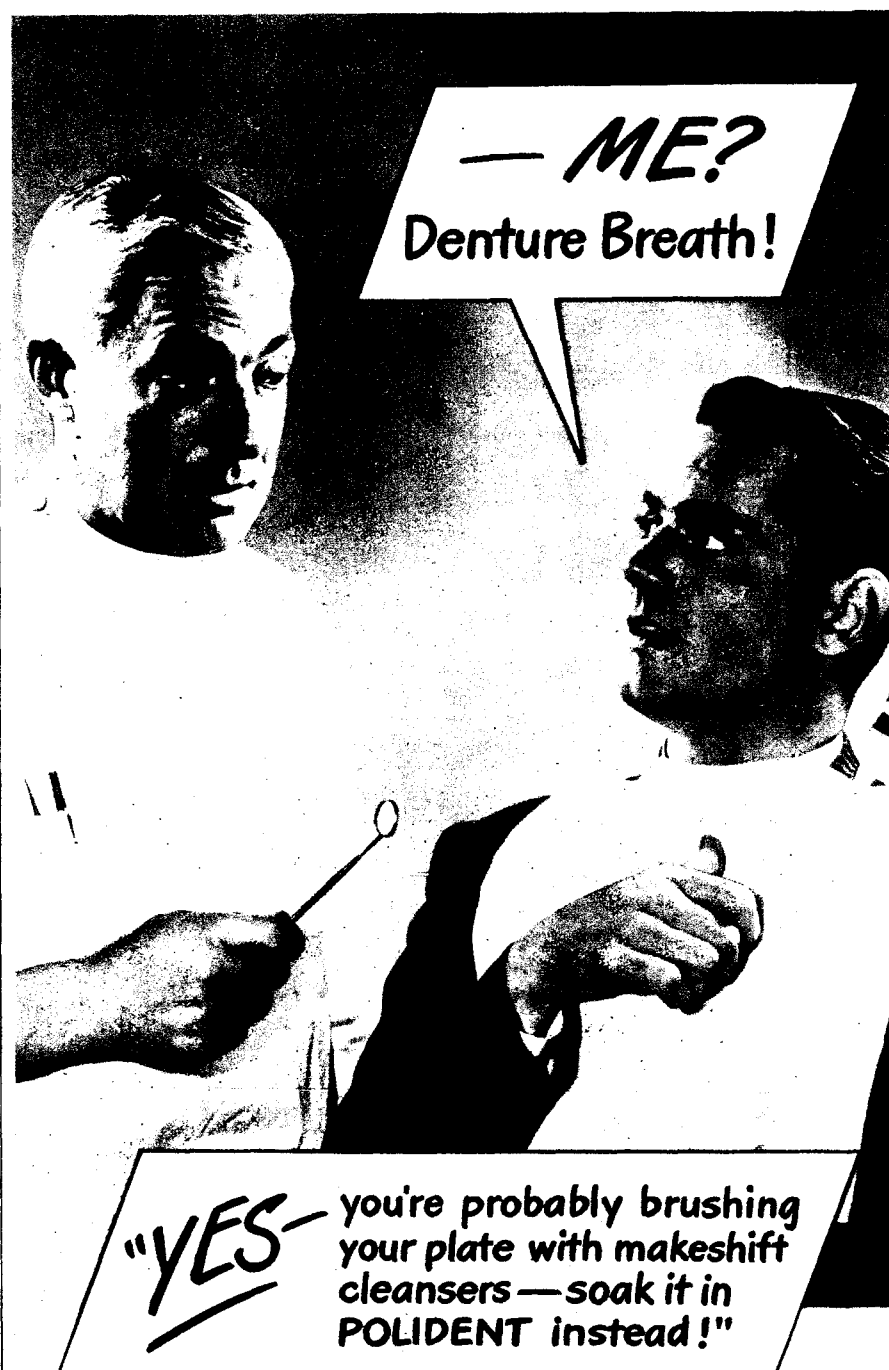
I was asking Peck about the money end of his business. I said I didn't suppose he'd care to tell just how much money he made, but...

"Why, sure I'll tell," he said, "I made \$125,000 last year, and we've got \$8,000 left. Of course we're in the 80 per cent tax bracket now and we've had a lot of big expenses we won't have to repeat, and old debts to pay. I hope we'll do a little better this year."

He's doing better.

THE END

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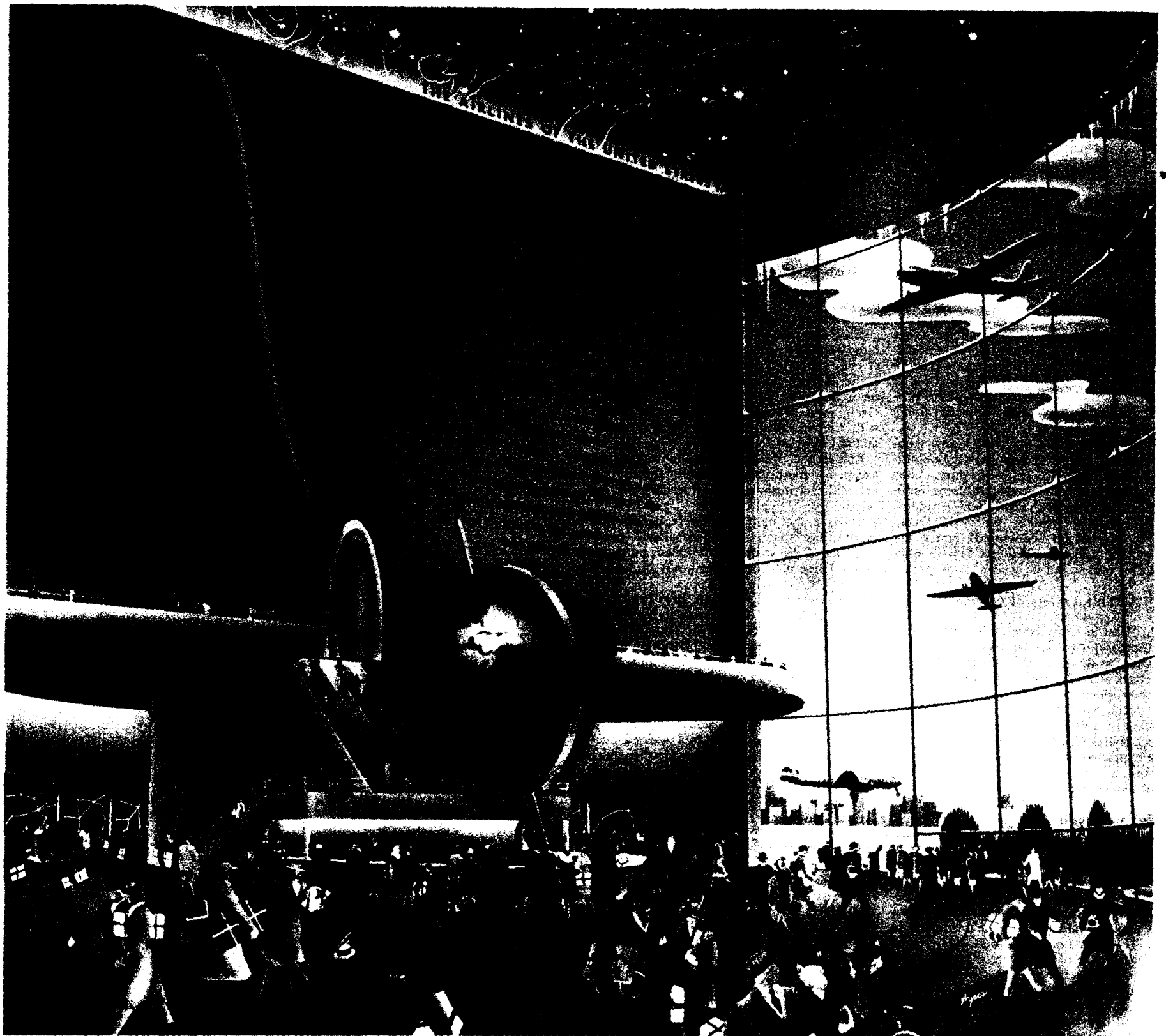
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to gleaming hearthfires and the laughter of children and the tinkle of bells on the ever-green boughs.

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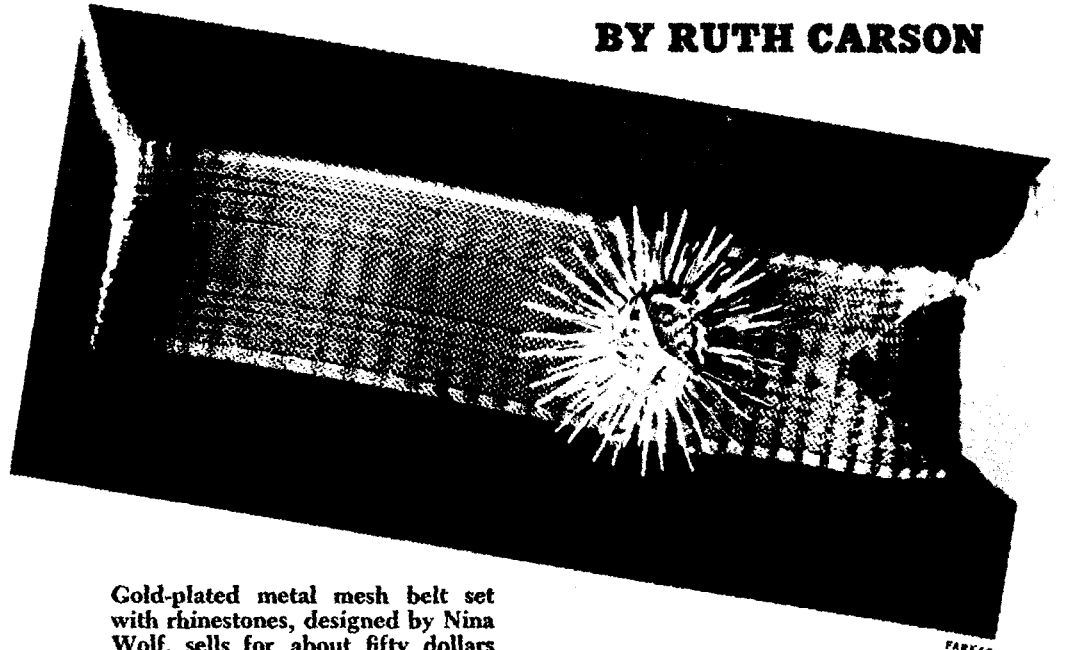
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Gold-plated metal mesh belt set
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American women, jewelers say, are buying like mad. And the more expensive a piece is, the easier it is to sell

A BILLION three hundred million dollars a year makes a nice little business, even when two hundred million of it is taxes for Uncle Sam. No wonder jewelers are rubbing their hands. Ever since the Middle Ages, they tell you carefully, have women been so laden down with precious stuff. Right now business is three times what it was in 1939. It could be double that if they could only get the makings, and the skilled workers.

This is no junk jewelry stuff, either. Nothing tinny or amusing, and no just for fun and effect stuff. The counters are crowded this Christmastime with women, and their gentlemen friends, buying the genuine article, from sterling silver right through sunbursts of diamonds, rubies and emeralds. Nothing so too extravagant or expensive to find a buyer.

In the past year one Fifth Avenue department store, to give the customers what they want, has doubled its jewelry department, where prices range up to a thousand dollars. And over in one corner is a special shop where you may buy anything your little heart desires, from a thousand dollars right on up to the diamond-studded sky.

And people are buying them, too. After glinking over a ruby-and-diamond necklace for a hundred and twenty-five thousand, a hundred thousand seems a mere nothing for a strand of Oriental pearls. Of course, the ear clips to match that necklace will be another eighteen thousand. But that's all right.

After shopping around among such jewels, people get like a child at a puppet show—it's the show that's normal size, and anything else seems queer.

Anyway, here's a thrifty note—adjustable jewelry. You hanker for that spray of diamond flowers? You can wear it as is; or you can unhitch two blossoms that become earrings. Here's a necklace made of two jeweled clips joined by a strand of jade beads, that can be clipped on to fit any neckline. And look at this pin in the form of an exotic flower, ablaze with rose diamonds, turquoises and rubies. It costs you fifty-four hundred dollars, but it can be worn day and night.

Just fold an exquisite gold petal, delicately hinged for that purpose, down over each jewel, putting daytime blinkers on the evening splendor of your pin.

Even the gadgeteers want their stuff to look

like jewelers' pieces. Young girls are buying jeweled pins to fasten on demure velvet neckbands. One store reports a brisk sale of stiff gold anklets (fourteen-carat), with little butterfly cutouts for a suntan. Or initials will be cut in the anklet.

The dealers say those combs edged with imitation gold, so popular even a year ago for holding back a page-boy bob, don't sell so much any more; but with fourteen-carat tops, at eighteen dollars a pair for the small ones, they can't be kept in stock. Gold barrettes to hold the hair out of little girls' eyes sell for eleven dollars apiece. Gold bobby pins are seven-fifty a pair—gold snowflakes to screw on, of course, are extra. Sterling-silver bicycle clips, at five dollars a pair, are another popular item. They're good for holding up sweater sleeves—or clipping in slacks legs for that slim, ballet look.

All this doesn't mean that good-looking costume jewelry can't be bought at less than a fortune. But it will be newer and more popular if it looks like something precious. One young woman, newly come to jewelry designing three years ago, has already made herself a name with chunky plastic stuff that looks like gold, but weighs and costs a lot less. She makes jewelry out of anything she finds around, since supplies are scarce. She's done it so well that desirable customers like Greer Garson and the Duchess of Windsor come knocking on her door. Of course, she'll oblige with fourteen-carat gold, too, enlivened with turquoises and emeralds.

To see what the trend is, you don't have to go into the fine jewelry shops. All you have to do is to walk into that old copycat, the five-and-ten. There you'll see sophisticated sunbursts, and dome-shaped earrings and bracelets, replicas of the costly gold ones that are popularly studded with chips of turquoise, diamond and ruby. Elegant, not gaudy, is the word.

In fact, just when women have gotten themselves loaded to the chin with more bracelets and necklaces than they've ever worn in history before, there's a distinct if expensive tendency to fewer and finer pieces.

Maybe that simple circlet called the snake necklace started it. Made first, we're told, out of flexible gold intended for men's key chains, and a hit last Christmastime, it's due to reach its peak this Christmas. Plain last year, it may be jeweled now.

There are fashions in the way jewelry is worn. Earrings get bigger. Jewels go in the hair. Watches become precious jewelry, studded with stones and concealed behind charming golden doors. That old stand-by, the lapel pin, starts to roam. It's more apt, now, to be pinned to your belt, fastened through your necklace, or mounted on a heavy bracelet than to remain solitary, upper left, on your chest.

★★★



Gold jewelry is so popular B. Altman's had a special department where chain bracelets and necklaces (above) sell for thirty-five dollars and up. There's a bird in that gilded-cage earring. Girl at the right is trying on a ninety-four-cent sterling anklet from Macy's, where costume jewelry sells in bargain-counter rushes like the one below, at prices ranging from seventy-nine cents all the way up to ninety-nine dollars, ninety-five cents



Consider again Maija Toviaken, the Finnish houseworker, and her family. The official daily ration in Finland is just over 1,100 calories, which is less than half that given displaced persons sedentarily encamped under Allied care in Germany. It is less by 400 than the ration for the ordinary German civilian, and in Germany, increases are permitted for hard laborers. It is, by the way, even more bitter for the liberated peoples of Europe, who suffered directly at their hands, than for you, to whom they remained a remote enemy, to realize that some loser nations may fare better than the victorious ones this winter. They will hunger some and shiver a lot, but they will survive and be guarded from uncontrolled epidemics, thanks



Right in Paris, within a few minutes walk of the Ritz Hotel where visiting congressmen, entertainers and other big shots are lavishly put up—and learn nothing much about either France or Europe—I can show you people, especially the very old and the very young, wobbling around the streets in various stages of malnutrition. In Paris, as in the Continent's other big cities, you don't leave cigarette butts in the ash trays after stamping them out or throw apple cores in the wastebasket. You fling them out the window. The cores will be eaten. And there are men who earn a living by collecting butts, which are re-

Collier's for December 15, 1945

SWANK

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processed into whole cigarettes. Yet France—together with Belgium—is probably making the quickest and most intelligent steps toward recovery.

The presence of such things as eggs, butter, sugar and meat is a joke—with infrequent exceptions. Generally the black market siphons off these articles. The black market is a cancer over the whole of Europe; but with morbid inversion it has become a case of the cancer sustaining the body on which it has fastened. For the black market literally is the most efficient procurement, distribution and merchandising food agency in Europe today. It is by no means confined to the restaurant trade. Virtually every family with the slightest means for doing so uses the black market, not from a desire to put something over or a spirit of criminality, but merely in order to live. In every one of the ten countries whose food situation I studied, I found people raising the wherewithal to shop in the black markets by selling or trading off gradually their household possessions and personal effects. This was particularly true in places where two good restaurant meals would cost more than a week's wages.

The black market assumes multiple forms and is no problem for those with money. Such people in England, for example, subvert the ration card by taking all their meals in restaurants where it is unnecessary to give up points. I have known people there to go to as many as three restaurants an evening and have the full dinner in each. Despite the restrictions upon the restaurants as to the number of courses they may serve and the prices they may charge, they are protected from loss by sundry house and other tariffs.

In Russia there is what amounts to a legal black market—government-operated stores in which foreigners and well-heeled Russians buy at fancy prices things not generally available. Elsewhere on the Continent, governments fulminate against black markets but do little to suppress them, for two reasons. One is that in some countries the black market profits reach right up to cabinet ministers. The second is the tacit recognition in all countries of the adroitness of the black markets in providing what governmental stalemates, bureaucracy, disruption and political torpidity are unable to provide.

In fact the black market is so embedded in Europe's food routine that its final eradication, if and when good times return, will present a major difficulty. There is also another situation that will constitute a long-time headache for bankers and economists. Europe has gravitated into a widespread barter system. Below the "rich" level, money has little meaning. Wages are not high enough for cash buying in black markets. In

such unlikely places as Finland and Norway, I noticed that practically every farmer had at least a small patch of tobacco. Tobacco—unlike grape culture which requires years and cannot be torn out for emergency crops without serious economic repercussions—is an annual. Whenever I asked these farmers why they were giving to tobacco ground that could be used for food they replied, "That's our currency crop." In Holland when two Air Force friends of mine tried to buy souvenirs with *guilder* for the displayed price, the shopkeepers refused to sell. But they traded the souvenirs for tobacco. Not, be it understood, from a desire to resell the cigarettes at a high price, but to use them in trading for black-market food. Collaterally with money, thrift and diligence have lost meaning. This is a business that will be a long time in the repairing.

Cynicism in Welfare Work

Arrayed against this stagnation and wreckage of Europe's food matters, this real menace of starvation, the principal relief body is UNRRA. The purpose of UNRRA, as we understand it here, is not only to supply food but also clothing and the implements for restoration of food production. There have been ringing criticisms of UNRRA. Undoubtedly it has been unfortunate in the choice of some of its workers. Undoubtedly it has many namby-pamby professional welfarists whose sympathy is a textbook, or of that other sort typified by a friend I met in Paris just after World War I when Armenia hung as heavily on the world's conscience as Europe's starving millions do today. "I have just got a job with the Red Cross," he gloated. "I won't starve as long as there's a starving Armenian."

Many of UNRRA's trimly uniformed Johnny-come-lately young men of apparent military age and health have aroused resentment among the armed forces. Lastly, in a project of this size a large share of funds must go for administrative expenses.

But my own observation of UNRRA in the field is that it is doing the best that can be done in view of the many obstacles—delays in appropriations, shipping difficulties and Russia's intransigence. Several hundred military personnel have secured discharges in Europe to join UNRRA and this is a good thing because many of them have experience in direct contacts with the people to be helped. Analyze the magnitude of UNRRA's task. Europe, with a land area only one third that of the continental United States, has a population three times greater than ours. The Department of Agriculture, quoted in dispatches from Washington, said that

*All they're
cracked up to be!*



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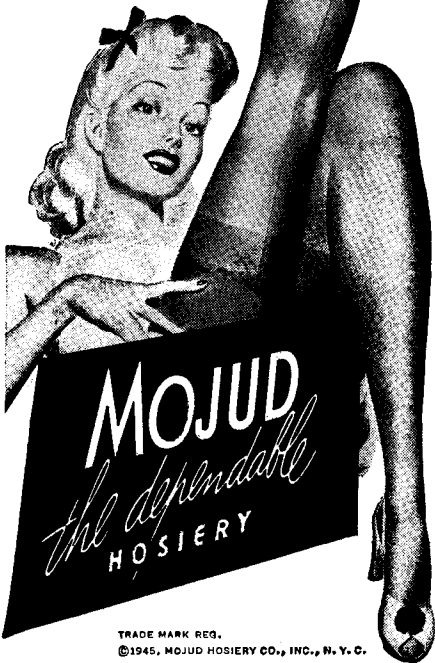
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eighteen million tons of food would have to be shipped into Europe in the next twelve months to help maintain the official caloric ration averages. That appears a stupendous figure. Yet it divides down to less than 100 pounds for each person here—nine pounds per person per month. Some UNRRA, with its planned aid, is better than no UNRRA at all.

Ordinarily in times of widespread food supply dislocation, it is a truism that the farmers fare better than city dwellers. But such a generalization here would be unsound because the situation is shot through with so many factors that it must be weighed on a local basis. Lying at the very root of Europe's hunger is the crop failure—partial in some places and almost total in others. In central Europe today a virtual reign of terror exists. Spearheaded by displaced persons and Red Army deserters, murdering, thieving, wandering gangs have so intimidated farmers in many areas that they are afraid to work their farms. Furthermore, the redeploying Russian armies have stripped the farmlands through which they pass as bare as a flight of locusts.

They Can't Outwit Drought

Farmers in the drought region, which includes practically all of southern Europe, are in the same situation, because no matter how slyly they may outwit emergency confiscatory laws, they are scarcely better off than their urban fellow countrymen.

Any little advantage that may still accrue to the peasants will be offset, because cities are in general more easily reachable by relief and possess ways to publicize their needs more quickly and dramatically. Across north Europe, on the other hand, where the drought did not reach, it is reasonably safe to assume that farmers will definitely fare better than the average city inhabitants.

In the catastrophic state of Europe's food, this much can be plainly discerned. There will be four layers of civilian-eating this winter. First, the well-to-do and officially-privileged who will do all right for themselves via the black market. Second, the majority who must depend upon official rations but might buttress these by their own bartering ingenuity and opportune use of black markets. Third, the millions who can be described best—with a shudder both as to source and meaning—by a quotation from Kramer, the Beast of Belsen: "Those people who don't get enough to live and too much to die." The main hope of that class lies in UNRRA. Fourth, those who will starve to death.

No one at present can reckon precisely how large this class is. But sober authorities, English, American and Continental who are not alarmists by nature or experience, tell me it will be counted, when spring comes, in millions.

Should this prove true, the springtime's

macabre bookkeeping will be measured in political upheavals as well as in lives. That is the secret knowledge and fear in European chancelleries. There will be few stable governments; perhaps none. Hunger bred all Europe's revolutions in the past. This hunger will exceed any it has ever known. Every major election this autumn and winter has shown a wide drift to the left, even in democratic Norway and Czechoslovakia. Further suffering can only increase this swing.

That is why long-range political thinkers in Europe are once more resurrecting the idea of federation. The present wreck tiresomely and gruesomely redemonstrates what has long been known to modern historians and economists—that Europe is an unbalanced economy, always teetering on the edge of trouble, and clutching, as a drowning man at straws, every demagogue who comes along shouting a panacea. The obvious answer is a customs arrangement, a fellowship of nations similar in co-operative effect and in correlation of industry and resources to that of the United States. Among others, Napoleon and Hitler had this notion, each in his way, both evilly. Their plans could never work because each aggrandized his own country's share, giving it autocratic sovereignty over all others. Aristide Briand cast it in a gentle mold. But no matter who broached the subject, or in what form it was advanced, it never survived the fierce heat of Europe's nationalism and racialism. But now the practical example of the republics of the Soviet Union lies next door.

Results of a Starving Europe

One of Europe's greatest educators, who must obviously be nameless, but who is a serene and honorable and dispassionate person, told me: "If Europe starves, the Communists needn't bother to paint a slogan on a wall or raise a banner. She will be lost to the ideals for which your troops and our resistance fought. She will be painted all red politically with a brush made of the shriveled linings of children's empty stomachs."

So get on with your Christmas dinner. Europe's crisis is too big and too imminent for any help you personally can extend. You can't pass your plate over three thousand miles of ocean. Besides, giving alone, though necessary, can't help permanently. It never has and it never will. It breeds not gratitude, not self-helpfulness, but jealous fury in those who receive; and smugness and incomprehension in those who give. But for your own stability and security, you can and must think long and hard with a sense of humble responsibility and intelligent sympathy about Europe's calamity. Because fate has given America the decisive role and power in future world events.

Meanwhile for Europeans—the future is the next meal.

THE END



"So the war is over! We still don't have any roast guinea hen au vin rouge!"

COLLIER'S

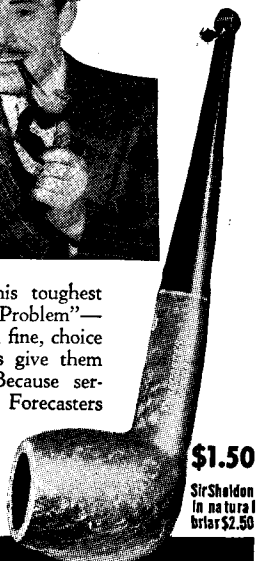
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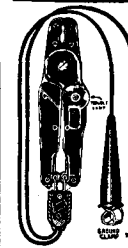


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LUDEN'S COUGH DROPS



Collier's for December 15, 1945

The Week's Work

Nancy Lyon



GATHERING material for his two articles on hunger in Europe (the second one begins on p. 32), Collier's correspondent, W. B. Courtney, suffered the inconveniences usual to travelers in that miserable place. His diet, although infinitely better than that of the populace, was poor compared to ours, and the long trips he had to take by plane and train and jeep were chilly and uncomfortable. On two occasions he was ill—seriously enough to be hospitalized at times. He was hospitalized in a room which, we were told, had a beautiful view.

In the Scribe Hotel in Paris, his difficulties were of a less serious but more irritating nature. In letters to his wife, he spoke bitterly about the manner in which the chef prepared the breakfast rations of dried eggs and coffee. The mess was so bad, he said, he didn't bother to go down to breakfast. Instead, he made coffee for himself in his room, from prepared coffee powder.

He had been fortunate enough to get hold of an electric plate and an electric heater, bequeathed to him by a correspondent going for Greece. But once his room was stripped with only one electric plug, he could not have light and heat simultaneously. After a long search, he found and bought, at a high price, a double socket. He plugged the heater, lamp and plate, and blew out a fuse. The hotel did not like this. No appliances worked right, but Courtney kept forgetting to unplug his housekeeping equipment. Once he came back to find an electric cord smoldering near his bed. The hotel did not like this either. "They will be glad when I leave," said Courtney, "and so will I."

He is not coming home, however, until after the Nuremberg war-crime trials.

IN 1915 when William Meade Prince was a student at the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts, he won a scholarship. The prize was a commission to make a drawing for Collier's.

Drawing for Collier's has been a habit with Prince ever since, and you'll see his latest work on p. 16, illustrating the short story, A Better Neighborhood.

"The pillar of my work—my need was the same then as now," he says. "I believe an artist should make people look like people and not like something drawn by a subnormal child."

Prince, who, we gather, does not care for extreme

modernism, holds that the public has a right to understand what it looks at in the name of art, and that an artist is presumptuous to do something which makes sense only to him.

Prince, born in Virginia and raised in Chapel Hill, N. C., didn't have much encouragement in his youthful art ambitions. "Our neighbors considered drawing neither dignified nor worth-while financially. But with the help of a grand old gentleman I got together enough money to come to New York and study, and I proved conclusively that it could be both."

The secondary passion of Prince's life is horses, fine Arabian horses. After 20 years of living in Westport, Connecticut, he left to go back to Chapel Hill. "Mostly because they built roads all around Westport and spoiled the good dirt trails for riding." He built an impressive studio in Chapel Hill, and a stable, and for a time he headed the university's art department. He gave up teaching, however, so as to have more time to go riding and fishing with his wife and young daughter.

Prince enjoys drawing the colored people of Chapel Hill. He does not share the race prejudice of some Southerners, and proudly points out that North Carolina was the first Southern state to repeal the poll tax.

Prince enjoys drawing the colored people of Chapel Hill. He does not share the race prejudice of some Southerners, and proudly points out that North Carolina was the first Southern state to repeal the poll tax.

NANCY LYON, author of the serial, The Sea Shell, beginning on page 14, sends us the following notes about her life and letters: "I was born in 1911 in Asheville, North Carolina. I made my first transatlantic crossing at the age of nine months and so developed early a habit I gave up reluctantly in 1935. . . . I went to school in Switzerland, Baltimore and Virginia. I studied dramatics in New York for a year and discovered that my talent for prom trotting far outstripped my Thespian ability. The next two years were spent in Paris under the pretext of higher education at the Sorbonne. I had a wonderful time. . . ."

Mrs. Lyon's writing career got under way during her first marriage (which, incidentally, terminated in divorce), and she is continuing it industriously now on a North Carolina farm where she and her second husband and three children live a healthfully strenuous outdoor life.

"I love the country," Mrs. Lyon concludes enthusiastically, "also children in bunches, cooking for twenty and writing in reams." . . . A. P.



William Meade Prince

W. B. Courtney



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84 PROOF



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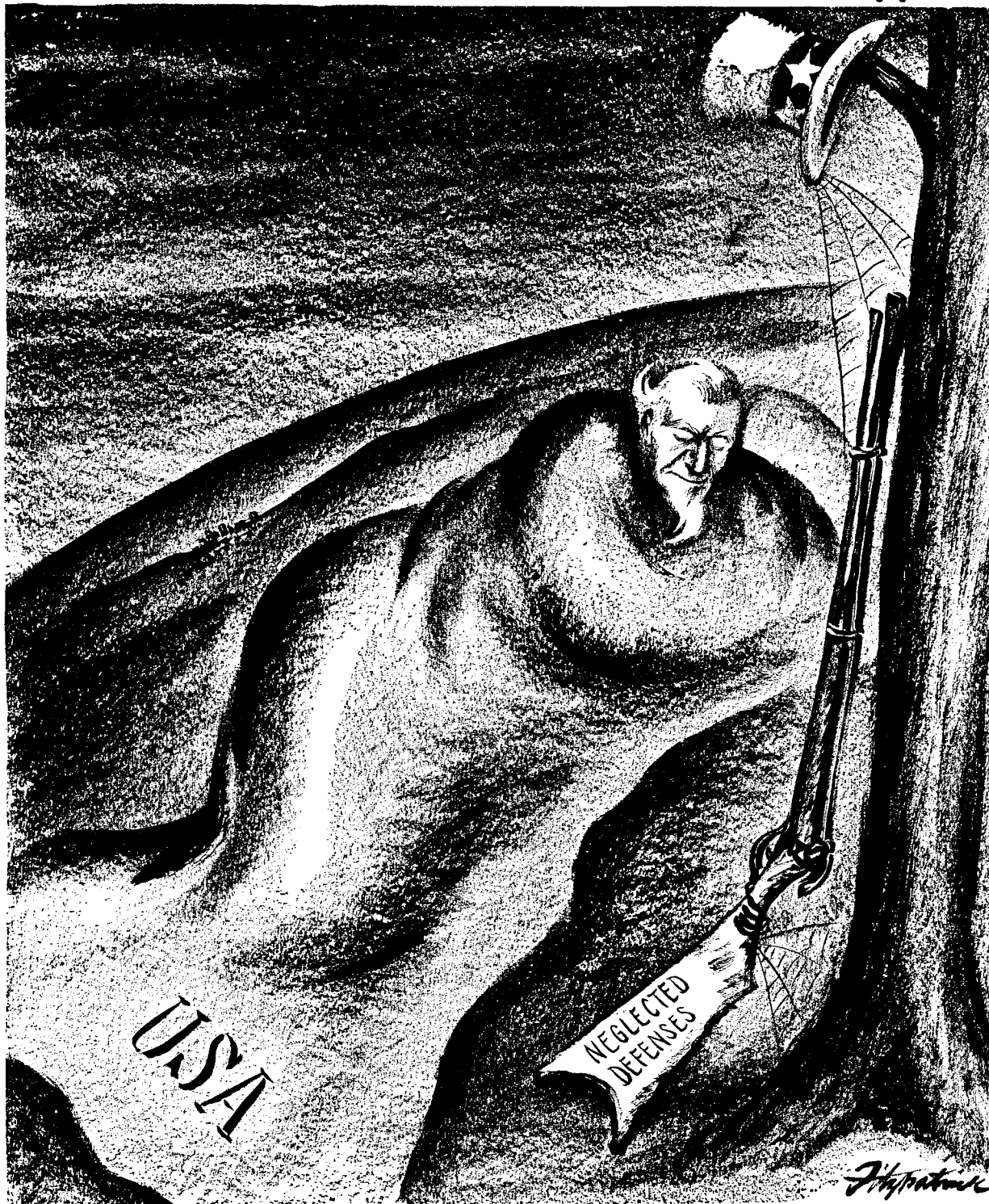
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LET'S NOT GO BACK TO BED

WE WERE remarking in our recent editorial, Too Many, Too Soon, that U.S. demobilization of the armed forces is proceeding too rapidly for safety with reference to arranging the post-war world and forging a peace which will have some durability.

How fast the great U.S. World War II Navy of 10,000 ships and 4,000,000 personnel is coming apart was indicated concretely by Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal in a recent speech. In the first two and a half months after Japan quit, said Forrestal, our total aircraft carriers in fighting trim sagged from 101 to 18; battleships from 22 to 10; cruisers from 63 to 34; submarines from 238 to 90.

Of course, this dismantling of our extra wartime sea power does not mean that we are in imminent danger of successful attack from any quarter. We still have the ships and the warplanes, and the trained men who fought them in the war. These men will constitute a good, trained, young reserve for the next five or six years.

But after that, what?

Well, we came out of the Civil War a great naval power, in 1865. In 1882, a scant 17 years later, the Republic of Chile told us to drop an effort at friendly intervention in the Chile-Peru-Bolivia war then raging, or the Chilean Navy would proceed to sink the U.S. Navy. We had to take this rebuff and like it, because the Chilean Navy could have made its threat good.

Our Navy had gone to rack and ruin, and we had only enough land forces to fight the Indians in the West.

Leading government and fighting men from President Truman and General Marshall on down the line are now begging us not to "go back to bed" this time, to borrow Mr. Forrestal's striking term for it. We are being urged to adopt an out-and-out system of universal military training, for one year, of all our physically qualified young men, sometime between ages 17 and 20. We are also being urged to keep respectable land, sea and air forces in being and in tune with every new development, and to supplement these with a genuine war-research organization and a real intelligence system.

If the United Nations Organization turns out to be the long-sought mechanism that will abolish war, then we can hammer all our assorted swords into the proverbial plowshares. But if it doesn't—and no previous attempt of the kind has succeeded for long—we'll have our defense machine in being, provided we follow these authorities' advice, and we can look out for ourselves.

Nobody else is going to look out for us—and if there is a next war, we shall be the first target of any aggressor nation that has any sense, in view of our records in World Wars I and II.

The choice we are now called on to make—between going back to bed and staying awake and alert—may turn out later on to have been a choice between life and death for the United States as a free nation.

FOREIGN POLICY IN A NUTSHELL

MILLIONS of words have been written and spoken about President Truman's historic Navy Day speech enunciating U.S. foreign policy—and your correspondents have read a goodish percentage of those words.

Maybe we're overconfident, but we think we can boil down what Mr. Truman said into one sentence to wit: "The United States intends from here on out to be as square shooting a nation as other nations will let it be, and only as nonsquare shooting as other nations force it to be."

Nor can we pick any flaws in such a U.S. foreign policy, so long as the U.S. lives up to it.

NO JAPS IN THE ARMY

ANTI-Japanese-American sentiment on the West Coast appears to be somewhat on the wane. Soldiers are coming home with reports of the gallant conduct of Japyank warriors in the recent conflict; the War Department has been assigning officers to make speeches in strongly anti-Japyank areas about the experiences those officers had with Japanese-American fighting men in both the German and the Pacific wars.

The job isn't finished yet, though. At Bakersfield, California, after a recent speech of this kind, a businessman was heard to remark: "I don't believe a word of it." At Marysville, California, a farmer leaving a similar War Department-sponsored meeting said to another farmer: "That fellow is a damn' liar. There wasn't a single Jap in the American Army."

Nor are these skeptical gents unique. Wishful thinking—the tendency to believe what you want to believe and discredit what you wish were not true, regardless of evidence—is a widely distributed human weakness.

The facts in the case under discussion are that some 20,000 Japanese-American fighting men covered themselves with glory in the German war, and that in the Japanese war an undisclosed number of Japyanks carried out assignments ranging all the way from translating captured Japanese documents to secret missions into Japan itself.

People with decent instincts in all American communities afflicted with anti-Japyank prejudices should go on hammering home these facts until loyal Japanese-Americans all over the country are assured of the fair treatment they deserve.

A WORLD FOOD POOL

THE United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization—FAO—got under way at Quebec recently; and the philosophy back of it looks more than valuable to us.

FAO's ultimate objective is to extend the ever-normal granary idea around the world. When wheat, for example, was in heavy surplus supply in the United States and scarce in Australia, the FAO would provide a mechanism whereby our excess wheat would be rushed into Australia. In all cases of food shortages in one area and surpluses in another, the FAO would function to adjust supplies in both areas.

As we understand it, it would not involve giving surplus food away; payment would be made somehow, in money or goods, immediately or by installments. If the deals were not made on this businesslike basis, the resentment kicked up in surplus areas required to disgorge their surpluses gratis would probably kill off the FAO in short order.

The idea is to make it as easy as possible for the world to use up all the foodstuffs it can produce. That is a better plan than plowing under little 'pigs in this country while China or England goes short of pork, or than burning Brazil coffee when Brazil overproduces.

Four big American farm organizations' heads—National Council of Farm Co-operatives, National Grange, American Farm Bureau Federation, and National Farmers' Union—say their groups favor a fair trial for the FAO. Let's give it that, at least.

Collier's for December 15, 1945

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THE UNIVERSAL 'Jeep'

'JEEP' FEATURES

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4-WHEEL HYDRAULIC BRAKES for quick, uniform braking. Hand brake on drive shaft for parking or setting vehicle for belt-drive work.

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***ENGINE GOVERNOR**, belt driven, to maintain constant engine speed regardless of load. Speeds of 1,000 to 2,000 r.p.m. in steps of 200 r.p.m.

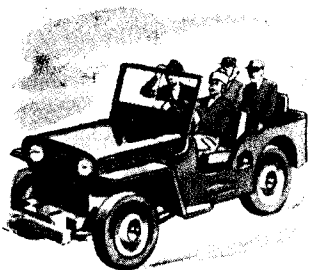
STEERING COLUMN GEAR SHIFT gives finger-tip control and convenience.

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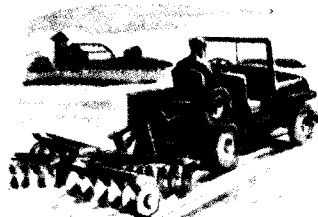
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